

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

MAY
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY ANNIE BENSON MULLER

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“Red Lake”—“The Trail of '26”



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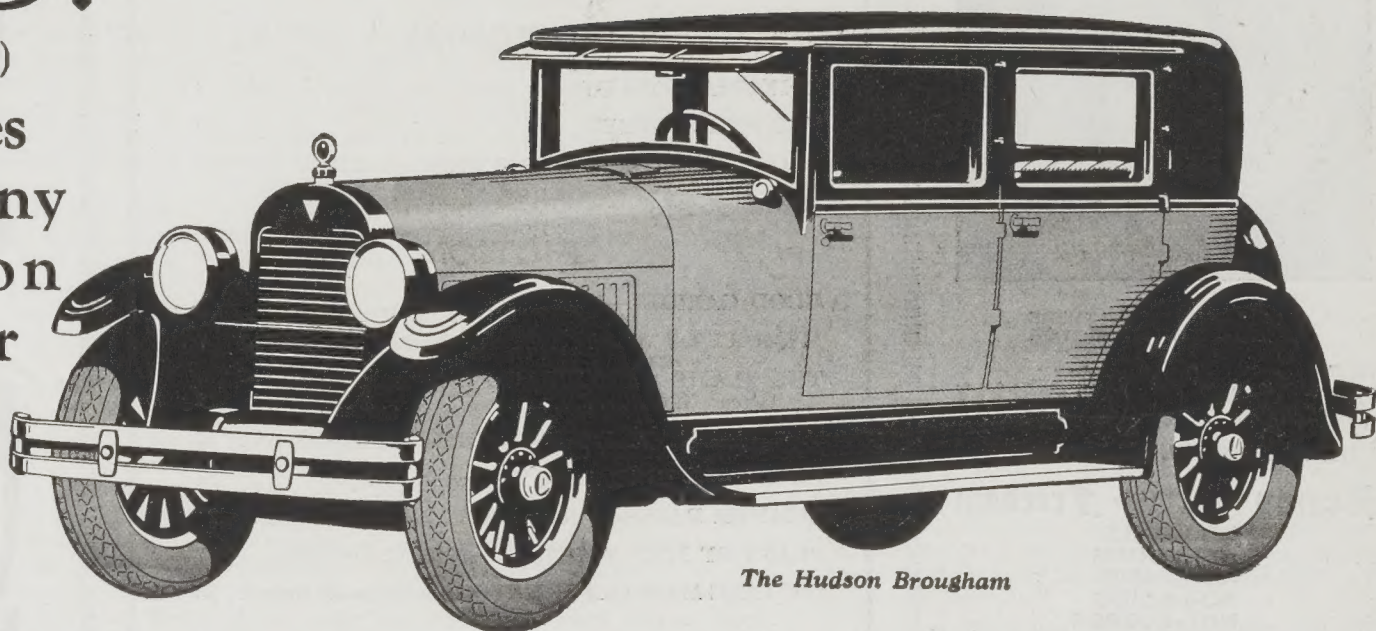
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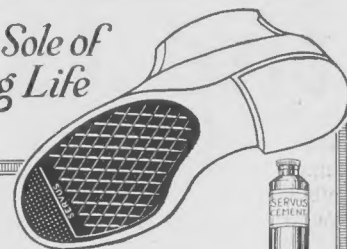
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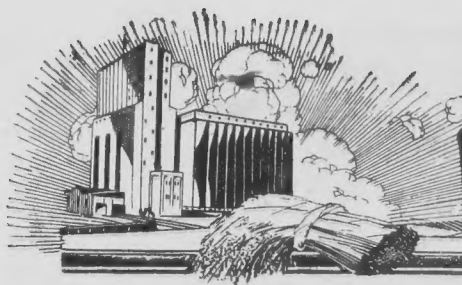
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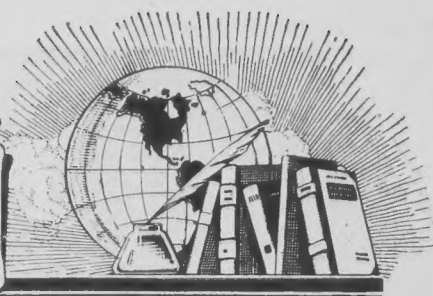
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EDITORIAL



Patriotism

THERE is some value in vocal patriotism. Cheers and singing, proud rhetoric from elevated platforms, all kindle enthusiasm in hearts that are prone to throb quietly. So, too, is there value in the written word, the waving flag. Each conveys its message in its own way, and wakes dull life to action.

Still, cheering and speaking, writing and flag-waving come easy to certain people. A little deed is often harder to produce than a great many big words. After all it is the mass of silent patriotism that counts. A young man who cannot say much or write much may perhaps give his life for his country—either abroad or at home.

A popular magazine in referring to this goes a step further and puts it in this fashion:

"Then there is giving up, often so much harder than giving. To take a dollar from our superfluity and hand it over is always pleasant and not very difficult. But to go without some accustomed luxury of food, or drink, or entertainment, to relinquish some long-anticipated pleasure, just so that the boy who is giving his life may give it with more hope and less suffering—that is where the strain comes. Are you meeting it?"

"And there is still another silent patriotism; that which refrains from finding fault with those who are doing much more than we are. It is so easy to criticize, so hard to do. Of course those in authority make mistakes. How should they help it? They will blunder and muddle and make haste slowly and delay when lightning speed seems absolutely necessary. Some public criticism of these things is doubtless necessary, and at times general public action to correct them. But abstain with all your might from the mean, petty faultfinding that is rooted in ignorance and that too often leads to the encouragement of selfishness. When you read your morning paper, do not margin it with carping comments about what might have been done and what should have been done. You do not know what was done, and if you did you do not know the difficulties, the obstacles that had to be overcome and were.

"To be always ready with patriotic rhetoric is an excellent thing, but it is sometimes even more patriotic to keep still."

The Fireside

THE heart of the home is the fireside. Round it the whole life seems to circle. Here it begins, here it ends.

You can feel the fireside drawing you from the moment your foot crosses the threshold. The embers beckon to you, the flames invite you. You find in them a reason for your presence here, and an excuse for delay.

Every crackle of the flame is rich in welcome. It seems to catch your thoughts and feelings and throw them back at you—rather does it seem to catch the thoughts of others, give them warmth and color and magnitude, and send them out as a whole brotherhood of thoughts. Once again to quote:

In the flicker of red and orange and mauve-blue, in the play of light and shadow on the hearth, there is a complete friendliness and peace.

You can sit here in silence, knowing at last the comradeship of silence; sit and dream, sit and plan, sit and read, sit and remember, sit and be happy, doing nothing at all.

Restfulness is the keynote of the ever-restful fire. Your eyes follow the thousand leaping movements and find them one.

Go home, when you have played guest to other men's firesides, go home and study your own. Is it a friendly host, generous and ungrudging? Can you sit beside it, lazy amongst cushions, or curled cat-like on the floor? Is it a fireside that seems to invite confidences, to call for books and lamplight, music and china's soft clink?

Is it, in short, the fireside of a home? Make a friend of your fire, my friend, and your fire will make friends for you.

Education

DURING the Easter vacation there have been held all over Canada meetings of educators or school teachers, to discuss the problems that are peculiar to their occupation. The advantage of this seems to be great. If at times what is uttered seems to be a re-echo of what was said in bye-gone times that does not matter in the least, for each teacher has to learn the lessons of her craft anew. More helpful than any other addresses, however, are those from visitors from abroad, who, because they tell of new ventures and applications in school procedure, become an inspiration to the rank and file. Among recent suggestions that may bear fruit are two worthy of serious consideration. First there is the advocacy of adult education. This does not mean merely training for occupation, but to make full use of leisure time. Were people to spend their leisure time wisely there would be less crime, less destructive criticism, less communism. Really there is no limit to the education that might be offered to adults—training in home-making, citizenship, intelligent business action, art and science, history and geography. In the second place is the suggestion that every good citizen should learn to speak at least two languages—his mother-tongue and his step-mother tongue. This is particularly true for Canada. Every man should move in the smaller circle of his immediate friends where he can be of most service, and in the larger circle of Canadian citizenship in which he finds his higher relationships. Canadians should speak English and French as well as the language learned at the mother's knee, if this be other than the two named.

Our Timber Lands

ANYONE who travels over this country from Coast to Coast must have had his attention repeatedly called to the vast areas that have been overrun by fire. The tall charred rampikes, and the blackened stumps are mute evidence of destruction by flames.

Should the traveller leave the train and wander into the greenwood forests he might have further cause for regret, for the bud-worm, the fungus growths, the bark diseases may prove that they are doing quite as much damage as the fires.

Then there is evidence on every hand that man has been aiding in the work of destruction. For lumber and paper and fuel, every year there is a demand, which is growing rather than diminishing. One cannot in this matter be too censorious, for timber grows to be used. Yet, there are evidences to show that there is much unnecessary waste. Particularly is this true in the case of lumbering. Great branches of trees are left in the forest, and the fires which burn the tailings at the mills are further evidence of needless destruction.

Because of the combined influences of fire, disease and man's intervention, depletion is rapidly taking place, and many now predict that unless great precaution is taken our finest asset will soon be exhausted. To put it in brief, the destruction is more than twice the natural increase. Hence the alarm. And not only is there danger that the lumbering industry will have nothing to sustain it, but that agriculture and water transportation will suffer, because of the absence of forests. It does not take lakes and rivers long to run out if there is not a stored-up supply of moisture in the woods. From what should be an authoritative source comes this information:

"In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the forests cannot be maintained with destruction on the present scale. In Quebec there is an approach to equality but the destruction by fire alone is a million acres a year of which 270,000 are merchantable timber. In Ontario the loss in a year is 670,000 acres. In the prairie provinces fire does great damage every season, and the amount used for fuel, lumber and pulp is very considerable. British Columbia is the only province in which extinction is not threatened, but even here the losses by fire are enormous."

Conservation of Our Resources

THE timber lands of Canada are partly held by the Crown, partly leased to operative companies, partly sold to private owners. In the Maritime Provinces, about two-thirds is owned by private parties, almost one-third is leased and a small fraction is unalienated; in Ontario and Quebec the corresponding figures are one-eighth, five-eighths and one quarter; in British Columbia, one-eleventh, eight-elevenths and two-elevenths.

As the leased lands and unalienated lands are under restriction, no wood can be sent from these outside the Dominion, but there is an export from private reserves. Sometimes it is urged that there should be an embargo on wood sent out of the Dominion and turned into lumber and paper in the United States. The answer is that it would be quite as reasonable for the government to put an embargo on wheat. Timber is the wheat of the woodlands.

However this is to be settled, it is quite true that the export is not what is depleting our forests. Relief must be found in another way, and that way is conservation.

Fire destruction may be lessened, but this will cost something. Whatever it costs will be a trifle compared with present losses. The losses are estimated at five billion cubic feet a year. Then there can be an earnest effort to combat disease. Here is a difficult problem. In the third place, reforestation can become a settled policy. Ontario has made a good beginning—restricting the cutting to trees of a certain standard, and forbidding re-cutting on the same plot for forty years. Whatever steps are taken, it will be a long hard struggle until we get through with a growing margin on the right side.

Communism

THERE is a spirit of communism abroad in

Canada, and there is no room for it on the wide prairies. In Canada we are free to make our own laws, but, once made, we should be loyal to them. If they seem to be unjust or unsuitable to our conditions there is only one thing to do, to agitate in a lawful manner for a change. It is a land of free speech, but not a land in which secret plotting and sedition can be tolerated. More than that, Canada does not intend that her social, political and religious ideals shall be dictated by an outside authority. If people do not like our standard of civilization they may keep away. They are welcome only so long as they are loyal to our traditions and our forms of living.

The most insidious and treacherous method of preaching communism is the establishment of schools in which children's minds are poisoned.

Raising the 1926 Wind

FEW budgets have been anticipated with as much interest as that of 1926 and certainly Honorable J. A. Robb's presentation of the current position of the finances of the country created widespread comment and, for the most part, approval.

Of course, taxation is a thing that is never popular, and the best the Government can hope for is to place the demands in as palatable a form as possible. The clauses in this particular budget are so well known that it is needless to enumerate them and except for some disconcerting news from the East, where certain automobile manufacturers have threatened to close down their entire plants—even if they have not already done so—the effect as a whole on the public must be most gratifying to the Government. The view of the Western Press seems to be that it is a People's Budget, and will work out to the benefit of all classes and all parts of the Dominion. We find ourselves in accord with this expression.

Conditions all over Canada show distinct signs of improvement. We are hoping for better times and Mr. Robb's proposals have undoubtedly added further impetus to this confidence.

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REPLACEMENT GUARANTEE



Good Gabriel

By Myrtle M. Harrison

Illustrated
By K. Allan



He sat hunched over the staring draughts of his cold stove, his elbows upon his knees, his face buried in his great red hands.

YOU cannot tell by the exterior what sort of heart beats underneath. Anyone looking at Gabriel Sad waiting patiently for the late express which was bringing his fiancée from Norway would have seen nothing but an ordinary homesteader dressed in an unaccustomed cloth suit that worried him a little. They might have noticed a slight droop of the shoulders from hard work and perhaps a slight air of expectancy in the nervous disposal of hands and feet. Little else. They would never have guessed of the love he had put into the labors of his five years on the plains or of the warm joy that surged through his being at the thought of his little Sigra for whom he had borne the loneliness of prairie homesteading and worked so cruelly hard.

But she was coming now to drive the loneliness away and ease the toil by her presence. He could see the smoke of her train.

With ostentatious puffing the monster drew into the station and, strange for him whose patience had so bravely borne the long separation, that half minute he had to wait before she stepped off the train seemed an interminable, nerve-wearing time, then a laughing, joyous bit of humanity flew to his arms addressing him in quaint English as her "de-ar gud Gabrel."

She kissed him, she patted his shoulder, then lapsing into Norwegian, for her knowledge of the other language was too limited, she told of her voyage; the lovely steamer, the rich food, the people, the train. Such an adventure! Then the bleak prairie and the people who were so "fonnee." She laughed at her cleverness in the use of this word.

Gabriel was fonnee too. So red in the face and thin.

He winced a little bit at that. He hadn't thought much about himself and the marks the prairie might have put upon him.

He turned away to look after her baggage. Of course they would seem funny to her, these prairie folks. He must be patient. In time she would grow to know them and like them.

Mrs. Doren came up then, for Sigra was to stay with her till the wedding which Gabriel had arranged for in a week's time.

At Doren's Sigra was strangely quiet and unlike herself. She was found crying several times and Mrs. Doren was convinced that she was tired from her journey and should be packed off to bed, if only they had known enough of a common language to have arranged it.

Gabriel found her in tears when he came in to have supper with her but she wouldn't tell him why and he was sorely troubled all through the long drive home.

Next day he saw her again and she was more cheerful but when he talked of the wedding she wept and begged him to put it off until she had rested. He blamed himself then for her distress. Poor little Sigra. Of course the journey had tired her. She could rest as long as she liked, but wouldn't she just come out and see the home he had made ready for her?

Yes. Yes. She would come. She was eager. She loved riding in sleighs over the snow.

Gabriel was justly proud of his home. It was made of sods as most of the homesteaders' houses were then, but a palatial place, four rooms in all with straight windows in each one.

Sigra laughed at it and called it "fonnee" when she saw it first but her face clouded at the sight of the interior which seemed to her dismal and dark,

and she said nothing.

Gabriel watching for a sign of her appreciation was dismayed.

"Don't you like it?" he asked. "Don't you like your home?"

She turned to him with a queer little laugh and buried her face in his coat.

"Gabriel, you are so good," she told him. But he was still troubled.

Later they looked through the barn and the henhouse. Sigra held her skirts aside as she walked through them and sniffed. She had never been in a barn before—and the henhouse—she screamed when one of the hens flew through the door past her.

In the house again while she was getting warmed by the fire before driving back to town Gabriel saw that she had grown sober.

"Would you mind so much," she said at last, "if I don't marry you yet? I am not ready. I want to learn the language first and Frederick Druses . . . I met him at Montreal . . . He is very nice, says, 'take your time.' I want to be happy, Gabriel, and I should die and grow ugly here." She began to cry and Gabriel, with a great ache in his heart, tried to comfort her.

"Of course, take time. A year, two years. I can wait. You shall not be hurried or forced."

So that was it. Another man.

Sigra was going on. "He is very rich and so clean, with a great house and if I don't like you when I see you again he says I am to marry him . . ."

"Well, we'll see," promised Gabriel. "You shall have as much time as you want."

SO THEY went back to the town very quietly, for he had lost all his gaiety over Sigra's story of Frederick Druses. He felt, too, as if he had lost so much of his vitality that he was almost dead. Sigra, little Sigra who had made his worst struggle tolerable, couldn't love another man; couldn't have forgotten her frantic promises of five years ago. She was the same loving little girl. But what had she said about his red face and Frederick, "rich and clean?" Who was he? he thought angrily, to catch Sigra's fancy with his story of wealth—miserable liar. Gabriel clenched his hands. A nobody, a dispenser of bad whisky in a hotel with an evil name, sleek-haired and white-handed . . . If he must lose Sigra it would be to a better man than Frederick Druses, but he wouldn't, he couldn't lose. He had waited and worked so long. He wouldn't give her up.

So he began his second fight for Sigra, so much harder than his first tussle with time and poverty.

* * *

Gabriel showed no sign of unhappiness as he led his fiancée up the aisle of the little church to be married to the Other Man, and he managed even to be gay at the wedding breakfast which Mrs. Doren had provided, and to be inconspicuous in the jollity of the send-off at the station. People said he didn't care, and perhaps he didn't, but home again in his shack with his chores done and a long,

lonely autumn evening before him, they would have seen a different Gabriel.

He didn't bother to cook his supper, though he should have been hungry after his drive from town, but sat hunched over the staring draughts of his cold stove—he had forgotten to light a fire—his elbows upon his knees, his face buried in his great red hands. Hours he sat so.

A gusty wind belched down the little tin chimney and blew a quantity of light ash over him. The nickel alarm clock that had nervously ticked the minutes off into the first hours, stopped. The oil lamp upon the table burned itself vilely out. The grim frosty darkness of the early morning, as it succeeded the questioning moonlight, chilled him, but he remained motionless as if dead, a figure of utter dejection. At last dawn peeped in his little windows, rosy and cheering, and Gabriel gave a great, wrenching, soul-tearing sigh, shook himself, dog-like, to relieve his stiff limbs and went out to his barn.

There the sorrow and loneliness of the night seemed strangely less. The brilliant autumn sun and the warmth of the barn were grateful after his cold vigil. One of his horses nuzzled him affectionately, which almost unmanned him. He put his arms around the creature's neck and would have wept but the champing of his patient, hungry animals recalled him from himself.

As he came out, his dog, the trusty Flur, rubbed his leg and he leaned down to pat her.

"Poor old girl," he said, "there I sat this long night thinking there was none in the world to care whether I lived or died, and you and Gray Nell have both shown me otherwise."

In spite of the warm glow in his heart brought there by the affection of his dumb friends, desolation descended upon him as he entered the house.

"Oh, Sigra, Sigra," he sighed with a sorry shake of the head as he gazed at her little framed photograph by the window, "You've tried me these two years when I've been so near you and yet so far away. Seven years I served for you, Sigra, and then you married him. The beauty of you . . . the warm sweetness of you . . . and your kiss, your cool, duty-given kiss. You owed no duty to me when you chose him," he said in sudden fury, "you weak, grasping woman . . ." He seized the frame and tore it from the wall. "But I love you. I loved you always. I love you still, though I wouldn't take you back to spoil your life, even if I could."

A moment longer he gazed at the sun-faded likeness, in fondness, with hunger, with passion,

then an ugly rage seized him. He crushed the thing of wood and glass in his hands, twisted it and threw it into the cold ashes of the stove.

He was done with her. Done with her. He would not raise a hand to help her though she cried from her grave to him. No. Done with her and all women.

He stumbled across the uneven floor to a closed door which he opened and let himself into a sunny room. This room was full of furniture swathed in paper bandages and wrappings. Every piece cried to him of Sigrá. He had bought them all for her, slaving, saving, almost starving to get them for her. The room, too, and the other room leading from it, had been built and made cosy for her.

He sat down on one of the chairs and remembered it all. The sudden poverty that had driven him from Sigrá and his beloved Norway; the terrifying trials of homesteading when he couldn't afford to write to her unless the kindly postmaster in the little town on the plain to the north would buy his fence posts or his cut sods.

He had been so poor the first year that he had no food for his oxen or himself but that which the prairie yielded. As he thought of it he could taste again the rabbit stew that so often he had only forced himself to eat to keep from dying. That was before he had learned from the Indian, Minne Tentrees, how to dry the valley fruits and lure the Pipestone fish into his spider. Good Minne Tentrees. But Sigrá . . . There was the table he had bought the very day he had sent her passage money. It was no steerage passage, either. Only first class had been good enough for his little Sigrá. Perhaps that had been his first mistake. The luxury of travelling like that had built her hopes up too much. He had added six months to their long separation of five years to secure it for her. Then she had come, laughing and eager, as if no day, even, had gone by since he had had to leave her.

He threw his head back and gazed out of the window across the sunny plain.

Like the sun she had been to him till that day he had brought her out to see the home he had made for her. Poor little Sigrá. She couldn't bear the lonely fields and washing her own pots. No. And she couldn't make butter and she was afraid of the hens. She couldn't marry him and be poor and grow ugly. He understood . . . Then sitting by his fire she had told him about Frederick Druses. How she had met him on the train coming west.

He fought to save her from him and for two years while she learned the language and Canadian

ways from Mrs. Doren and the doctor's wife, he thought he was winning.

Then yesterday, while the very leaves hung still on the trees to listen and the sun clouded over in dismay she had said the words that had shut him out of her life forever and his name was on the paper. He had loathed Frederick Druses more than ever when he had shaken hands with him. He had wanted to wring and hurt that cool white hand and wipe the triumphant smile off his face in the dust of the church yard. Yet he couldn't deny that the man had tried to grow worthy of her in the time that Gabriel had forced him to wait. And Sigrá had kissed him, but not as once she did. "Thanks, Gabriel," she had said, "for coming and seeing us through. I was glad to have one friend here from the Old Country." Friend. He was no friend. He had served for her for . . .

A SCRAPING of feet in the room outside recalled him. He wiped his gashed hands on his trousers leg and went out to see who it was. His neighbor, John MacMillan from the valley.

"The wife sent me over," said John, eyeing the dishevelled man, "to see if ye'd come over and have a bite wi' us the day."

Gabriel flushed under his visitor's kindly scrutiny.

"Thank you, John," he answered, "but I don't think I'd be very enjoyable company today. Some other time."

The little Scotchman looked up at him in sorrowful surprise.

"The wife has killed a chicken," he said, but Gabriel, though he thanked him warmly again, still refused and John had to go home disappointed.

The moment he had gone, as if waiting his turn to enter, Elmer Stenson came into the room. Elmer was Gabriel's nearest neighbor, a young Swede going through the same desperate struggle that Gabriel had begun seven years before. He, too, had come to show sympathy to his friend.

"Goo'day," nodded Elmer, "I vonder ef you was goin' away, mebbe. I would feed de horse and cow and gader de egg." He looked up to see how Gabriel was taking his offer.

Gabriel answered his look with a half smile. "Now I come to think of it," he said, "I believe I will take a few days off and freshen myself up a bit. Haven't been off the place since I came."

Elmer's face lost its anxious look and lighted up. "Vell den," he said. "I vill come tonight."

Gabriel thanked him. His visitor nodded a final "Goo'day" and left.

"Humph," he thought to himself, "seems I'm going off to drown my troubles."

He smiled, but seeing the crumpled photograph in the ashes, his face clouded again.

"Yes, I'll go. Might as well be anywhere as here."

He dressed in his best, the best that had been carefully laid away for his own wedding during the two years while he had waited for Sigrá to get over her fear of prairie life and her infatuation for Frederick Druses, the best that he had, yesterday, worn to her wedding. Having dressed with unusual care he started off to walk the eight miles into Sandford.

In the town he met Mrs. Doren and with unwonted gaiety told her he was off for the city.

"It's seven years since I saw a town with lights in its streets, so I'm thinking a little honeymoon all by myself will do me good."

Mrs. Doren looked at him apprehensively. "Don't do anything you'll wish you hadn't, Gabriel," she cautioned.

Mrs. Doren knew just what the city had to offer a man in the way of entertainment. Hadn't she had to stand by many a time and watch Doren squander his time and money in a dim back room of a Chinese restaurant. She'd seen the place herself times when she had had to go there and bring him home. That was before they had turned their backs to the city . . . out of the multitude of her recollections she warned him again.

"I don't see who's to care," he answered with an un-Gabriel-like motion of the shoulders which troubled her.

"There's always your friends," she replied.

GABRIEL arrived in the city late, long after dark, and established himself in the Toledo Hotel, a modest, clean little place long since replaced by the more pretentious and less friendly Victoria. Next day he set out to investigate. The glint of the sun on the windows of the great buildings, the clanging of the street cars and the morning rush of men and women fascinated him, but most of all the never-ending stream of hurrying people. He sat for hours upon a bench in front of the City Hall, watching them, and wondering about them.

"All ploughing furrows same as me," he thought, "only they don't show like mine."

Continued on page 80



He crossed the littered land, but she didn't hear him until he caught her wrist and asked her if she hadn't done enough.

The Memory of a May Night

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

"The beauty of that May night had never come again"

How the Fragrance of a Half Forgotten Ideal Led to Real Romance

FORTY-THREE years old," said Captain Baynes to himself.

He sighed. He remembered how it had been twenty, even ten, years ago; in those days when his ship came into port he couldn't get ashore fast enough. He was in no hurry to get away now, though; indeed, if it hadn't been for the look of the thing, he would have preferred stopping where he was, reading and smoking in his cabin and turning in early. But it wouldn't do. He did not care to be thought eccentric or friendless; it pleased his innocent vanity to go ashore and disappear mysteriously into regions where the imagination of his juniors could not follow.

Some men boast; some, like Captain Baynes, find more satisfaction in being able to boast and yet keeping silent. Now, if Mr. Ames, his smart young second officer, had known that the Old Man was going to dine with a millionaire—

He sighed again, contemplating his image in the mirror.

"Hair beginning to grow a bit gray," he observed. But this sigh was hypocritical. He could not with honesty find any very lamentable traces of age in his keen-featured, sun-burned face; tall, spare and vigorous, he was a fine-looking fellow, and he couldn't help knowing it. No, his disquiet arose from a cause which he sternly refused to acknowledge; it was due to an absurd and infantile

shyness. He hoped, he believed that no one could suspect this; he had an air so resolute, so manly; he held his own so admirably in his own field. Yet he was filled with genuine dread of what lay before him now; he wished ardently for something to happen which would serve as a decent excuse for not going to the Cortells'. And, at the same time, he wanted to go.

In a way the Cortells were not strangers, but, he thought, it was worse as it was. He had dined with them before, long ago, and they would very likely expect him to remember things which he had utterly forgotten. He had been third officer of the passenger-ship on which the Cortells were taking their honeymoon trip twenty years ago. A jolly, informal young couple they had been; their friendliness had touched and rather surprised Baynes, for he had been artlessly unaware of his own youthful charm.

They had taken a fancy to him, and he had gone out to their little suburban home to dine with them—and then had forgotten them.

Utterly forgotten them, until a month ago, Mr. Cortell had looked him up again in London—a Cortell strangely altered, grown grey and stout, but as cordial as if the twenty lost years had been so many days.

"Now, mind," he had said, "we expect you to dine with us the next time your ship comes into New York. You're running there regularly now; there's no excuse."

Of course there was no excuse. Captain Baynes had felt morally obliged to telephone to them, and, being cordially invited for the next evening, knew not how to refuse. So, the time having come, he had got into his dinner-jacket, which fitted him quite as well as when he had bought it years and years ago, and he was ashamed to think how seldom he had worn it.

"I've got to go," he thought, very miserable. "I ought to be glad to go. I don't see enough of that sort of life."

But he could not be glad. On the contrary! If it were just Cortell he would have enjoyed going, but there would be Mrs. Cortell—whom he couldn't remember in the least—and there might be other ladies he would have to talk to.

An appalling idea suddenly came to him.

"I ought to bring her something," he thought.

Flowers? He would have preferred death to appearing with flowers in his hands. A box of chocolates? No; that seemed to him a childish, a puppyish sort of thing. And, anyhow, he wanted some object which he could carry in his pocket and never bring out at all unless an opportune moment

arrived. What could he buy at this last hour? For an instant he had the wild notion of consulting Mr. Ames, the second officer, whom, he felt sure, knew all about that sort of thing. But he would not do that; it would be humiliating.

By this time the unhappy man was absolutely convinced that it was necessary to bring Mrs. Cortell a present; he was ready to believe that she would be offended if he did not. He was fast growing desperate, when he remembered that not long ago he had bought a handkerchief in Porto Rico, a very fine silk handkerchief with a bull-fight painted on it; exactly the sort of thing for the present occasion.

He thought this handkerchief must be in the old Chinese tea-chest where he kept all such aimless purchases, with the letters and various souvenirs of his roving life, all put in there and forgotten, for he had very little interest in his own past. He pulled this chest out now from under the berth, unlocked it, and lifted the lid. Inside was another lid, of lead, with an intricate design. This he raised by its little wooden knob, and a mournful, musty smell floated up, and a swarm of queer little sensations.

He began to turn over the contents, half reluctant, half curious; a faded photograph of himself, taken in Singapore; an old watch of his father's, a necklace of seeds, a knife with someone's initials scratched on the hilt, a half-smoked cigarette, which had either got in by accident or was a memento of some hour now utterly forgotten; a scarf he had bought for a girl destined never to get it, yellow, old letters, and a fan.

A little shudder ran through him at the sight of that fan. He couldn't quite remember how or when he had come by it, but he knew it was something very important, something very dear. He picked it up and spread it open. The sticks were of sandalwood, on which was stretched gauze of a grayish-violet color, spangled with gold that was tarnished now. A flimsy little thing, but dear to him. He held it up, and the light came through it faintly, like the soft radiance of a night lit only by stars. Like a spring night.

An inexplicable pain seized him. He looked and looked at it, something buried and forgotten struggling to life in his heart. Two bells struck; time to be off. But it seemed to him brutal, infamous, to move, to disturb that memory slowly reawakening. A spring night.

He knew now. A May night, twenty years ago, in the Cortells' garden, and beside him there a girl like no other girl he had ever seen. It was not so much the memory of her beauty that stirred him; indeed, to tell the truth, her image had grown very faint. He remembered that she had been lovely and witty and kind, but there was not a word left of what she had said, not even the phantom of her voice or her smile.

Now; what remained was his own unique emotion; he could remember exactly what he had felt, the profound tenderness, the troubled delight, the generous and artless worship he had accorded to that girl, and not again to any other. The beauty of that May night had never come again; even if he had a little forgotten her, no other girl had taken her place.

It was all coming back to him now. He could almost see himself as he had been in those days, almost hear the echo of his earnest, his desperate

young voice. He had begged to see her just once more before he sailed, and it had been arranged that she and Mrs. Cortell were to come aboard the next afternoon to take tea with him. But they hadn't come. She had written him a little note of regret—and that was the end. He had got a new berth soon after, a step up, second officer on a larger ship, a new life, new faces, new thoughts.

He had let go of the best thing in his life. Why hadn't he written to her? He could not remember. Why hadn't he thought of her every day, so that he might have remembered the dear face, the magic words? Now her very name escaped him, and he couldn't so much as enquire about her from the Cortells.

Three bells. He got up, still holding the fan. He could not bury it again under those yellow, old letters, those frivolous souvenirs, it must go into his breast-pocket, where it should always have been.

All trace of shyness had left him, he felt somehow ennobled, dignified by that poor little trinket which alone remained to him of his youth. He felt that he could at that moment have gone quite calmly to dine with a royal family. He had received the accolade. He had loved. For one evening, or for a lifetime, it was all the same.

HE WAS met at the railway station by a chauffeur and a superb car, and, for all his thoughts were so grave, even mournful, he could not deny a sort of relish in this. He wondered what young Ames would say if he could see the Old Man now. Then instantly he was ashamed of such a thought; he frowned, and, leaning back, gave his attention to the serene and pleasant country through which they were passing. He was determined not to be impressed.

But that house! The sun was going down a mild sky of faint pink and yellow; the trees on the wide lawn looked almost black; and, at the end of a long drive lined with birches, stood that white edifice, solid yet delicate, like a temple in a forest. Somehow it made his heart ache; he felt lonely, unhappy; he had a queer notion that all this was a stage setting, quite unreal, and himself the only human creature alive in it. The group of people on the terrace seemed too minute, too artfully arranged; their voices, their laughter, floated too light and careless in the still air.

As he got out of the car Cortell came forward to meet him with all his honest geniality.

"You know, we've been talking about you, Baynes," he said. "I dare say you don't remember, but it's almost twenty years ago to a day that you had dinner with us before. You needn't be polite and say you do remember. Why should you? But you were the first sailor Nina'd ever known, and there was a sentimental glamour about your young head—"

"It wasn't that at all," Mrs. Cortell interrupted tranquilly. "It was much more flattering and personal than that, Captain Baynes."

"I assure you I remember—everything!" said Baynes, very earnest, very much embarrassed.

Mrs. Cortell smiled.

"I wonder if you do," she said.

Her tone alarmed him. Was there something he had forgotten, something important? But he had not time to reflect, for she was presenting him to a lady.

"Mrs. Emmett, Captain Baynes," she said, and he met another disturbing smile from a plump little black-eyed lady. He bowed gravely, but the mischievous light in her eyes gave him a clue.

"I believe—" he began, and, encouraged, "I'm sure I've met Mrs. Emmett before."

She was delighted.

"Imagine your remembering!" she cried. "After such years and years!"

He said something gallant and quite untrue, for as a matter of fact he hadn't the slightest recollection of her; it was simply her expectant air and Mrs. Cortell's smile that had shown him his duty. Even allowing for the changes made by twenty years, he could not have remembered her; he had not taken the slightest interest in any of the other ladies on that long-past evening; he hadn't really seen any of them except that one.

"Mrs. Sillinger," his hostess was saying. He bowed again and looked up—and it was she!

Forgotten? As if he had only closed his eyes and opened them, he saw her, sweet, slender and gracious, the same voice, the same fragile hands, the dark eyes. Forgotten?

"I knew," he thought, with a sort of awe. "As soon as I picked up that fan I knew I'd find her here tonight. It's—its destiny."

Their eyes met for an instant, an odd look; then he was obliged to take the proffered hand of Mr. Emmett. He was so immeasurably disturbed now that quite mechanically he said he was happy to see Emmett again.

"Oh, I wasn't there on the historic evening!" said Emmett with a laugh. "I didn't come into the picture until two or

three years later."

"I'd like to have got all the original party together," Mrs. Cortell began. "But—" She stopped, and a shadow came across her face. So long ago—and so much had happened. A little lifetime. Never again in this world could that party come together again.

"It was a horrible idea!" she thought. "Some of us—gone. And the rest of us—changed. I was young then. Oh, I wish I hadn't done this!"

She fancied that the same shadow had fallen upon the others, that they too were remembering and regretting.

"Poor Captain Baynes!" she thought, very contrite. "He looks wretched! Perhaps he's had a sad life."

But Captain Baynes was not wretched then for thinking of the past; he was waiting for the appearance of a Mr. Sillinger. It must be so; that would be his just and merited punishment. He had lost her, and only now did he realize what he had lost. He had been too young to appreciate her then; it was only now that he could truly envisage her, truly love her. So dear to him in her gentle loveliness, with her little air of plaintive gaiety—so dear beyond all measure.

Had she ever reproached him in her heart, ever missed him? He looked and looked at her, but her face was always averted; on purpose, he imagined. Naturally she did not care to look at the man who had made ardent love to her and then gone away for twenty years; it was an affront to her, an insult. He grew hot with shame at the thought of his own perfidy.

The lively little Mrs. Emmett was talking to him with an interest he might in other circumstances have thought flattering; now, however, he believed that she was studying him as a curious and amusing specimen of masculine triviality. Her black eyes rested upon him with an enigmatic expression; whatever he said she smiled.

"She knows!" he thought. "Everyone must have noticed, that evening. I never took my eyes off her. And then we were off in the garden so long. Mrs. Emmett—all the rest of them!—they all

know—they think it's a joke. But she won't She—"

Again he glanced at Mrs. Sillinger, and this time she smiled. She smiled at him! But he could not understand that smile.

It was Mrs. Emmett he took in to dinner, and he was seated between her and his hostess, and opposite Mrs. Sillinger. He was terribly unhappy. What was he, after all, but a lonely and alien wanderer, tantalized now by the passing glimpse of the incredible life people lived on shore? Would he ever again find the same satisfaction in his own saloon, which, until now, had seemed to him a place of unsurpassable cosiness and comfort? A paltry place, neat, bare, severe, inhumanly masculine; a bright, hard light above the monastic table; nothing to be heard but men's voices.

No; he would be obliged always to remember this scene: the bland candle-light on silver and linen, these clear feminine voices, the trees outside, the permanence, the bright friendliness of all this. And that face across the table, that face, dark, lovely, a little downcast, and so dear to him, so dear.

He realized that he was doing very badly. All very well for a young fellow of twenty-three to sit gazing at his lady like a moon-calf, but in a man of his years it was ridiculous and boorish. Something better was expected of him.

He turned toward Mrs. Emmett, determined to talk, and he intercepted a glance passing between her and Mrs. Cortell which disconcerted him beyond measure. Were they laughing at him? This wouldn't do; a man of his age couldn't wear his heart on his sleeve.

"And you haven't forgotten me in twenty years," said Mrs. Emmett.

He assured her earnestly that she hadn't changed in the least; she laughed, but she was well enough pleased.

"It was a magic night, wasn't it?" she said a little wistfully.

"Yes," he said, startled that she too should have found it so.

"Perhaps it's not wise to remember too well," she went on, and this time he was not only startled but alarmed. He glanced sidelong at her, and met such a look that his sunburned face grew scarlet. If any lady were kind enough to wish to flirt with him he intended to be, and would be, gallant. But it terrified him.

"Please don't be so frightened," she murmured.

"I'm not!" he protested, and boldly met her eyes. Very fine eyes they were, too; mocking, yet kindly and soft.

"She must have been a very pretty girl," he reflected. "Which one was she, I wonder? I remember there were two or three others."

He tried anxiously to recall those forgotten others, so that he might say something agreeable. And catching sight of her bouquet, a dim memory stirred in him.

"You were wearing those same flowers then, weren't you?" he asked with secret uneasiness. "Lilies-of-the-valley?"

Some one had worn them; the fragrance came back to him now.

"Oh!" she said in a voice suddenly grown unsteady. "Oh, Captain Baynes! You really—?"

He had a horrible fear that she was going to cry, there, before her husband, before Mrs. Sillinger. He renounced forever all attempts at gallantry.

"You see," he said with a very poor pretense of lightness, "I've—I've an extraordinary memory for—insignificant details."

She recovered herself at once.

"It's all rather ghastly, in a way," she said. "Remembering the days when one was young—I believe I'm really happier now than I ever used to be and yet—" She paused a moment. "And one can't help thinking of those others who were here that night—my cousin—and poor Tom Sillinger. Both killed in the first year of the war. And poor Tom had only been married a year. Poor Tom! Poor Lucille!"

She looked across the table at Mrs. Sillinger, and Captain Baynes looked very gravely down at his plate. But his heart was not grave; it was filled with an extraordinary tumult. Tom Sillinger—her husband, of course.

He made a vigorous effort to suppress this unworthy emotion and, as a mark of respect for this lady who had lost a cousin, he began to talk about the war. But because of his morbid dread of mentioning any incident in which he himself had taken part, he made a very dull thing of it. Mrs. Emmett was disappointed; she listened to his serious, matter-of-fact voice, talking on about

If I Were a Bird

By R. G. Chase

*If I were a bird, I would live in the Spring,
At the change of the seasons, I'd be on the wing;
I would fly far away from the sleet and the snow,
And the heat of the summer, I never would know;
A message of gladness to all I would bring,
For, if I were a bird, I would live in the Spring.*

*I would build me a nest where the wind-flowers
grow,
On a low-hanging branch, I would swing to and fro.
I would bathe in the brook, and delight in the song
Of the rippling rill, as it hurries along;
O'er the hill and the dale, I would joyously wing,
For, if I were a bird, I would live in the Spring.*

*I would carol a lay at the top of the tree,
And the green leaves would open a welcome to me;
The violets would peep, and the daisies would grow
The bright sun would shine, and the soft breezes
blow,
And the world would be glad with the song I would
sing,
For, if I were a bird, I would live in the Spring.*

"tonnage," and she looked entreatingly at Mrs. Cortell for help. Mrs. Cortell did not hide a smile.

The dinner ended, they all went out on the terrace for coffee and cigarettes. The unhappy Captain, perfectly aware that he had become insufferably tiresome to the now silent Mrs. Emmett, was nevertheless unable to stop talking about the amount of tonnage which had been destroyed and the amount still available. He could not walk off and leave her, and they had somehow got isolated in a corner, with no one else near enough to address. He stopped in the middle of a phrase, as a sort of test—and Mrs. Emmett did not even notice.

There in the sky were the stars, and the mild wind was blowing, a land breeze most sweetly perfumed. This one night was all he could have, and every precious minute of it was going. He could not even see Mrs. Sillinger, or hear her voice; between them lay a bold, clear rectangle of light from the window which might as well have been the Seven Seas, so impossible was it to cross. No; he must sit here beside Mrs. Emmett forever.

Then she came to him. From somewhere out of the darkness she had risen and come through the square of light, unhurried and serene, to his dismal corner. He sprang to his feet, almost ready to seize her hand and implore her not to vanish again.

"Why don't you show Captain Baynes the rose-garden, Lucille?" asked Mrs. Emmett in a voice which he fancied indulgent.

"I was going to suggest it," said Mrs. Sillinger gently. "You'll come too, Clara?"

"I can't," said Mrs. Emmett.

"No!" thought Baynes. "This can't be! Alone—with her."

He threw away his cigarette and descended the steps to the lawn at her side.

"I'm afraid the roses aren't really out," she said apologetically. "But the garden is so lovely on a night like this. Mrs. Cortell thought you would enjoy it."

Not her idea, then, but Mrs. Cortell's. He might have known it.

"I'm sorry," he said with such gloominess that she gave him a startled glance.

"Are you so very fond of roses?" she asked.

"No. No, it's not that," he answered. "It's—"

And he had not another word to say. She was going along at a leisurely pace, across the lawn where the tall trees dwarfed her, gave her a minute and precious fragility. He thought he had never seen a creature so unhurried and unperturbed, as if she were immortal and the spring would never be gone.

"It's all so deceptive!" she said in her plaintive voice. "There's a sky like summer—and you think that just in an instant you'll hear the song of an enchanted bird, or see some bush covered with impossibly lovely white flowers. And yet there really isn't anything. It's not summer. Perhaps it never will be."

"It must be," he assured her gravely.

"Who knows? It always has been, of course. But there'll have to be a last May some time."

"We shan't be here to see it," he said. And suddenly he thought: "Not likely that I'll ever be here with you again. Perhaps I'll never see you again."

Such sadness overcame him that he did not hear what she said. He even forgot to keep pace with her, and fell behind; she stopped then, in a charming, fugitive pose, in an open stretch of lawn where he could see her plainly.

"Would you rather not go on?" she asked. "There's really nothing to see. Perhaps we'd better go back."

"No," he said. "Only—you see—all this brings back to me—"

"Oh, I do see!" she cried, gentle and eager. "It was so touching! They thought you'd surely have forgotten. Mrs. Emmett wouldn't believe that you'd remember her—"

"I didn't either," he retorted bluntly.

"You didn't? Oh, but I'm sorry! Because I thought it was a wonderful thing—"

"I remembered nothing—but you," he said.

The silence which followed this declaration dismayed him. He walked on beside her, but at arm's length, waiting for her to turn her head and overwhelm him with scorn. Nevertheless he was glad he had said it, glad that she knew.

He heard a faint sound which brought him in haste to her side.

"You're not—crying?" he faltered.

"No, Captain Baynes," she answered, but her voice was very unsteady.

"Please tell me—What you're thinking?"

"You're almost—too chivalrous!" she murmured.

"Oh, you're laughing!" said he, very much taken aback.

"I'm sorry. It's very stupid of me. But, you see, Mrs. Emmett was so pleased. You said you remembered her—and now you're telling me— Oh, Captain Baynes! Isn't it a little bit tactless—to say it again?"

"You mean you don't believe me?" he asked with a sort of severity.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But really I don't."

"Wait, just a moment, please!" he said.

She stopped and waited while he took something from his pocket and held it out to her.

"A fan?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes. Yours. You left it on the bench in the

"I don't remember it," she said, the laughter all gone from her tone now.

"You haven't forgotten everything, have you?" he asked. "Not—everything?"

"Not you, Captain Baynes."

"Don't say that if you don't mean it!" he said. "Because—please don't."

"It's quite true. I was very young then, you know, and I thought—Captain Baynes, shall I tell you something? It's very indiscreet—but after twenty years—"

He entreated to be told, and at last she said with impressive solemnity:

"We were all—Mrs. Cortell and Mrs. Emmett and I—all a little in love with you then."

"No!" he cried.

"We were. We talked about it afterward. You were—rather a remarkable young man, Captain Baynes."

"But how?" he asked. "Have I—am I—very much changed, you know? Altogether different?"

"Oh, you're asking too much!" she said with a tremor of laughter. "You couldn't expect us all—"

He was horrified.

"No, no! I didn't mean anything of that sort, I give you my word! I only meant—if you—?"

"That's even worse!"

"No, no! I know I'm clumsy about it. I—I can't say what I want. But please understand. Don't think I'm a conceited ass."



He took her hand, and her fingers clasped his.

garden that evening. And I thought perhaps you meant—I've kept it, you see."

She spread it open, and the tarnished spangles glittered in the dark.

"Only a little naive."

"That's not such a bad thing to be," he said.

Presently her hand fell lightly on his sleeve.

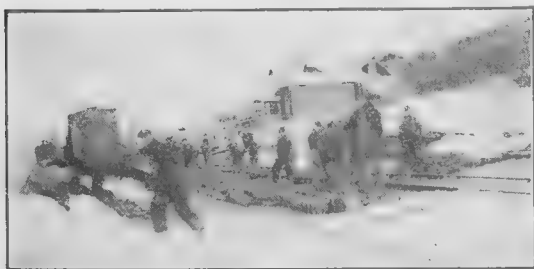
"No," she said. It isn't." *Continued on page 68*

Red Lake

*The Name That Today Conjures Up the "Trail of '98".
Western Canada Commences to Tap Her Gold Fields.*

A HUGE iron stove glows dully in the half light cast by the few oil lamps which seem only to accentuate the darkness in a rough board shack on the shores of Lost Lake, at Hudson, Ontario. About the stove are grouped a dozen men, talking. Their talk has but one subject, though there are many variations. But one subject is sufficient at such times and in such quarters, when the subject is—gold. Darkness comes early in northern Ontario, and these men have spent the day in their preparations for the 140-mile dash over icy lakes, which will take them from Hudson to the Red Lake gold fields, in what is officially known as the Patricia area.

The "hotel" where the prospectors await is but a rough board shack, one of the few perched between the edge of the lake and the Canadian National tracks. Six months ago Hudson was but the site of



Clearing the way for new terminal facilities at Hudson, Ontario

a Hudson Bay Post; a "jumping-off" place for hunters and fishermen going into that wonderful wilderness of river and lake in search of game. Today it is the starting place of another, if miniature "trail of '98," for out of the North Country have come reports of wondrous finds of gold.

The scene is the same each night, though the faces of the men about that cast iron stove change from day to day. For as each group is outfitted with grub and tools, daylight sees a procession of dog teams starting out over the ice toward the north. Frozen lake and unbroken forest lie between Hudson and the end of the Red Lake trail; but these are nothing to the men whose ambition is fired by the tales which have come out of that country. Memories of the Yukon, the Cassiar, Porcupine and other strikes, spur them in their attempt to be "in on the ground floor," and morning is all too slow in arriving.

Each train, arriving morning and evening, brings its quota of prospectors to take the place of those who have already started on the long "mush" into the Red Lake fields. The newcomers spend a day or so outfitting, rest overnight at the "hotel" and in turn flit over the shining stretch of snow which lies to the north of the railway tracks. Dogs yapping, drivers shouting, the daily cavalcade makes its early start; a short time later there is but a succession of dots disappearing over the horizon. The rush is over for another day, but ever there are more prospectors arriving; haggling over the prices. Many of them have outfitted in Winnipeg or at Sioux Lookout, the divisional point just east of Hudson; here dogs and other requirements are at a premium. On a per capita basis of its regular inhabitants, Hudson today is perhaps the busiest spot on the continent, and small fortunes are in process of being made there by people who had foresight enough to go into the business of preparing for the rush which they saw coming last fall.

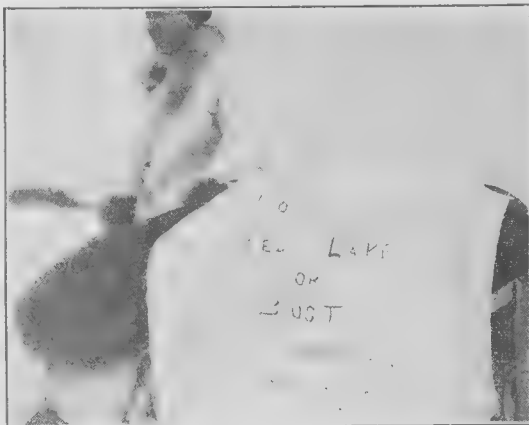
Take, for instance, the hotel. Once the main room of it was a store; in one corner are still the dismantled remains of a pool table, a few cues hang in the rack as a reminder. It has few of the conveniences of civilization, but the hardy prospectors, going into the Red Lake fields, are not concerned with such things. Their desire is for a roof over their heads; a stove at which to warm themselves until they can hit the trail, and a place where they can secure food which will be perhaps their last "civilized food" for many months.

A dozen iron bedsteads—sans bedding—form seats during the day and beds for early arrivals at night. For the latecomers there is always the floor, and when a man carries his own blankets and

sleeping bag, what more could be desired? Rough posts, cut from the surrounding forest, support the roof, and a few oil lamps serve to accentuate the darkness of the room in which the prospectors gather in readiness for the rush.

Rough surroundings, these—but they serve their purpose, and none of the prospectors look for better. A huge iron stove, taking a four-foot log of wood, throws heat over the entire large room; near the stove the temperature is torrid; a few feet away one can wear a mackinaw coat with comfort.

But there are great tales told by the group which centres around that stove o' nights. Prospectors have been there from all parts of Canada, and some who have sought the precious metals in other countries besides. The air is redolent of tobacco smoke as darkness falls, and the group about the cast iron stove converses in English tinged with many twangs and dialects. Old men tell of the "trail of '98," the Cariboo trail and of jaunts into the Cassiar country of British Columbia. Sometimes one gains the floor to tell of experiences in Cobalt, Haileybury and the Porcupine country. Some have sweated and thirsted under the burning sun of Australia, and in their turn they relate their experiences. But always the underlying theme is the same—gold. There is but one aim, one hope for them all: that of locating a claim which will bring them a fortune. What they will do with the wealth, some have already decided. One man wants to go back to England and settle down; another proposes to bring a family out from one of the



McDonough's Slogan on the trail

Scandinavian countries; still another has aged parents living in a small Ontario town for whom the gold would purchase happiness and comfort during the remainder of their lives. Many of them are men who have made—and lost—fortunes in their days. They have made strikes in other fields, sold their claims and then "hit the high spots." Many have sworn off gold rushes before, but always the magic word brings them back into the line of hopeful seekers.

There are four hundred men in the Red Lake camp now; spring will see at least a thousand, and the opening of navigation, bringing with it also the possibilities of water transportation, will see many more hurrying in. The law is on the spot, and an office for the recording of claims has been established. The original strike is now but the centre of many claims, for prospectors are scattering far and wide; following the general line of contact and laboriously clearing away the snow and overburden to test the rock underneath. Some are moving steadily eastward, while others have skirted the shores of Red Lake and are endeavoring to pick up the line of contact westward to the Manitoba boundary.

Red Lake does not present the dangers and difficulties of other gold rushes, yet it is no trail for a weakling. One hundred and forty miles of wind-swept lake lie between the railway station at Hudson and the Red Lake camp, and the north wind sweeps down with a bitter tang over that icy waste. It has, however, been divided into fairly easy stages of 20 to 30 miles, and the earlier arrivals going in, put up log shanties of a kind which provide shelter for those now going in.

Lost Lake, Lac Seul, Little Shallow Lake, Gull Rock Lake, and then a rough terrain stretch them-

selves between the two points. This means from five to seven days of hard grinding, according to the load the dogs are hauling or the speed at which the mushers can themselves travel. Emergency trips, with light loads and in search of supplies, have been made in three days, but the musher who does that makes a fast and long day of it and sleeps with only the twinkling stars for a roof.

A few months ago Hudson was but a dot on the map, and a very small dot at that. The trains thundered through in their turn, seldom stopping unless it was to permit some hunting or fishing party to alight. At the side of the track a group of Indians, fresh in to the post for trading purposes, stood open-mouthed and watched the white man's train rush through. The telegraph-operator-station agent had little concern beyond reporting "No. 1 through at 12.29."



Line up of prospectors at Hudson, Ontario

Now, every train stops at Hudson, and from the day coaches at the front, a group of mackinaw-clad men alight. From the baggage or express car comes a sound of yapping and snarling as dogs—some of them huskies and some of them "too many kinds of a dog" to be classified as anything but dogs—are hauled out in a more or less tangled heap and deposited on the platform for their owners to untangle them. The dogs leave no doubt as to their dislike of the whole procedure. They snarl at the train, the express man, at their owners and at each other, as they are unceremoniously unloaded and hauled along to posts to be tied up. Shouts, and an occasional shove or kick are their portion as the owner busies himself in getting the rest of his dunnage off the train and prepares for the long trip ahead.

Usually a day is spent in outfitting. A party of three or four prospectors going in to the fields will usually have two four-dog teams hitched to a long sled which carries supplies for dogs and men. As loads must be restricted to about 500 pounds, and included in this must be a pound of food per day for each of the dogs, it does not take very much equipment to bring the load up to the maximum. Some times on the trail one can purchase fish to feed the dogs, but the rush has been so great that it is now considered unwise to trust to such a contingency, and corn mush and tallow is the chief food constituent which goes on the sleighs. Many of the prospectors outfit themselves at Winnipeg or their eastern starting point, but there are also many who wait until they reach Hudson or Sioux Lookout, and the Hudson Bay Company's stores at these points are doing what is sometimes termed a "land-office business." At Hudson, the H.B. store is the only "mercantile establishment," combining as it does the store, trading post and post office, which rejoices in the high-sounding name of Rolling Portage Post Office.

What the future holds for Red Lake, no one knows; it is in the lap of the gods. The fact that many big companies, the Dome, McIntyre, Hollinger, Nipissing, Coniagas, Huronian Belt and the Hamil Howey Syndicate are all reported to have large holdings, while hundreds of claims have been staked for syndicates or by prospectors on their own behalf, indicates that it promises to be a real camp. A covering of snow at present prevents anything like real discovery work, but does not hinder development work on a definite locality, such as is being carried out by the Dome McIntyre interests.

That there is capital behind some of the attempts is evident from the methods of transportation which have been placed in use. Snow-motors



Ready for the trail from Hudson to Red Lake

simplify the haulage problem to some extent at least. Five of them are on the lakes, and while the snow remains fairly soft they make good progress. When a cold snap forms the snow into hard, dry particles, their journeys are not so easy as they crawl slowly across the lakes and mount the portages to new ice footing. With the coming of spring, however, progress into the gold fields will be made simpler, for then one will be able to arrange a passage for 120 miles on a good-sized, powered boat, and then the journey the rest of the distance by means of smaller boats and canoes, with few and comparatively easy portages.

Stories told around the cast iron stove in the Hudson stopping place, relate several versions of the discovery of Red Lake gold. One of them has it that in 1922 two prospectors, working in what is known as the Central Mining District of Manitoba, were struggling along in an easterly direction when they encountered difficulties. For several days they had little idea of their location; their grub was gone and they were anything but happy. Then they stumbled on a trading post on the shore of a lake—the Red Lake post of the Company of Gentleman Adventurers Trading Into Hudson's Bay. Food and sleep brought them back to something like normal, and, looking about, they stumbled upon some pretty specimens of ore. Their story came out to Winnipeg, as also did a prospector of Scandinavian origin, who dropped in to see a Canadian National official, showing him some of the samples. The prospector had a farm in Manitoba which he intended to visit before going back into the Red Lake area, and leaving a few samples with this railway official he left for his farm, promising to be back again in a few days to discuss the matter of being "grubstaked" in order that he might go back and do more prospecting. Before the end of a few days, the prospector, working around a gasoline tractor which he had purchased some time before to break up his farm, fell in front of one of the traction wheels.

The Winnipeg man had the samples which, being a mining authority, he recognized as having con-

siderable value. Of the location of the claim he had only a hazy idea, for the prospector had not gone into details during his call. The only way to make progress was to outfit another prospector and send him in to try and locate the spot where the valuable samples had come from.

Two prospectors were grubstaked and sent in to the area to file on a group of claims. Both of these were lost in a storm in Red Lake, the body of one being found during the next year, while that of the other, a Victoria Cross hero, has never been discovered. Death claimed some of the original members of the grubstaking syndicate and some of the claims were allowed to lapse.

Then in 1925, Howey and McNeely staked a group of claims along the southeast end of the lake, near the mouth of what is known as the Red River. Samples were brought out, this time to Toronto, and interest was such that within a month seaplanes were carrying in preliminary supplies from Minaki, to be followed, when the lakes froze over, with men and supplies over the snow-covered lakes and portages.

A report on the Red Lake area by E. L. Bruce, Professor of Mineralogy, Queen's University, Kingston, tells in technical terms of the formation in the territory to which the men are now rushing. In part he says:

Prospecting in the Red Lake basin dates back, perhaps, to a period only shortly after Dowling's exploration in 1893. No mention is made in his report of minerals of possible economic importance or to any prospecting then done or being done, but a quarter of a mile inland from the north shore of Slate Bay a shaft has been sunk in a small remnant of greenstone. A rather pretentious camp with several buildings including an assay laboratory, was built on the lake shore. Judging from their condition the buildings must have been erected not long after Dowling's visit. The vein appears to have been only a short lens and as no records of the prospect are to be found it is likely that the values were not high. This is borne out by samples of the dump and by the exposed vein.

From that time to 1922 there is no evidence that any examination of the mineral possibilities of the area had been made. During the brief survey of 1922 some promising looking quartz veins were observed and sampled, but the results were discouraging. A prospecting party from Winnipeg that was on the lake at the same time located a quartz galena vein on the shore of East Bay. Misleading reports of the character of this discovery appeared in some of the newspapers with the result that much staking was done in the autumn of 1922 by parties that came to the lake under the impression that the original discovery was one of native silver occurring under conditions similar to those that obtain at Cobalt. In most cases no prospecting was done even if claims were staked, but one party, recognizing the favorable nature of geological succession, examined some of the quartz veins for gold and several claims were located near the outlet of the lake. Assessment work on these claims in 1923 exposed a considerable number of veins containing abundant visible gold but, unfortunately, no vein of workable size was discovered. During the past summer (1925) further prospecting west of the outlet seems to have been rewarded by the discovery of promising veins of larger size. The writer, having no personal knowledge of these discoveries, can merely repeat the statement made in the report on the area (Annual Report of the Ontario Department of Mines, 1924), that "the geological succession of greenstones and old sediments intruded by porphyry and by granite is a promising one for gold-bearing quartz veins, if the area may be judged from other pre-Cambrian areas."

And that is that, as the old prospector remarked as he refilled his pipe in the rough board shack on the edge of Lost Lake, but the men who are congregating at Hudson, Ontario, have no time for official reports. They are out after gold; they have heard of wondrous veins discovered in the Red Lake area, and they remember tales of fabulous wealth made by the men who "struck it rich" in other fields.



The five McDonough brothers of Cobalt getting ready for Red Lake

The Flame of Courage

By George Gibbs

Illustrations by
Grattan Condon

FOURTH INSTALMENT



He went to his knees at her feet.

IT WAS their hour, as she had said, and they sat before the fire, his sound right arm about her waist, her head upon his breast. There were many things to be said and such a little time to say them in. He told her of the visit of Angelique de Pean, who, after all, instead of her destroyer had been her saviour. And with painful shudders, made less unpleasant by the security of his arm, she told him of the villainy of Monsieur Bigot, to the end that Jacques Davol found himself again regretting that his sword-point had been so merciful.

But she took refuge as soon as possible from these unhappy reminiscences, relaxing into the silence of complete contentment while he told her of the plan for their escape at the earliest possible moment to France.

And then, even as she lay in his arms looking into his face, the old shadow that she hated fell across his brows. He said no more for a moment, staring gloomily into the fire, while his arm about her body relaxed. Her enemy, whatever it was, possessed his mind, excluding her. But she had won her victory once. She would win it again. What was this enemy that came between them, even now, while she lay in his arms, her confession made, her absolution given?

Cities and thrones have fallen before women's curiosity. In their short hour already she had

learned that this man was all that she could have hoped him to be, valiant, gentle, strong, tender. And yet she knew there was something that had to do with his past and with his future that he was withholding from her. His past belonged to him, but the future, that was hers also.

The deep frown that came and went upon his brow belonged to a problem constantly propounded to him, a problem of the past, but of the future also. She was jealous of that problem, but curious too. If she had been content to be jealous without curiosity her paradise would have endured a few hours, a few days longer. But his unhappiness was now hers; his misery, her burden to share with him. And so from the vantage of his breast she whispered:

"What is it that troubles you, Jacques? Tell me. For it is my trouble to share. Let me help you to put it to flight. Nothing can come between us now, since you have laughed at death and I at dishonor. You have bought me at the price of your blood, beloved. I am yours, whatever comes to either of us, through all eternity."

Even while she was speaking he straightened and bent forward, staring into the flames while the hand that she held seemed suddenly to grow cold beneath her touch. Some part of his spirit, the part of him that he had given to her, seemed to die as she looked at him, while the hated stoicism that had animated her servitor, Monsieur Davol, was born again. As he stared into the flames he

seemed to grow older, thinner, but more compact with a new resolution. His face was streaked with pain as he turned his head slowly, his voice broken with an intensity of self-control.

"You should not ask me that."

She tried to smile her confidence.

"Have I not told you that nothing can make any difference between us?" she said softly.

Her tone, the gentle touch of her fingers only seemed to make his sufferings more intolerable.

"You don't know what you say."

"What have I asked? Merely to share your difficulties and your secrets. Is that too much when you have given me all?"

"Heloise! my dear!" He sprang to his feet as though to make at once tangible a barrier between them, and stood leaning upon the mantle-shelf, his head bent upon an elbow. "I have given you too little, taken too much. I have not had the right to listen, or even to touch you. But I was weak; I did not have the strength to resist."

"What do you mean? I must know what you still suffer on my account. Heaven knows I've given you suffering enough."

"I am unworthy of you." He stopped, like an exhausted swimmer, ready to sink without further effort.

She had risen slowly, the firelight dancing in her clear eyes, her young bosom rising fiercely at the thought that came to her.

"Tell me," she said with an effort. "There is, there has been, some one else, another woman, perhaps—" she halted over the word. "I know so little of you, Jacques. Perhaps a wife."

And while her eyes pleaded with him, he raised his head and gave her a slow, sweet smile that struggled against his frown, and slowly shook his head.

"No, no wife, nor woman, Heloise. I have never loved until now, and never shall again."

"Then God be praised," she cried joyously, falling upon her knees before him, and laying her face upon his hand. "For nothing else matters to me in all the world."

He lifted her gently until she stood beside him; then, gazing at her for a moment, turned away, putting his back to the temptation that she offered him.

"It does not matter even if you turn away from me now," she said. "For I know that no evil can come to a love so great as mine. Tell me or not, as you choose. Since you love me, there is nothing but love in all the world."

He turned toward her with a quick resolution.

"You must not love me, Heloise. You cannot. I have dreamed, for a moment, of happiness. But I am awake. You cannot love, but, should I tell you the truth, only despise me."

She went into his arms again, her eyes wide and clear, seeking his own.

"Despise?" She laughed. "A word of evil that has no place in the heaven you've made for me."

"Hate me, then, for winning you under false colors."

"If you wear them," she said loyally, "they are my colors too."

Something in her phrase captured his hopes, for he turned toward her, catching her by the elbows,

and looking deep into her eyes as though to read the confirmation of her fidelity.

"You would still love me, even though I'm not what I seem to be?"

"Try me," she said proudly.

He still looked at her in silence as though he feared to put his courage to the test.

"Try me, Jacques," she repeated.

His eyes closed for a moment.

"I do not dare."

"Is it that you do not trust me?" she asked gently, "that my love of you is not great enough for this test? Are not your secrets my secrets, your thoughts mine?"

He turned away from her and leaned upon a chair, his reply scarcely audible.

"Yes, it is your right to know. I've given you that right by betraying you." And while she wondered at his words he turned toward her with bent head as though to receive a blow.

"Hate me if you will, Heloise," he whispered. "I am—I am not a Frenchman. I am of Maryland, an Englishman, a military spy."

He paused abruptly, aware that she had moved a pace away from him. For a moment she made no sound. He did not look at her, but he knew that the look in her eyes could only be one of horror at the revelation.

"You a spy!" she gasped at last. "An enemy of France! It is impossible."

"I speak the truth. I have lived much in France, but I am no Frenchman. I have given my life into your hands. I came to France from King Frederick of Prussia with a purpose. I have studied the defenses of Quebec. I have sent information to my friends in the colonies. The penalty is death. You have asked me and I have told you."

She had fallen into the chair before the fire and sat staring like an unquiet spirit into the flames.

He paced the floor behind her, his courage rising with his confession. He had dared often, yet never so greatly as this, for he had thrown with a hateful word into the balance all his hopes of happiness. And yet the confession was like a burden thrown from his shoulders. He bent at her side and spoke in quick, eager whispers.

I had wanted to go away without your ever knowing what I was, without your ever knowing how much I cared. Your cruelty made it easier for me to keep silence as to that. Ah, Heloise, if you had never spoken to me kindly, if you had only let me do my suffering in silence! One day you taunted me and then were kind. My confession came from me in a quick torrent that I could not stem, until too late. The damage was done. And yet I believed that I could still be of service to you.

"Your intolerance inflamed me; your wish, at all hazards, to show me your contempt. And yet all the while you were dependent on me, as you are dependent now. Here in this room today you were kind. You broke my will with your tenderness. Only a man of iron could have resisted such a temptation. For I loved you, I love you now, the more when bitterness is flooding your heart against me."

"Wait, in pity, wait!" she gasped. "I must think what to do."

"Of what must you think?" he murmured more eloquently. "Of the pleadings of your conscience and of your heart. Which is the stronger? Or will you listen to the voices of my happiness and yours that plead for existence? Has love like yours a

nationality? Is charity a thing of creeds? Is your love French and mine English? Or are they both so great that they are even above the quarrels of nations?"

Her head was bent, her hands clasped. It seemed as though she were praying. Her neck was so white beneath her touseled hair, like a child's, that he had maltreated and was still cruel to.

"You love France, Heloise, the France of the orchards and fields and woods, the country of your people. But it is not that France against which England makes war. It is the cruel, intolerant system ruled by the mistress of a foolish king, the very forces that threatened your life and honor and sent you on this mad mission—these are the people against whom England makes war."

She raised her head from her hands.

"They are still France," she said clearly.

"No, not France. You have said so. Why! Even in Rouen, where people are learning to think for themselves, there is rebellion against the King's authority. Your father was one of those who spoke as I am speaking, and they would have taken his life, as they would have taken your honor. There will come a day, not far off, when France must pay the penalty for its weaknesses, the crimes that you have seen here in Quebec—dishonesty, debauchery, and injustice."

"They are still of France," she repeated dully.

"Is Monsieur Bigot of France, a man who steals from the peasants and even from the soldiers of the forts that are the protection of New France? You hoped perhaps to influence him, to do what you

tion that could not be denied. Death is nothing beside that. Have I not proved that?"

"It is not my love that you have betrayed," she said painfully. "It is not that I could ever love you less. But France—France. My country comes first. And you have betrayed her."

He bent over her and put his arm about her shoulders.

"Heloise, beloved."

"For the love of God, have pity."

"Am I then so hateful to you?" he pleaded.

"No, no. But my heart is like a leaden thing. Your touch, your voice, are the reminders of an ecstasy turned into pain. Go there by the window and sit in silence so that I may think of what I must do."

He relinquished her gently and obeyed. He had lost. The love that had vanquished all other disaster lay a poor, wounded thing between them. He watched her eagerly all his soul in his eyes, but she did not look at him. Perhaps she dared not. He had thought her so childlike a while ago in her acquiescence of the blow that had fallen. But now she seemed, as he watched, to be gathering strength and stature.

He had lost. He knew it in the deliberation of her motions as she paced the floor for a moment.

"What is your name?" she asked gently. "Who are you?"

"Does it matter," he said bitterly, "since I belong to the hated colonies of England?"

"Tell me, Jacques," she insisted.

"My name is John Carroll. I am of Baltimore in Maryland. My family is wealthy. I am a nephew of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. I was studying philosophy in Prussia when war was declared by France; and offered my services to the King of Prussia for this mission to Quebec. The English minister, Pitt, assented. I came by way of Paris with the help of Monsieur de Voltaire, who was made the dupe of King Frederick, who chose this means to avenge himself of some fancied slights put upon him by Monsieur de Voltaire and Madame de Pompadour. That is the whole truth, so help me God."

"I believe you," she said slowly. "A terrible mission of danger and dishonor."

HE straightened with some pride. "Have you found me dishonorable, Heloise? Is it dishonorable to serve my country in the face of death? Do you suppose that I would not rather die upon a field of battle? But I serve my country where I can serve her best. I have no regrets," he said firmly.

"Even the regret that the love I have given you must end in the ashes of bitterness?"

He went to his knees at her feet.

"Ah, my dear, why should you ask me that? I have been honest with you."

"Alas, too late—"

"Not too late for my punishment. I have given my life into your hands. You have only to tell them at Quebec who I am—"

"Hush, Jacques," she said with a look of pain. "You must not speak so. I cannot bear it." Her voice came in a whisper and her eyes were closed. "Your death could not help France

now, even if I could be the one to betray you. And that I cannot. Oh! I cannot."

Her fingers went out to his hair and touched it gently in a kind of blessing. He took them to his lips as he rose. She did not withdraw them, but



With strength and speed Davol's point flashed past his guard.

could to help General de Montcalm to save Quebec. You did not succeed, because you were fighting for a lost cause.

"Ah, Heloise, I plead for the security of the love that has come to us from God Himself, in a revela-

held her head turned away from him in a moment of struggle. Yet suddenly, the pity of their love overwhelmed her and she threw herself once more into his arms.

"Oh, beloved! Just once like this before the pains of death." She kissed him gently, her tears moistening his cheeks. "Our hour is gone, my dear. We must go back to the world."

He held her close in one long moment of conquest and surrender.

"Wars do not last forever, Heloise," he whispered. "Love endures all things."

He drew away from her at last and threw open the door, calling Monsieur Goujon, who slept before the fire, to bring the sleigh and horse.

And then they drove in silence through the chill dusk.

SHE leaned back in her seat in the sleigh, listless, exhausted, her spirit broken. Of the two, Jacques Davol had the better regained his self-possession and his strength. There was thinking to be done for them both. He knew that they had remained at the inn of the Couronne long enough for Monsieur Bigot to have preceded them to Quebec, and it seemed that if his word of honor had been merely a means of saving his life, they might expect arrest as they passed up the hill near the palace of the Intendant. It was therefore with some anxiety that Davol approached the banks of the Saint Charles.

But all was quiet. The sentries, after giving them a glance, saluted and passed them upon their way. It had grown dark, and in the streets of the town they were not noticed. Davol drove boldly into the courtyard of the Chateau Saint Louis.

Heloise made no objection to his plan to place her safely under the protection of Madame de Vaudreuil. She was willing to trust his judgment while they awaited the disposition of Francois Bigot, aware that her entree to the household of the governor would permit her to reach the apartment of Madame de Vaudreuil, where she would tell her story and throw herself upon her mercy.

After their wordless farewell Davol drove the sleigh to the stable of the Intendancy, where he was informed by a groom that His Excellency had ridden in earlier in the evening and had already retired to his room, where an injury received in a fall from his horse was being treated.

Davol smiled as he turned away.

At least, for the present, no overt act of war was to be expected from Francois Bigot. And in forty-eight hours, if Davol's plans did not miscarry, he and Heloise would be on the way to France in the first ship out of the ice in the basin. He went hurriedly to his lodgings, where he made some changes in his apparel, and finding that except for a stiffness of his left arm he was at no great inconvenience, he went to the house of Angelique de Pean in the Rue de Saint Louis.

She remarked upon his pallor. And so, trusting to the sympathy of the woman scorned, he told her frankly of his adventure and timely interruption of Monsieur Bigot's plans.

"But he is not greatly injured, Madame," he hastened to add. "For he rode in from Beaumanoir unattended."

SHE had listened to him, greatly disturbed. But at last she spoke in a low, tense voice that impressed him.

"That is all very terrible, Monsieur Davol, terrible for you as well as for me. Let me tell you, Monsieur Davol, that whatever he has promised

as a result of this encounter, you have made an enemy who will not sleep until he finds some means of squaring this account with you. I tell you this because I need you to carry out my plans."

"You still wish to help me to leave Quebec?"

"Yes, Monsieur. More than ever, for reasons that I will explain to you. You are in great danger until the moment you leave Quebec; after that even, maybe."

"What danger, Madame?"

"Francois Bigot will keep to the letter of his promise. But he will find some means to defeat you. He promised you immunity from any personal retaliation. But there are other persons who might act for him. Because I want nothing to interfere with your departure, I beg of you to beware of quarrels."

"Ah, I see. And who would act in such a way for Francois Bigot?"

"It would not be the first time that persons objectionable to Francois Bigot had been removed."

"By whom, Madame de Pean?"

"I do not know," she said with a shrug. "Monsieur Martel, Monsieur de Chabannes."

"De Chabannes!" Davol spoke the word joyously.

"Yes, Monsieur Davol. Of course, I know nothing as to this. It is a warning, selfish if you please, of one who wishes you safely out of New France."

"I will be on my guard, Madame," he said gravely.

"I MUST be still franker with you, Monsieur Davol. It is a part of my humiliation. It was I who invented the plot that discovered the secret of Madame de Brinvilliers. It was I also who told Francois Bigot of the real mission of Heloise Gueret."

"You!" he said in dismay.

She bent her head in assent.

"Yes, Monsieur. One moment before you condemn me. It was the device of a jealous woman. Heaven knows I did not fear for Heloise Gueret, or for myself, the kind of vengeance that he found for her. He gave no sign of it even yesterday when I saw him at the Intendancy. But I understand now that my own contentment depends upon the speed with which you take Heloise Gueret away."

Francois Bigot is a man made more eager by obstacles. This woman has fascinated, tricked, and spurned him. He may hate her for the blow to his pride, but there may still be passion in his hatred too. A man like that never forgets. I wish her to go at once."

"There will be no difficulties," he asked.

"Only those required by the secrecy of your movements and hers. Tomorrow night at nine o'clock, when the tide will be at the ebb, a boat from the Navarre will be waiting for you at the King's Yard. You must contrive to be there with Mademoiselle Gueret at that hour, with only such baggage as may be carried in your hands."

"Very well, Madame," said Davol quietly. "I have told you that I

have still one duty to perform. That done, you may count on me."

She looked at him curiously.

"It is only fair, Monsieur Davol, that I should also tell you that my aid in this escape has come from those who are now indifferent to the projects of Mademoiselle Gueret. I have been informed that Francois Bigot has written a letter to Madame de Pompadour, sending her a large remittance.

This letter was sent by courier some days ago down the river to where the French ships were anchored below the ice. And when Mademoiselle Gueret reaches France I fear that she may have little to expect from her *patronne*. Perhaps it would be wiser if she did not venture to Versailles." Davol glanced at her with suspicion. He was not now nor had he been sure of her. But she was doing his own plans a service, so he assented without comment and bade adieu to this woman, the enemy of Heloise and yet, strangely enough, her friend in need.

JUST before dusk of the next afternoon Monsieur de Chabannes emerged from the bedroom of Monsieur Bigot, the richer by five thousand francs and many rosy promises for the future. Monsieur Bigot had fallen from his horse and injured his shoulder, and though somewhat waned from his sufferings had presented a visage grimly set in lines of determination. The visit had been made in response to a note from Monsieur Bigot. Their conversation had been brief, merely a question or two from His Excellency as to the strength of the wrist and forearm of the chevalier, and as to the clearness of his head to engage in a quarrel which might lead to a passage of arms.

Monsieur Bigot had mentioned no names, merely reminding Monsieur de Chabannes that he, Bigot, thought it curious that one of the ardent temper of the chevalier could brook any trifling with the affections of the woman he loved.

But Monsieur de Chabannes had thoroughly understood what was required of him. A quarrel with Monsieur Jacques Davol at once, ending, as such events do, with a challenge and quick recourse to the sword. It was indeed a matter that had been too long delayed, for this grim philosopher. For it is the habit of men of his temper to hate those who have been of service to them.

Accordingly, Monsieur de Chabannes made his way directly to the lodgings of Monsieur Davol. Monsieur Davol was not at home. This was a pity because the affair was one to be accomplished speedily with witnesses or without them.

And so Monsieur de Chabannes took his way through the dusk down the hill in the direction of the lower town, toward a library frequently visited by the philosopher. It seemed to matter little what the cause of the insult should be. Almost any pretext would do, but the insult must, of course, be made unmistakable. The man must be made to fight and, of course, a contest with so skilled a swordsman as the chevalier could only have one conclusion. The moon was high. The chevalier had seldom seen so pleasant a night in which to kill a man.

At the library he learned that Monsieur Davol had returned some books and gone back to his lodgings. A plague on such a fellow! It was annoying to be forced to climb these steep hills of Quebec when he might have had the business done and be already drinking to the soul of the departed philosopher in the good brandy of the Taverne de Menut.

AFTER a restless night Davol had risen and dressed with deliberation, washing and bandaging his arm with great care. When he had finished eating his breakfast he wrote a long letter to Heloise Gueret, advising her of the plan for their escape and begging her not to fail him. He would meet her at the foot of the Rue de la Montagne, whither she must come alone.

The writing of it took most of the morning, and it was to be delivered by his trusted landlady, Madame Roget, into the hands of Mademoiselle de Lusignac. Madame Roget was to return later for the reply.

This done, Davol looked to his sword, testing it carefully as to spring and alignment; a good weapon, nicely balanced, and its owner sheathed it with a look of satisfaction. It was the chevalier whom Davol wished to meet, and he prayed that if Monsieur Bigot had decided upon this vengeance, the soldier of Fort Duquesne would be chosen for the task.

Monsieur Davol intended that the combat should be in a time and place of his own choosing, preferably after nightfall in a quiet spot where they might be uninterrupted, and Davol's flight to the Navarre not be delayed. Accordingly, he had chosen the garden of Madame Roget, which was set between three blank walls of small houses and protected from the gaze of the Rue Saint Angele by a brick wall with a stout wooden door, the key of which Davol carried in his pocket.

Since the chevalier was to be his adversary,

Continued on page 70

First Half of Story

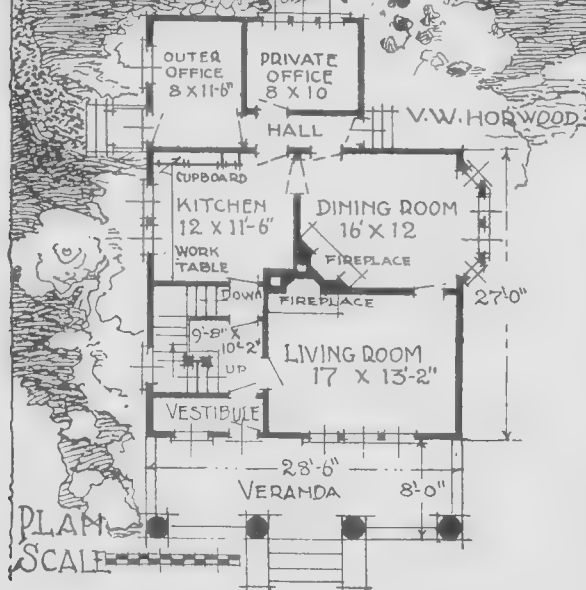
The third instalment of the "Flame of Courage," which appeared in the April issue, opens with Armande's acceptance of an invitation to the Intendant's palace and we find her travelling to fulfil that acceptance in the company of Bigot himself. In accepting she acted very much against her own better judgment. On their arrival at the castle Bigot lost no time in challenging her with her false position in the community and denouncing her for the many peculiar and serious situations that her presence in Quebec had created. In the meantime, Madame de Pean finds an opportunity to acquaint Davol with the trip to Beaumanoir and that gentleman immediately sets out for the spot. His first encounter upon arrival there is with two guards, of whom he makes a speedy disposal. He breaks in upon Bigot and Armande just as the former has dropped his mask as a gentleman. In the duel that followed, Davol is the victor and he compels the Intendant to supply a sleigh for the use of Armande and himself for their return to Quebec. A stop is made at a wayside inn on their way there, where Davol has his wounds attended to and where he also makes a declaration of his love for Armande.

A Picturesque House

Written and Illustrated By

V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect



THE planning of a house requires thought and caution. To suppose we cannot make a mistake in our layout is the very way in which to rush headlong into one. All of us subconsciously have an ideal of a perfect plan—but alas—when we begin to commit it to paper we find that there are such things as stairs to be placed and doors to be opened. One of the first requirements of a plan is as to its every-day use, and the ease with which it can be kept up and cared for. Look into the working portions of the house so that all who have anything to do with it, owner, servants or deliveries, shall find what they want without trouble. Also consider the points between which the most travel is done and bring them together as closely as possible. It is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules to govern the planning of a house. One great principle is to make everything simple, and in the use of materials, brick, stone or wood, use local material if at all suitable. Fashion is fickle and it does not do to follow its lead in the enduring brick or stone of a building. At the present time the choice of materials becomes ever the more varied; almost every day something new is being introduced into the building trades. All these things and the facility with which they can be delivered tend to make building cosmopolitan in character and by this means the local material which might become associated with the different parts of the country are being overlooked.

This plan was evolved to suit the requirements of the professional or student and its axis revolves about the service. It would make an ideal home for a minister. The private office could become a library or study, being away from all the noise of the household, and the outer office be the reception room. An entry into the dining room is reserved for the owner or a more intimate member of the

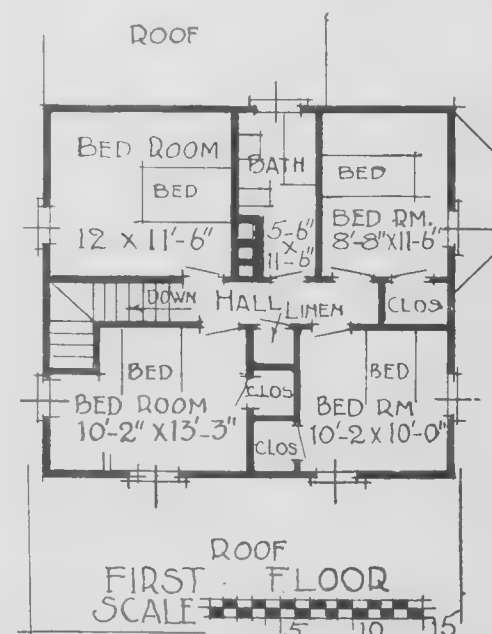
congregation to go into the house. The offices are absolutely secluded from the house proper and yet in close connection. The kitchen serves the office, rear and front entrance and stairs without crossing any family room. If the office portion was not required it could be omitted. The eaves or cornice at the rear would be higher if this was done.

One chimney suffices, there being three flues of twelve inches square. Considerable experience is needed in building a fireplace. It is a peculiarity that a chimney built in the same way as in England or Scotland will not always draw in the West. The Old Country mason will slope the back and build the offset and yet it will smoke. There is, however, one rule which must not be disregarded: always build the flue from the fireplace directly over the centre of it and carry it straight up some twelve inches before turning it to one side or the other. This will draw the smoke directly to the centre of the fireplace and so up the chimney. If the throat or side of the fireplace above the lintel or opening is drawn to one side it will smoke. This is often done to lessen the size of the chimney just above the opening of the fireplace, but make no mistake! If it is done the fireplace will smoke. Another thing not to be disregarded is that the front or lintel above the opening must not be thick or the smoke will strike it and curl out into the room. The outside walls of the chimney should be in thickness a brick on the flat and a brick on edge, thus all points are covered. The inside withes or partitions are four inches thick. If tile lining is used, the brick on edge could be omitted. In the hearth of the fireplace should be built an iron frame with nine inches square hinged iron lid opening into a duct which delivers the ashes into a large space in the bottom of the chimney where they can be emptied from a twelve inch square iron door.

In building a fireplace or isolated chimney always make a sound footing, preferably of concrete. It is good practice to make a minimum thickness of twelve inches and extend at least eight inches beyond the chimney wall. If stones are used for a footing get large flat stones at least eight inches thick and build two thicknesses of these in cement, lapping the joints, and never having two joints come together. In the footings for the walls of this house, for frame construction, make them ten inches thick extending eight inches beyond the wall on both sides. For brick construction they should be twelve inches thick and extend ten inches. In putting in a foundation for posts or piers great care should be used. A flat stone will not do, for the post has a concentrated load upon it, and the post foundation should be at least fourteen inches thick and two feet six inches square.

The cellar walls above the footing could be built of concrete, stone or brick. Concrete makes a first class wall and should be at least eight inches thick

for frame, and twelve inches thick for brickwork. Build the concrete to grade and then above build the wall of stone to the framework or brickwork. If the concrete is used above ground do not try to imitate stone, as it is palpably an imitation and can never give the graduations of color which each stone possesses individually. The hollow concrete block is a useful and lasting material and has the merit of being a non-conductor of heat, cold and moisture on account of its air spaces. If you are fortunate enough to be able to get field stone and a good mason who understands its uses and limitations, all sorts of possibilities open out. There seems to be some intimate connection between field stone and a human habitation. There is a charm, a sparkle, a gradation of light and shade on its different surfaces in all weathers, and when washed by the rain it is lucid with all the tones gathered in its centuries of lying in the open fields. To build in field stone the property should be of generous proportions, for it seems impossible to smother field stone; you must get the breadth of composition in a more or less open lot. It should be built in cement mortar and well tied together and should never be less than two feet thick. The joints might be left as built or raked back. They are often filled flush; never point them, and remember a black joint is utterly at war with their delicate tints.



If a brick wall is built, below grade it should be in cement mortar and all walls below the surface should be well plastered outside with cement, and then covered with hot tar. An open tile drain outside the footings leading into the catch basin relieves the footing from moisture. The brickwork above ground can be laid in many ways, but the simplest is the American bond, the common bond used in this country. If a common red brick is used, lay it up with a white joint. In fact in nearly all brickwork a white joint seems to relieve and give variety to the monotony of the ordinary brick.

Continued on page 82

"DEES-A banan', he got one bad spot—I no geev-a you."

Nick Georgiopolus shrugged as he spoke. He replaced the questionable banana with a sound one, smiled with warm affability and waved away thanks.

Mrs. Nick, who has a much better head for business, sighed, spread out her hands in a gesture of resignation and to another customer spoke her mind quite frankly:

"See," she said, indicating Nick with thumb over shoulder. "That's why we never get reech!"

"We do ver' good beezness," protested Nick.

"We should do better."

"Me, I got no keeck," returned her better half. "Enoff to eat, enoff to drink, some friends—who would wish more than that?"

He laughed and picked up his concertina and its soft, pulsating music filled the little fruit store. Mrs. Nick finished weighing a pound of white grapes, and having eyed the scales closely and removed at the last moment a small cluster of less than an ounce in weight, she seized a paper bag, blew it open deftly and filled it in a brisk professional manner that bespoke long practice.

"Ah, we live on da wrong side da street," she said with a gusty sigh.

"How is that?" asked her customer.

"Trade," she replied.

"Trade, he's mooch better on da sunny side."

"O Sole Mio!" chanted Nick blithely.

"Then you believe that business is more lively on the sunny side of the street? There may be something in that," murmured the customer, making a little note on the back of an envelope, for he was a methodical sort of fellow, and given to observation of the most inconsequential things.

Nick cocked a humorous eye at him over the concertina.

"We may be on da wrong side da street," he said, "but I tell-a you we're on da right side da people." (He pronounced it "pipple").

Always in the store there are customers, it is true. No doubt some of these come because they have discovered Nick's easy latitude in matters of commerce, but there are others who patronize him for the entertainment to be had under his roof. Nick Georgiopolus is a whole vaudeville show in himself. He is a great man, a most unusual sort of man. He has the courage of ten, they say. He can chew nails—figuratively speaking.

"He mooch brav-a man, Nick. He spit-a on da hand—dees-a way—an' he say: 'Come on! Me, I take-a da whole bunch!'"

A man of great valor and many parts. Is he not kin to that noble company of orators, discusthrowers, and philosophers that sat under the gods on Olympus—men like Eros, Phydias, Hector, Plato, Demosthenes, Paris, Anachron, Didius, Epicetetus? He has many medals, many wounds, and the memory of a hundred crowded hours of glorious life. And he not only sells a bottle of olive oil two cents cheaper than Tony Spagoni across the street, he enhances the pleasure of the negotiation with the recital of a colorful Iliad of his own, pertaining to his experiences in the field of battle and over five of the seven seas.

"An' so," he invariably winds up, "when all da fighting she is done, I go home, me, marra da wom' an' tak-a da ship for Canada. Ah, Canada, he one fine country, but slow—slow!"



The Bravest are the Tenderest

By Edith G. Bayne

Nick has known the hot breath of disaster—two earthquakes, a dozen wars, shipwreck, fire, flood, and famine. Of these varied jousts with death he speaks with infinite unction and the calm philosophy of middle age—a mellowed middle age that has in it nothing of regret or discontent. In the days of these exploits Nick was young, ardent, lithe, but now he has grown portly and complacent and it is his no more to wander, to court adventure in every corner of the earth, so nightly to any group of casuals who will listen he recounts the variegated history of his life. His audience is always deeply impressed. He has become in a way a tradition. In language that is a rich blend of the poet's and the street-hawker's he holds his listeners enthralled. He has the grand manner—and the gift of the spell-binder.

Now he tells of his early years and erstwhile home among the olive-clad isles where the blue Mediterranean kisses the silver shores and the white doves float overhead and flutter down to light on the shoulder. Then he passes on to his sterner experiences, tales of the pounding seas, stories of the two Spanish brigands he spitted through the heart with, in each case, a single thrust of the sword, the tortures and the imprisonments he endured in enemy countries, the honors he received from the hands of kings and potentates—

This wound here above his temple, where you can see the heart beating, the terrible Italian bandit Roscovelli was responsible for that. Just a little souvenir. He, Nick, threw the fellow over a cliff—

Ah, my friends, this selling fruit is a wearisome business after such a life. This too-civilized country, it is no place for a man of valor. He is wasted here.

But, as in the lives of other men of outstanding courage and of imperishable glory, there is in the life of Nick Georgiopolus an unpleasant secret. A skeleton in the closet. And his one dread is its discovery.

For Mrs. N. has something "on" him.

In the midst of an inspired peroration he will suddenly pause, glance over his shoulder, uneasily, and to the attentive listeners say in a lowered voice: "Come back to-morra—I tell-a you some more."

Mrs. Nick doesn't really object to the stories. They sound well and perhaps some of them may be true. But—

"When you talk-a so mooch you make-a de wrong change—see?"

Oh yes, Nick frequently makes the wrong change. What would you? You see, he doesn't belong behind the counter. He has no bent for shopkeeping. He is orator, patriot, adventurer,, citizen of

the world and soldier of fortune—but business man never. He can't even stop little Joe Pasquala from pinching da peanut! So Mrs. Nick holds over him like a poised whip the threat of the disclosure of his shameful secret. It keeps him better in hand.

"How much are your apples?" a customer inquires of Mrs. Nick.

"Seex for a quart—one nic' apiece."

"Too dear," protests the customer.

"No, no, meeses. Cheap!"

"Why, your man sold me three for ten only yesterday!"

"So?"

"Sure he did. Your husband sold me three for ten."

"Ah, I feex him! He make-a da mees-take I guess..." Then: "Nick! Da lady say you geev-a t'ree app' for ten cent. You geev-a too mooch!" and the rest is a warm torrent of Italiano punctuated with Greek. At the close, reverting briefly to the English: "Ah, he talk-a too mooch, meeses. Some day I tell-a da good joke on him, somet'ing he don't like." And then Mrs. N. nods her head and winks significantly.

Yet, it might be asked, why should the brave-hearted Nick be thus easily cowed?

What dark secret was it, the very thought of which had the power of turning off the tap on his eloquence?

The answer—Mrs. Nick whispered it one day to a customer just after she had found her husband short-changing the cash register to the tune of eleven cents. Only that morning he had given another customer seven lemons for half a dozen. "Think of it! He sell-a da gent seven lem' when he only paid for seex," and then on top of that he cheated the sacred cash register out of eleven cents. Two "meestakes" in one day! It was too "mooch." So Mrs. N., in a communicative burst revealed the family skeleton. The iron had entered into her soul.

Setting her plump arms akimbo and narrowing her eyes in the manner of a screen vamp she regarded her life-partner with an expression of grim ferocity. She sniffed. Nick was hard at it, spinning the yarn of his exploits to an eager group.

"Dees-a man, you hear him?" she snorted. "Sooch-a talk! All-a da time hees tongue she go like one beeg race-horse. Yeah, so brave dees-a man! Listen me, I tell-a you somet'ing."

She leaned over the counter and spoke rapidly, in a tone that, while low and semi-confidential, could be heard by all of her little circle who cared to listen. And this was the story:

The secret after all was one that Nick shared in common with other valiant men. Mrs. Nick, wife-like, drew considerable satisfaction from it. The customer who made notes on the back of envelopes drew



He laughed and picked up his concertina.

out his pencil... It seems that one day Nick had the toothache—had had it for several days. He couldn't make up his mind to go to the dentist, so his wife made it up for him. Dr. I. Pullem—you know him, yes?—only a few doors away he is but do you think Nick would go near him? Well, he wouldn't. Not till Mrs. N. dragged him there by main force. At the top of the stairs outside Dr. Pullem's painless emporium—painless, ha! ha!—Nick stopped short, declaring emphatically that his

Continued on page 67



*"—and get that extra help!
Now, don't forget!"*



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

An Adventure in Furnishing

Making the Most of the Opportunities Afforded by the House on Page Fifteen

DO YOU notice, growing upon you, the feeling that the houses Mr. Horwood is planning for Western Home Monthly readers are, before all else, *liveable*? It is not merely that in his sketch of the outside of his second house in the series, shown on page 15, he helps you to image it with the curtains up, window-boxes and climbers a-flower; after all, we know anyway that a few packages of quick-growing seeds or plantlings would soon bring the hanging gardens to life, and that there are annual vines which we can almost see spring up over the porch end.

Using our imaginations to blot out these delightful accessories, instead of in trying to vision them—we still feel the same *home quality* about this two-story house on bungalow lines. The great deep slant to the roof, broken by the friendly dormer windows—the fine big porch, that one knows will become virtually a summer living-room—the generous windows that promise abundance of light and air—the altogether charming second entrance for visitors to the offices that are added to the main house for the use of the professional man (and which can of course be omitted by anyone who likes the house proper but would not require the offices)—these are doubtless some of the details that help give that essential home-like effect.

Just as one felt it necessary to carry indoors some of the feeling engendered by the outside of last month's little bungalow, so it seems right this time to take our furnishing text from the atmosphere of the house itself (though of course every individual furnisher will want to incorporate her own ideas, graft her personal preferences on to the general ideas laid down by any other person).

We shall not attempt to suggest much with regard to the furnishing of the two offices at the back of the house. Having their own separate entrance and being without any intimate connection with the living rooms of the house, these may be worked out quite independently. The private office will in most cases take on a highly specialized air, with the equipment of the doctor or the dentist, or perhaps the many bookshelves of the solicitor. The outer office will function chiefly as a reception room. Since, however, its care will doubtless rest with the mistress of the establishment, I would like to advise furnishings that will, so to speak, not be ravaged easily by the amount of bad weather carried in on the shoes and coats of the many callers. A tiled linoleum on the floor, for instance, would be wonderfully easy to take care of, and it could be chosen in a smartly colored design. Big black and white squares, or brick-shaped terra cotta and putty, or putty and black, would be excellent. Wicker furniture, which would combine comfort, economy, durability and good appearance, commends itself for the chairs and a small table or two, and could be stained in black or old blue, for instance, with cushions of a black-ground cretonne (which would only need washing once in a long time).

TO RETURN to the main door and peep through the vestibule—the cheerful little hall, with its turned staircase and good window, invites us to take up the real task of furnishing.

Remembering that one of the first rules in working out any harmonious effect is to have all related things in pleasant proportion, we immediately decide that whatever furniture we place here must be small. That will not only give more actual

By Katherine M. Caldwell

space to the people who may be momentarily grouped there from time to time, but it will make the whole hall *seem* larger if the effect of plenty of space for everything is preserved.

My choice would be a very narrow table, a mere dozen inches wide and perhaps twenty-four to thirty inches long, to stand against the wall between hall and living-room. Over this I should hang a mirror, to reflect the pretty staircase. A slender, rather high-backed chair might be stood opposite the table, its back against the stair rails,



This type of bed is mounting in favor; its blue spread is scalloped and bound with peach color

or if there is no other claimant for the space, against the back wall, to the side of the kitchen door. Should you, however, be one of the fortunates who possess a good grandfather's clock, by all means give it this place of honor opposite the front door. Then I should be on the look-out for a couple of candle sconces—you remember the old brass and silvered ones they used to put on pianos, to light the music rack? These I should screw to the wall on either side of the mirror, and place cheap colored, *burnable* candles in them. They add the most hospitable and cheerful little touch, with a charm quite their own. For the floor—more tiled linoleum or a small close-patterned oriental rug of moderate price that will not readily show footprints. The seat of this chair and the candles would do well to reflect its color.

TO TURN from this charming little hall into the living room, we find ourselves possessed of an apartment that is, first of all, a nice shape and size to work with. The fireplace in this instance stands well to one end of the room. This will make for a certain *grouped* arrangement of furniture, right from the outset.

The group that at once suggests itself to me, on account of the space available, is that of the comfortable chair on either side of the fireplace, each with its little elbow table or taller table to hold a lamp. In these chairs one sees the *readers* of the family in the long winter evenings, and so lights seem immediately important. In these days of simple iron stands, adjustable to any height, selling at a little over three dollars, the obstacle to many lamps, wherever they will add comfort or make a beautiful little light area, is removed. I repeat to all prospective builders—arrange *plenty* of out-

lets in the living-room baseboard of your new house, for nothing will create more attractiveness and enjoyment than plenty of well placed lamps. For their shades, I would advise gold silk lining covered with shirred green georgette and bordered with a ruching of the georgette; this gives a delightful bronze light.

The end of the room opposite the hall presents a real decorative opportunity. Here is an unbroken wall space, 13 feet 2 inches in length—a rare opportunity. Moreover, it is the section of the room that first meets the eye at one's entrance. It *must* be used to advantage!

There are several delightful ways in which this space could be treated. One that occurs to me as

being quite delightful would be to centre a low desk against that wall and set up at either side of it a tall, narrow bookcase. I mean *tall* and I mean *narrow*; six or seven feet of height is not too much, and the width might be anything from eighteen to thirty inches. The desk may be a flat writing table, with interesting accoutrements, or very delightful to use in this way would be an old-fashioned drop leaf table, with one leaf turned up against the wall. If you want to hang pictures over the desk, do not heighten the centre part of this composition too much. Much of its effectiveness lies in contrasted heights.

If you have one of the handsome old carved-backed sofas, with the rounded ends that seem to embrace one so comfortably when one sits back into them—this wall

offers you a delightful opportunity to use it. Or you may put one of the wholly comfortable modern chesterfields there. I should like the two tall slender bookcases at either end of it, and a square of fabric hanging over the sofa or chesterfield might prove very interesting. Do not make the mistake of hanging a large picture above it. People are so accustomed to seeing this largest piece of the room's furnishings in front of or at an angle to the fireplace that they do not always realize the difference in wall-treatment that is necessary when a long seat is placed against it. I had uncomfortable evidence of this a short time ago, when I entered a friend's living-room. Three guests sat in animated, carefree conversation upon a chesterfield so placed. Seated near them, I felt them a constant disturbing drag on my attention. Suddenly I realized what was worrying my subconscious—a great, heavily-framed oil painting hung literally over their unconscious heads—threatening, or so it seemed, a deeper unconsciousness every moment! Useless to tell myself the wire and picture moulding were doubtless most trustworthy! It was just one of those things that are unhappy in their suggestion—and which should therefore be most carefully avoided.

Now a hanging of tapestry or interesting printed fabric or chintz of unusual and suitable design would carry out the same general composition, but with nothing to take away from its effectiveness, because there would be no sense of weight, no suggestion of possible disaster.

If the desk and bookcases or some corresponding arrangement of furniture occupy the main space against that wall, I would suggest a comfortable (but not large) chair, small table and lamp, as a group in the corner next the window. If the sofa or

Continued on page 34

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A Millionaire Practical Idealist

WHEN that notable "missionary and millionaire," Sir Henry Lunn—who has given up being a millionaire to devote himself wholly to being a missionary—addressed the Canadian Club of Winnipeg a few weeks ago, there was mention in the Winnipeg newspapers of the announcement he had made in London before starting on his present world tour under the auspices of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches. That announcement was that after having made a fortune which amounts to millions, he had arranged to dispossess himself of his superfluous wealth, retaining only as much of his salary of £2,000 a year as chairman of different companies in Great Britain as will provide him £500 a year and his travelling expenses. Ordained forty years ago to be a medical missionary in India, he had to give up that work on account of ill health. He went into business, and while continuing active as a religious worker, made himself a millionaire. Now he is devoting all his time and energy to working for world peace and good will, through union of all Christian forces. There is many a man, of course, who would gladly change places with Sir Henry. But how many, having amassed the riches which Sir Henry amassed, would separate himself from that burden of wealth, as Sir Henry has done? He was never the sort of rich man to whom philosophers—who are mostly not rich men themselves—could offer advice about wealth being a burden. There was never any need to tell him that there are things which money cannot buy—such as a happy and contented heart with a good digestion. When all is said and done, how many philosophers are there who, for all their moralizing about the burdens of the rich man, would not be glad to have some of the troubles of wealth themselves?

Strange Lights on Canadian Geography

TWICE during the past fortnight The Philosopher has noted instances of ignorance in the United States about Canadian geography. The first was a Canadian Press dispatch from Saskatoon, which related that a letter had been received by the sports editor of the Saskatoon Phoenix from the editor of a newspaper in Wichita Falls, Texas, addressed to "Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Alaska." The other instance is from the Congressional Record, the official record of the debates in the United States Congress, in which Congressman Wefald, one of the members from Minnesota in the House of Representatives, is reported as saying, in a speech urging that President Coolidge spend his holidays next summer in Minnesota: "He would come back to his work with increased physical strength, with clearness of vision and with sunshine in his soul. There are in Minnesota ten thousand lakes over which the breath of summer carries songs of birds and fragrance of flowers on the soothing, cooling breezes that kiss care from each troubled brow. Should the President wish to forget all business care and give himself over entirely to the contemplation of Nature in its pristine purity, Minnesota has one lake, Lake of the Woods, that alone has 14,000 islands, the mysteries of which it would take him more than one short summer to explore." Congressional eloquence soared far away from the facts, when Lake of the Woods and its thousands of islands were thus described by Congressman Wefald as being in Minnesota. Only a small part of that extensive lake lies between Manitoba and Minnesota; almost all its many miles of winding shoreline and by far the greater part of its extent, including its island portions, lie wholly within Canada. But if you will look at the map you will see where the boundaries of Manitoba and Ontario touch the Lake of the Woods one of the most extraordinary of the several extraordinary things which make the boundary line between Canada and the United States one of the most extraordinary in the whole map of the world. You will see a piece of land about a hundred square miles in extent, which juts out from Canadian territory into Lake of the Woods, but strange to say, is itself United States territory, though it is across the lake from the rest of the United States, and is enclosed between Manitoba and Ontario. It looks as unreasonable as the jog which the international line makes northward from the middle of Lake Superior in order to make Isle Royal a part of Michigan. There are even more remarkable things than these to be found in studying the international boundary line between Canada and the United States.

The Philosopher

British and Americans

WE CANADIANS, standing as we do geographically in a position which makes us understand the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States better, perhaps, than, on the whole, they understand each other, are interested in such endeavors to promote that understanding as we find in such writings as English Pots and American Kettles, by the English writer, Frank Swinnerton, who tells the story that when he was on his recent lecturing tour in the States, an American said to him after hearing one of his lectures: "Mr. Swinnerton, I just want to shake hands with you and say that, like all other Englishmen I've met, you're not a bit like an Englishman." There are still Americans who seem to think that the typical Englishman wears a monocle, is exceedingly supercilious and talks with a "Bah Jove!" affectedness, just as there are still people in Great Britain, Mr. Swinnerton writes, for whom the typical American is a lanky man with a goatee beard, who says: "Wa'al, I guess," and speaks drawlingly and tries to look shrewd and wise. But surely the number of such people must be decreasing rapidly on both sides of the Atlantic. Of course, there are many differences in habits and in ways of looking at things between the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States. We are all apt to think that our own way of looking at things is the best. And whatever is habitual seems to all of us to be right. A habit is, to ourselves, almost a law of Nature. A contrary habit is a queer thing. That both ours and the other person's habits are only habits does not make them any the less right or wrong. But habits, which are merely superficial differences between people, are the most noticeable things of all, and often the most decisive in causing spontaneous liking or aversion. The whole purpose and effect of Mr. Swinnerton's discussion of these things is summed up in these words of his: "The Americans and the English should be lenient with each others' habits, since habits are frequently inexplicable and indefensible. Nor, in the matter of present intolerance, do I think there is much to choose between Americans and English."

As to Marriage and Happiness

PERHAPS we Canadians, without any undue assumptions of superiority and the right to pronounce judgment upon others, are somewhat in a position to form a not unfair opinion of some of the conditions which, as we cannot help being aware from the daily newspapers, prevail over so large a part of the continent. In regard to marriages and divorces, for example. The number of divorces in the United States continues to grow greater and greater. But the facilities for divorce under the Stars and Stripes do not appear to menace the idea of marriage, but marriage as a workable institution. The marrying habit continues to flourish under the Stars and Stripes, but marriages in ever increasing numbers end in divorces. Too many couples appear to be obsessed with the idea of happiness in marriage, but to have childish ignorance of the fact that marriage involves sacred obligations, and that happiness in marriage is not a thing that comes as easily as the things Aladdin got by rubbing his magic lamp, but is a precious plant which must be cared for and conserved by both husband and wife in faithful and unselfish living. There would seem to be among far too many people under the Stars and Stripes too much childish ignorance of the real meaning of marriage, and as a result, disregard of the marriage bond. There are many wealthy people in the United States, if we are to believe the news despatches with which we are all familiar, whose idea is that since they have not found happiness in one marriage, the thing to do is to try another marriage, and to keep on trying, until happiness results. Of course, happiness never results. Surely we can say, without undue vaunting of ourselves, that such an idea, which is characteristic of certain classes in the United States, is not at all characteristic of any class of Canadians.

Survivals of Superstition

AFTER his return from a journey on which he had gone to close an important business deal in another city, a man who is at the head of one of the outstanding business concerns in Winnipeg told The Philosopher that when the documents were all ready to be signed, one of the men who were to sign objected to do so because the day was Friday. The others signed, but the man who would not sign on Friday waited until the following morning to write his signature and complete the document. That was a case of a full-grown man allowing himself to be governed by unreason. When people get into a panic because there are thirteen persons at table, when they avoid going under a ladder "because it is unlucky," they are in like manner abandoning the use of their reason. Superstitions and unreasonable practices are common—such as touching wood to avert an ill omen, or when salt has been spilled, throwing a pinch of it over one's left shoulder. It is one of the penalties of gambling that the gambler's judgment comes to be disabled by his belief in "luck" and in "hunches." Many people confuse "chance," in the mathematician's sense of the word, with "good luck" or "bad luck." The belief in bad luck as caused by things or persons wholly outside our control is, of course, a survival from the time when all humanity believed in witches. Indeed, there are lands where the belief in witches and in "the evil eye" still survives. These printed words will not come before the eyes of anybody who would not smile at the idea of anybody believing in witches or in "the evil eye." But there lurks in the depths of the mental make-up of most of us some superstition, some irresponsible idea, that there are exceptions and that this is a world of cause and effect governed by unvarying laws, for all that it may seem sometimes to be governed by capricious chance. Few of us have understanding and wisdom so deep that we never feel what Woodsworth meant when he wrote the words: "The weight of all this unintelligible world." The strongest-minded men and women, with all their fine and high qualities, their devotion to duty, their heroism and hardihood, know these moments of faltering faith, but do not give way to them.

An "Insubstantial Pageant, Faded!"

IT HAS happened not a few times that a man of great wealth has died in the belief that he has planned with perfect carefulness the disposal of his estate after his death and has had the best legal knowledge and skill in the framing of his will so as to ensure the carrying out of his plans. He has died believing that he has made flawless arrangements for having his dead hand dominate the future in regard to the estate he had to leave behind when he departed from this world. But events and circumstances which he could not foresee have defeated his will and disposed of his estate in ways he never imagined possible. Among such cases which might be mentioned is that of the will of a millionaire in Eastern Canada. But the most extraordinary and outstanding case in all history is that of the will of the Emperor Francis Joseph, which has just been published to the world. He died in the historic palace of his ancestors in Vienna in 1916, in his eighty-seventh year, after having been emperor for sixty-eight years. By a highly elaborate series of arrangements he provided for every possibility he could foresee, even, "if, in the course of time and historical development, the monarchy's form of government should be changed, and—God forbid!—the Crown not remain with our House." But one thing the Emperor did not provide for in his will was disposing of his 200,000,000 kronen estate, including twenty-eight estates and castles and Austrian Imperial securities amounting to \$29,200,000 in value at the beginning of the Great War. He did not provide for the depreciation of the currency, which reduced that portion of his estate to \$850. His castles and estates have all been confiscated, except those in Hungary, in which alone, of all the new states at whose birth the Austrian Empire died, the Imperial family of the Hapsburgs have retained their rights. As a final stroke of irony, suit has been entered against the Emperor's heirs, demanding that payment be made in gold of certain pensions to personal servants of the Emperor, provided for in his will. Surely there can never have been a more striking proof that no man can make absolutely secure arrangements to control the future.



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The Country With a Margin

By Frank Yeigh, Toronto

Author of "5,000 Facts About Canada" and "Through the Heart of Canada"

CANADA is making progress. What is progress? It is where flow exceeds ebb. By such a test, this land of a half continent is forging ahead; it has reached a momentum of expansion that not even a great war has seriously or permanently affected; it is, even more than ever in the past, a country with a margin.

A quarter of a century makes a good yard stick of time with which to measure national growth; a 25-year period affords a test of progress. Twenty-five years! How long a stretch they seem when viewed in the perspective of the future, but how brief a day when passed. Time is indeed a relative term. In the presence of Cleopatra's needle or the Coliseum, it is to be expressed in terms of empire history; Westminster Abbey spells a round millenium; Canada is yet in her relative youth with only four hundred years from her date line of discovery. And even in the Dominion, the Canadian West is scarcely more than a half century old, or young, since definite settlement began and cities were born.

BUT the current calendar of twenty-five years will make an effective basis of comparison as to Canada's progress. First, from a negative point of view, how many things have come into existence since 1900: the daily growing marvels of radio and wireless; the modern evolution of Darius Green's flying machine; in the aeroplane; the transition of the motor car from a curious plaything to a practical necessity; the harnessing of water powers on an extensive scale for the use of man; the development of the elevator—from 500 to 4,000—to keep pace with the grain production; the discovery—almost the rediscovery—of the pre-Cambrian mining shield which is only now beginning to yield up its precious metals; the expansion of the pulp and paper industry from a small experimental total to over \$300,000,000; the extension of electric railways, and the establishment of fur farms. Both Marquis and Garnet wheats have come into existence since 1900, and alfalfa as well. The telephone has had its chief development, and the rural mail delivery its expansion during this period.

The application of the quarter century test to any department of national resource production will show a remarkable ratio of progress. What of the soil, that greatest of all gifts from a beneficent Creator? The span of time in question shows huge increases of chief field crops, in terms of quantity, from 300 million bushels to well over a billion; of wheat, as the main crop in importance and value, from 55 million to 416 million bushels, and of wheat value from 36 to 465 million dollars. We had only begun to export wheat in 1900 with less than \$5,000,000 worth, a figure that has risen to \$267,000,000. In corresponding degree, flour exports were then a negligible quantity, of a value well under \$10,000,000, while today Canadian flour—the best in the world for food quality and body-building results—radiates to more countries—sixty or so—than any other production, representing a value of \$62,000,000, and the flour mills have of necessity increased in proportion until there are 1,364 with a production value over 200 million dollars and nearly 18 million barrels.

Or take any of the staple grains. Oats have increased from 152,000,000 to 573,000,000 bushels; barley from 22,000,000 to 112,000,000 bushels; rye from 2,225,000 to 13,688,500 bushels, and hay from 8,000,000 to 16,000,000 tons—and all other grains and roots in equal proportion. If this momentum of crop production is maintained during the next 25-year period, what tremendous quantities will result! The 4,000 elevators will be swamped, as they are sometimes now when a good harvest is given us, and one staggers at the arithmetic involved in rail or water transportation with a momentum of annual yield. Perhaps the Hudson's Bay Railway and water route to Europe will then help to handle the problem; perhaps other routes will be

needed to haul some of the golden harvests-to-be to the Pacific Coast, with more and greater elevators and vessels in Prince Rupert and Vancouver. Does not a review of the past quarter century span justify such prophecies?

It is, in the light of these facts and prospects, not an exaggeration to say that we are only beginning to grow grain in Canada, with a doubling of land under cultivation since 1900, from 30,000,000 to nearly 60,000,000 acres. If the huge governmental estimate is reliable, that there are 440 million acres fit for cultivation in the nine provinces, then truly there is ample room for agricultural expansion in the coming year.

Of all the agricultural countries of the world Canada stands first in ratio of increase of production in the past 25 years. Wheat production in 1925 was over 600 per cent. greater in yield than in 1900; oats, 200 per cent.; barley, 500 per cent.; rye, 600 per cent.; forage, 200 per cent.; hay, 100 per cent.; horse breeding, 125 per cent.; beef breeding, 70 per cent.; swine, 88 per cent.; poultry, 180 per cent. While the whole world increased its wheat production, even during the last decade, by 14 per cent., Canada increased hers by 106 per cent.! No wonder an authority has de-

then still in evidence, and the trail had not been lost in the highway. The first transcontinental train of the C.P.R. had crossed the plains and the mountains just five years before, and Mackenzie & Mann had only dreams of other tracks of steel. Rockies and Selkirks were largely unmapped and unexplored; the Yellowhead Pass was still a trapper's trail, and the site of Prince Rupert was covered by a British Columbian forest and a thriving crop of rocks!

Consider the great expansion in the mineral world. Mining production has increased from \$65,000,000 to \$228,000,000, and even yet it is asserted we have scarcely scratched the surface of the country in prospecting, and a Yukon mining expert assures me the same is true of that land of gold. Speaking of the yellow metal, the lure of which never ceases, Canada is steadily forging ahead as a gold-producing realm, with a production in 1925 of \$35,000,000, and with an output, in one mine alone, the Hollinger, that is gradually reaching the leader in the South African field. Canada now produces about 90 per cent. of the world's cobalt, 88 per cent. of the world's asbestos, 70 per cent. of the world's nickel, 9 per cent. of the world's silver, 8 per cent. of the world's gold, and 3

mineral resources, and were looking more and more to Canada as a source of supply."

Little or nothing was known, or seriously considered, in 1900 regarding the pre-Cambrian shield, which covers half of the vast Dominion area and is potentially rich in precious metals, as proved by the Porcupine and Kirkland Lake gold fields of Northern Ontario, the Rouyn areas of Quebec, and now the Red Lake district of Ontario, while the mineralized area of Central Manitoba indicates further untold wealth.

FEW Canadians realize that Canada is the Empire's chief timber store house, having nearly fifty per cent. of its forest area, and the second largest in the world, only exceeded by the United States. Our lumber production has more than trebled in value in 25 years—from \$30,000,000 to \$108,000,000; or, combining lumber, pulp and paper, the total is the imposing sum of \$319,000,000. The logging production reveals a similar expansion to lumber, also from \$30,000,000 to \$140,000,000. As a result, Canada now ranks second among the world's lumber producing countries. In former years the hard timbers, together with pine, constituted the chief source of wealth in this department; now the wide range of soft timbers have added an unsuspected value of millions more to our national wealth.

LET me pass to the industrial sphere. What a story of growth this last quarter century shows! Manufacturing has passed from second to first place among the industries of Canada, with a percentage to total of net production in 1923 of 43 per cent., agriculture coming second with 36 per cent. Taking 1925 alone, it was a year of recovery in the field of Canadian industry, while the same year was characterized by a steady recovery in industrial employment. How suggestive and encouraging that the manufacturing production of 1900, of slightly less than half a million, reached \$1,300,000,000 in 1924, and that the invested capital had jumped from half a billion to the much larger figure of \$3,380,000,000—showing an extraordinary percentage increase. In 1900 there were few, if any, American branch industries in this country; now the number ranges between 1,000 and 1,200, representing the huge investment of nearly a billion dollars, or fifteen per cent. of all United States investments abroad and thirty-one per cent. of total investments in Canada. Few prophets, 25 years ago, would have ventured to predict this degree of growth.

What of flocks and herds, of the cattle on a thousand hills, the sheep on a hundred ranches, or the supporters of the bacon industry on myriad farms? The same story: a practical doubling of live stock numbers, from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000, and of value from \$268,000,000 to over \$700,000,000. Arising from this vast national asset, vegetable and animal exports have risen from \$80,000,000 to \$163,000,000, and it is steadily rising! Perhaps the ranching industry, of nearly ten million cattle, is only in its infancy; even the horse is not yet an extinct quadrupedal specimen, with three and a half million, doubling their number in only four years!

Don't under-estimate the value of the dull-witted Canadian cow, with a dairy production that has increased from \$30,000,000 in 1900 to \$300,000,000, nor the humble Canadian hen, scratching for its living, that contributes \$50,000,000 a year to the wealth of the nation. Nor overlook the relatively new source of wealth, since 1900, in the 1,500 fur farms, representing a value of \$20,000,000, while the old-time resource of raw fur production has reached the \$15,000,000 figure annually.

WHAT is the check up on the harvest of the sea—never failing, ever increasing. Is it known that Canada's sea fisheries are among the greatest in the world, with 12,500 miles of indented

Continued on page 83



By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

*Canada, magic word to me,
All of my heart is thine,
Name of land of the Maple Tree
And loved birth-land of mine.
Dear, home country of Northern snows
And birds—and the perfumed rose!*

*Far-flung stretches of prairies wide,
Ocean to sea, my land,
Rivers that foam from the mountain side,
Evergreen forests grand;
Verily land to claim all love,
Ever my thanks are sent above—
Rejoicing Canadian!*

clared that the wheat supremacy of the world is passing to the Dominion, or that she is today the world's chief wheat exporter.

The 1900-1925 contrast is even more striking when compared to the Canadian West. Manitoba was, in 1900, the only organized prairie province, and Saskatchewan and Alberta were still a part of the almost indefinable northwest territories. The three provincial capitals were embryonic as cities, and vast leagues of the prairies were tenantless and untilled. The Red River cart was

per cent. of the world's copper, while 16 metals and 27 non-metals are mined in Canada.

"Canada today is one of the most important mining countries in the world, but the underground resources of the Dominion have as yet scarcely been touched," declares Dr. Charles Campbell, the Dominion Deputy Minister of Mines. "In time the Dominion will be known to the rest of the world as a producer of minerals no less than a producer of foodstuffs. The countries of the Old World were gradually exhausting their



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Love Will Find a Way

By
Francis Dickie

TUPU was happy, as are men of all races when successful in love. He sat beneath a coconut palm close to the edge of the calm sea on the little coral islet of Funafala. Tupu was twenty-eight years old, a tall, lithe, perfect specimen of the Polynesian people. Like all of them, and, in fact, all primitive people, Tupu had no regard for time. So now he sat and dreamed while the hours of the morning slipped away.

The previous evening, Naina, the most beautiful of all the girls upon the nearby island of Funafuti, had promised to marry him. And Tupu, filled with happiness, had early this morning taken his outrigger canoe and paddled from Funafuti across the dozen miles to the smaller islet of Funafala. Funafala was uninhabited. Some two hundred people had once lived here, but had finally deserted it and joined the population on the larger island of Funafuti. But in the deep water off the shore of the deserted islet was the best bonito fishing. On Funafala also grew magnificently the crow's-nest fern, which did not flourish on the larger island. The curled tips of this crow's-nest fern (kau), was to the islanders a much desired delicacy when cooked in lolo, the thick creamy juice squeezed with much labor from the coconut kernel. So Tupu, on receiving Naina's promise of marriage, had paddled away to Funafala to fish for bonito and gather choice young fern as a fitting present for the native missionary who had come from Samoa to reside permanently on the island.

Arrived upon Funafala, however, Tupu had not immediately begun his labors; instead, sat now beneath the coconut tree lost in dreams. In addition to his success in love, he was at the moment highly pleased with himself for having thought of coming to Funafala to gather fern tips and catch fat bonito for the native missionary. Tupu was a pagan, one of the few remaining people upon the island who had not embraced the new religion brought by a white man some years before. This member of the London Missionary Society, after firmly establishing the faith and seeing a fine coral cement church erected, had gone on to new fields, sending in his place a native convert preacher from Samoa to carry on the work. Neither the exhortations of the white man nor his successor's had won Tupu to the fold. He clung to the ancient beliefs, even in face of the pleadings of the lovely Naina. And Naina at last, perhaps fearful her handsome lover might turn to some other maiden, had consented to marry him, pagan though he remained.

So Tupu, sitting in the shade of the coconut trees, was happy. That Naina had joined the new faith did not matter to him. Naina was always singing new songs based upon the white man's religion. The Polynesians are exceedingly apt at improvising, and Naina was one of the leading singers, and unquestionably the best composer on the island. Tupu had listened to her so often he knew many of these new songs by heart. Though he did not find them as moving as the ancient native ones, now fast dying out, he was sufficiently a lover of harmony to enjoy intoning the queer jumble of words selected by Naina or others of the congregation from the Bible and set to native music.

Now seated under the coconut tree Tupu, from thinking of Naina, and because he was so happy, presently broke into song.

"Ma' um a'u ko taupou osa Jutu! Ko fea e! ko fea i latou? ko tafea i Papelonua!"

(Lost are the virgins of Judea! Where, of where are they? Carried off to Babylon.)

"Mailia e! Josefa e! Tula I mia ia Savoli mai, ie, savoli tonu ki aikupito, fanau, se tamaitia I le fale povi Makoi e tafili ou vea, tafili ou vea ma mea mangoi."

(Mary! Joseph! Stand up, walk quickly, walk quickly direct to Egypt. Born a little child in the cow house! Magi, hasten your feet, hasten your feet, with sweet smelling things.)

To Tupu, the unconverted, the words meant nothing, but the tunes to which Naina had set the words were beautiful; deep, fervent cries, a little mournful, a little weird in their measured and haunting strains.

These songs and several others Tupu sang. When the sun had a little passed the zenith he rose and launched his canoe. A few feet beyond the shore where the coral sheered abruptly into water a hundred fathoms deep he threw out his pearl shell hooks and trolling lines and began fishing for bonito. Two hours later, with his little outrigger canoe filled to capacity, Tupu landed, cleaned his fish, wrapped them in leaves, and laid them in a cool place out of reach of the land crabs and rats. The sun was still too high for him to cut the crow's-nest fern. He would gather them just before sunset, and then paddle home by moonlight, so that his gifts to the missionary would arrive crisp and fresh.

Tupu was about to sit down to await the closing of the day when he suddenly remembered a much more amusing way of passing the time. Climbing a coconut tree he brought down a green (drinking) nut. Cutting a goodly portion off the top he scooped out the delicate soft white kernel from most of the shell, leaving only a little at the very bottom. He then carefully propped the shell upright near a coconut tree, the circular aperture uppermost. Then in his fishing line he made a running noose and laid it around the rim of the upright coconut shell. Tupu next unrolled some twenty feet of line and laid down at the end of it to await results. Soon from among the fern growth several little noses poked out, and then came into view three island rats.

Tupu's eyes glistened at the sight, and his hand tightened on the fishing line. Lassoing rats was the greatest of land sports on Funafala. For in these South Sea islands no large animal life is found. So the rat is "big game" to the natives, and Tupu was all alert.

THE bravest of the three rodents trotted to the tempting smelling nut, and with its body hanging half-way down inside the shell began with its little paws scraping at the soft white kernel at the bottom. It had scarcely started when Tupu jerked sharply on the line, tightening the noose around the little body. In half an hour Tupu had killed ten. The natives do not eat the rats, so presently Tupu, his sporting interest satisfied, arose and set about gathering fern.

Life is placid and monotonous on Funafuti. So Simona, the native pastor, got a real thrill when early in the morning Tupu appeared at his house with his load of fish and ferns. But true to island custom he accepted them gravely, though consumed with wonder that so pronounced a pagan as Tupu should come with gifts.

Three days later his curiosity was satisfied, for Tupu, having allowed sufficient time for all his gift to be eaten, once more presented himself at Simona's house.

Seated upon the mat directly facing the pastor, Tupu came immediately to the point.

"Naina has promised to be my wife; and I have come to see about you marrying us."

Simona frowned. The recollection of the goodness of the fern tips and the fatness of the bonito was as nothing before this request of pagan Tupu to marry into his congregation.

"Tapa! Tapa!" he said sharply, a native exclamation expressing everything from chagrin to greatest horror. Then Simona, with all the vigor of his pulpit manner, rebuked Tupu for his daring. He

dwelt at length upon the words of the white missionary before him, and upon his own teachings which forbade a marriage of a pagan with a church member.

Sadly Tupu arose and walked through the village with his visions of happiness banished. On the outskirts of the place he met Naina returning from swimming in the lagoon. In the shade of the pandanus trees they sat down. Tupu said, "Aue talofa!" (Alas my love) "I have been to see Simona, and he says that he will not marry us, that it would be breaking the laws of the church, for I am pagan. Aue talofa!"

"Tapa! Tapa!" Naina voiced her vexation. She loved Tupu. He was the handsomest man upon the island. Many of the maidens had looked at him with red-lipped invitation and provocation in their eyes. Yet the objection the missionary raised seemed unsurmountable.

Still, Naina was too much of a woman to easily give up.

"Ko i tuai," she said, after they had sat for many minutes in silence, voicing that all-embracing native expression which means wait, after while, bye and bye.

But the days went by without Naina finding any way for love's fulfillment. The new order of things founded upon the island by the missionaries had profoundly affected her. And she knew no amount of pleading would influence him to depart from the strict letter of his belief regarding marrying one of his congregation to a pagan.

ONE evening, after a whole week had passed in fruitless pondering, Naina was sitting at home in the big airy house of thatch. In one corner of the house her mother, a wrinkled and aged crone at fifty, was changing her tiputa (bust-cloth) revealing for the moment her back from waist to shoulder, which bore, on nearly a square foot of skin, an elaborate tattooed design, a geometrical pattern of straight lines and curves complicated and beautiful. Once Naina's mother had looked upon this as an ornament of great value, for she was of the generation before the missionaries came. In those days the tattooing was done in public by an official artist. Every girl was tattooed. It was a painful operation requiring several weeks, but no maiden ever shirked the rite, for this was the manner of announcing she was of marriageable age. It was a ceremony as dear to the savage maidens as is the coming out party to girls in civilized lands. Then had come the white missionary with ways and ideas from his so different land. Tattooing had been forbidden as wrong, and a church rule had been made that anyone of the younger generation submitting to it should be banished from membership. So the old women now hid the patterns they had once shown so proudly, and tattooing was rapidly becoming a lost art. But until this moment of looking upon her mother's chance-bared back, Naina had quite forgotten the edict. There now came suddenly to the girl an inspiration; love had found a way.

Like most, if not all, primitive people, Naina had the mind of a child. As a church member she could not marry pagan Tupu. And Tupu's man pride would never permit him to join the church at the behest of any woman.

EARLY in the afternoon three days later Simona was astonished to see Tupu and Naina at his door.

"We have come to be married, Simona," Tupu announced gravely.

"But did I not tell you it is against the law of the church to marry a member to a pagan?" Simona replied with much severity.

With a sad yet triumphant gesture Naina thrust forward her right arm, exhibiting upon the clear brown skin just above the wrist a dozen tattooed dots and lines, her mark of excommunication, done by old Tanei, the last artist of the ancient days.

And so Simona married them, there being now no ecclesiastical bar to the union; for Simona, too, was a native, and though a pastor, like many another Polynesian pastor interpreting the white man's creed, he lacked the larger comprehension to distinguish between the letter and the spirit of the law. In this instance it was a harmless fault, for Naina, despite her pagan markings, still sings the church songs, and her heart is good.





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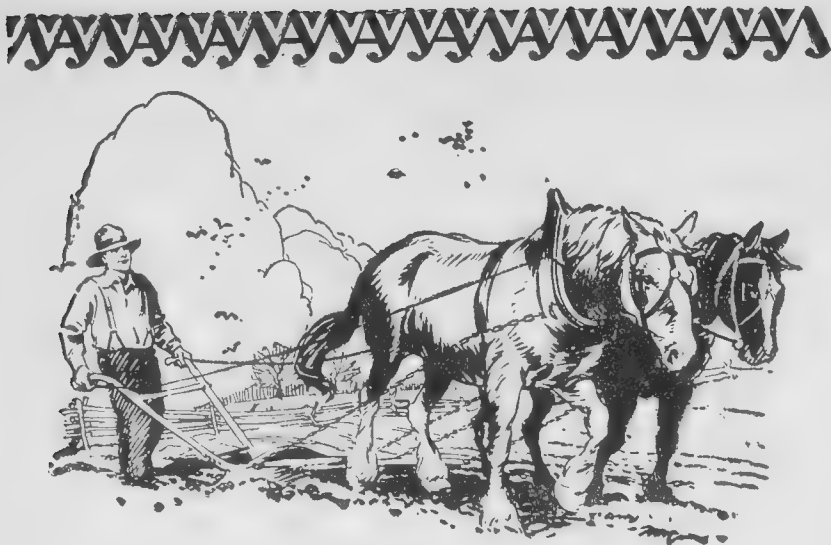
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SERMONS



"No Woman Could Do My Work"

—George Lowrie

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HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO, CANADA

ANYONE who looks over the church page in the Saturday edition of the daily newspapers will wonder how many brands of religion are sheltered under the term Christian. It is no wonder that people are befuddled, and less wonder that the growing generation is losing its contact with church life. That which confuses the average man is not the fact that there are differences of opinion, for in every field of thought one must look for such differences, but that preachers, who of all people should be tolerant, are so cock-sure of themselves and so ready to condemn others who are viewing truth from another angle. Would it not be charitable to say Christianity is so broad in its programme, so varied in its manifestations, so personal in its applications, and so wide in its relationships that no two people and no two ages can possibly think alike? Is it not true that the great tragedies in religion are due to the unreasoning attempts of individuals to make others think just like themselves? It is clearly impossible for a man to enter upon a new experience without relating it to his experiences up to that moment. No two people have had exactly the same life experience. They have not thought and felt and acted in the same way. Therefore, when a new truth is presented they may say they agree to it, but it is certainly not the same truth to each of them. Even if both say "I believe in God," the word God does not convey the same meaning to each. The phrase means just what the individuals from their experience are able to put into it. In other words, the supreme religious folly is in asking men to agree to subscribe to verbal creeds, for words convey different meanings to different people. Indeed in his own thinking a man finds himself continually giving new meanings to terms. The most hopeless individual is he who has formulated his religious opinion in adolescence, and who at fifty is still trying to limit himself to his puerile conceptions. He has stood still and glories in the fact, but all the time his conception of God and truth should have been changing. For the greatest thing about truth is that it is a growing thing. And all a preacher can do in any discourse is to give a little of what is true to him at the time, to his audience, so that they may relate it to their experience, and perhaps find a place for it in their system of thought. But no man can force or bully a thought into another man's mind. Each mind must grow in his own way. The world in its search for religious truth as for scientific truth must pass through the three stages—"The unanimity of the ignorant, the disagreement of the inquiring, the unanimity of the wise." Surely we have passed through the first stage.

Similarly, each preacher must prepare his work in his own way. The method of one does not suit another. Wesley was not like Moody, Spurgeon was not like Talmage, and Beecher was not like Billy Sunday. Each will do best when he is true to his own personality. This is beautifully set forth in the following article from John o' London's weekly.

"A VERSE may find him who a sermon flies," wrote George Herbert. This is, no doubt, true; nevertheless, a sermon itself is often not without its potency. We English are on the whole a sermon-loving people (though in this respect we must perforce yield pride and place to Scotland), and certainly we have produced some of the greatest preachers in the world's history. It would be difficult to estimate the extent of influence which has been wielded by such giants of the pulpit as Frederick-William Robertson at Holy Trinity, Brighton; Charles Haddon Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; or Henry Parry Liddon at St. Paul's.

Great, indeed, is the power of the sermon. That revolution in the religious life of our country which was known as the Oxford Movement took its rise from a sermon. On Sunday, July 14th, 1833, the Rev. John Keble preached on the subject of National Apostasy from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

The results were momentous. "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833," wrote Newman many years afterwards.

The art of sermon-making, however, is one not easy to attain. John Wesley, one of its most skilled practitioners, had his own rules on the subject, which he imparted to his helpers. They were enjoined to "begin and end always precisely at the time appointed, and always to conclude the service in about an hour; to suit their subject to their audience; to choose the plainest text, and keep close to the text, not allegorizing or spiritualizing too much." Quietness of demeanor was also recommended. "Scream no more," wrote Wesley to one of his preachers. "God now warns you by me, whom He has set over you; speak with all your heart, but with moderate voice."

Wesley was on the side of the short sermon. He would have hardly been at home in Scotland in the earlier years of the eighteenth century. They took sermons seriously in those days, as the hour-glasses which are still to be found in certain ancient pulpits exist to remind us. Writing of that period, the author of "The Weaver's Craft" observes:

On the Sabbath services began at eight o'clock in the morning and continued till midnight, the discourse being long and tedious, and divided and subdivided till the original idea was frittered away in threads and frills and gossamers of argument—one of Mr. Erskine's sermons counting no less than sixty-four divisions, without counting in the "application" and the few words in conclusion.

To the pious churchgoer Heaven was a place where one was privileged to listen to countless sermons. His ideals found expression in the following lines:

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;

Whose congregations ne'er break up,

And Sabbaths have no end?

It seems a strange conception of everlasting bliss!

The late Dr. Joseph Parker once asserted that "after twenty minutes of sermon-hearing, deep sleep falleth upon man." Such an opinion would have been scouted by the great sermon-hearers of the past as a contemptible weakness. Not many years ago the Rev. Stanley Rogers told a story of Dr. Moffatt, the famous South African missionary, who was apparently made of sterner stuff than some of our modern preachers.

Moffatt had been announced to speak at a church at Clapham of which Dr. Guinness Rogers was pastor.

When the evening arrived the doctor expressed his intention of limiting his address to forty minutes, but one hour and a quarter had passed, and still the doctor had not even got into his subject. Somewhat perturbed Dr. Guinness Rogers pulled at the tails of the preacher's coat, and the doctor looked up at the clock. Realizing the passing of time, Dr. Moffatt continued: "Well, brethren, the hands of the clock are going round, so I will get on to my subject—Africa."

What is the ideal length for a sermon? The answer to that question would appear to be: it depends entirely upon the preacher. Queen Victoria, who had probably suffered from an excess of pulpit oratory during her visits to Scotland, was known to favor short sermons. When, in 1867, the Chapel Royal, Savoy, was restored, a pulpit glass was placed in the building. It was timed for exactly eighteen minutes, and was understood to be a polite hint on the part of the Queen that lengthy discourses would not meet with the Royal approval.

Perhaps the most sensible advice given on this subject was that tendered by a famous American Ambassador to the late Canon Teignmouth Shore.

Canon Shore had arranged to give an address at an important banquet and he consulted the Ambassador as to the length of time he ought to speak.

"Well," was the candid reply, "that depends upon the circumstances. But I should say that if you haven't struck oil at the end of two minutes, you had better stop boring."

Put Asunder

"TO MY mind, there's no doubt that our civilization is really doomed at last." The Major's voice held the tea-table.

"The coal question—" murmured the hostess in absent acquiescence. She told herself that it had to come sooner or later.

"The coal crisis? My dear lady, no! The worst that could come of that would be a revolution, and when the world revolves it comes round eventually to the place where it was before. No, I'm speaking of the real menace to our society. Do you realize that, according to reliable statistics, twenty thousand light cars are turned out by their makers every week? Twenty thousand light cars! I ask you to think what that means. Nothing but the decay and fall of our Empire!"

"But you've a car yourself, Major!"

"A car! Of course I have. What on earth does it matter to a bachelor like myself? My old Humber harms no one, but if I married I'd put it down at once. I wouldn't have any hand in this tragic destruction of British home life."

"But my dear Major, even if twenty thousand new drivers do leave their homes every morning of the week, twenty thousand return to it in the evening, in spite of a few accidents. The home's still there!"

"Accidents! I don't mean accidents! They're a minor detail; besides, they don't happen. The first week is the only one in his life when an owner drives carefully. I'm not speaking of death but of dissolution, the wholesale dissolution of married life in every one of those homes into which a car makes its noisy way. Have you ever considered the real foundation of Britain's greatness?"

"Not in connection with cars, anyhow," smiled the hostess.

"Well, you should, and it's no laughing matter. People talk of our Constitution or our navy, our love of the open air or religious liberty or Free Trade as if the Empire rested on them. It never will and never has. What it's flourished upon for more than five hundred years is the home life of the whole vast army of the middle classes—squires, parsons, shopkeepers, and farmers. It's they who have made England, and they've done it because all through the centuries Mr. Smith has been marrying Miss Robinson and making a home in a manor or villa or rectory for countless little Smiths, who all grow up in the primary belief that fathers and mothers are people who love one another. Oh, they criticise and grouse at their parents, no doubt, in their youth, but that tradition of affection and loyalty is the one they'll carry on themselves in far-away shacks in Canada or maisonnettes in Surbitons. But for that solid tradition of matrimonial fidelity in the majority of every generation we'd have gone to pieces ages ago, like Rome or Spain or any other great empire. And this class which has survived unscathed all the menaces of civilization—the Malthusians and the income tax, the cocktail and the flapper—is doomed now, week by week."

"But what have motors to do with it?" asked one of the overwhelmed audience.

"Why, my dear sir, what's the first thing which happens in every one of these homes to which a car is delivered? Out come the husband and wife and examine it and pat it and decide it's the most wonderful car in the world; a pretty picture, you say, and so it is. But what's the first thing you hear? 'We're both going to drive it,' says the wife—'young, middle-aged, and old, they're all alike. 'I must be able to take my turn so as to relieve my husband.' There may be a man or so left who's brave enough to take a strong line from the first, but

I doubt it. We've always, as a race, been dominated by our women. Before nightfall the wife's had her first lesson from a mechanic or her husband, and from that moment the foundations of the home are undermined."

"I really can't see why!"

"Oh, yes you can if you will! Civilization is only kept straight by tradition, and tradition's assigned certain jobs to a man and certain others to a woman. In no decent country does a woman plough or mine or carry heavy loads about a house, or a man mend or sew or do the washing. Custom's ordered things aright, but custom and tradition haven't had a chance with a new-fangled thing like a car. Every man knows instinctively and rightly that the motor's his job, and that no woman was ever born with a real love for engines. Every woman believes nowadays that she can do anything as well as a man, and never imagines a car to be anything but a big, well-trained animal which will run along for her nicely and do her errands. She gets all the jargon of the thing at her fingers' ends, and chats about carbureters as if they were her baby's first outfit, but that's about all. In a week her husband's discovered, first, that no woman cares in the least for mechanics, and, secondly, that he's the only expert driver in the world. His heart is full of dark suspicions against the woman he's bound to by laws of decency, and the only outlet he can find is in cautioning and abusing her. If you've ever listened to the conversation of the most devoted couple as they sit together in the front of the car you'll know I'm not exaggerating. He is scolding and nagging and she protesting and quoting the authority of cousins and chauffeurs against him in a way which leaves the language of the divorce courts cold. Between husband and wife has come the shadowy third of the car, and a car's a good big shadow. And every week twenty thousand of these tragedies are being enacted! I ask you now, as a truthful woman, can you honestly tell me, out of all the couples you know, whether their car's proved an apple of discord or a bond of union?"

"I knew they were married," quoted the hostess reluctantly, "because she spoke of my car and our debts." But, after all, Major, it doesn't take the average man or woman more than a few months to learn to drive decently. Then, surely, the home becomes itself again?"

"There are some wounds which never heal." The Major shook his head. "No man could ever forgive his wife for cruelty to her child; no wife her husband for cowardice. It's an aching sore in every man's heart that his wife has maltreated the engine impenitently, and in every wife's that her husband shows symptoms of terror when she drives, which crown him, in her ignorant eyes, with white feathers. And what about the little Smiths? Can they ever have the earlier belief in the unity and loyalty of parenthood after the kind of language they've been hearing at the back of the car and at every meal for six months? Years of love and patience can't undo those weeks of hatred and nagging. No, the British home's number is up, and with it the whole glory of our Empire."

"But there are still a few women left who don't drive!"

"Only those who are too short and plump to reach the gears. And there are precious few of them nowadays."

"Not many," agreed his hostess rising. She was very tall and thin. "And now I'm afraid I must leave you for a little. I'm going—"

"Yes?" asked the Major as she paused. "To have my motor lesson," smiled the hostess, as she left the Major to glare at his bachelor Humber in the drive. —Winifred F. Peck, in Manchester Guardian.

Youth and Age

The place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard-by,
Rears many a weed;
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slyly in a grain or two,
Of wall-flower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)
I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there;
But the rich odor some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

—Walter Savage Landor.



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Summer Rain

By M. Jessie Leitch

IT WAS one of the hot summers in Manitoba when the wind that blew the dust across the prairie seemed to come from an oven.

When the grass was scorched and the tiger lilies brown and dry on their stems, under the ruthless winds.

Days when the very leaves of the trees seemed shrivelled and dead. When there was no respite from the heat that beat up from the prairies in shuddering haze.

And to Mary Lee, the trained nurse from the city who was caring for a family of typhoid cases in one of the most desolate parts of the Province, the days were endless. She was alone, in a family that was, from the first, antagonistic to her.

There was a mother who had come to the prairies from Ontario, years before. A discouraged, silent mother, whose skin was burnt like the prairie grass. Who had long since given up any attempt to "look nice," and who seemed to be stumbling through life hopelessly, resigned and silent. Her four tall sons, all in their late teens or early twenties had been brought up to look upon women as necessities to farm life. Poor dreary drudges who rose sighingly before dawn, to prepare breakfast for the men folk and light the kitchen stove, carry chips from the back yard, feed the chickens and the pigs, also the calves. Milk the cows and tend the garden, do the housekeeping, and if need be, help the men in the fields with the ploughing or the haying. Meantime, babies came along, and the women must manage as best they could. It was "nature," and that was all there was about it.

Mrs. Brown had forgotten the happy days of her girlhood, back in Ontario. She was sunk in a stupor, as it were, and groping her way through endless tomorrows that would always be as today.

SOMETIMES Mary Lee, busy with her endless sickroom tasks, would look at the woman who toiled wearily all day about the yard, and wonder what she would look like if she were bathed, and dressed in soft greys or blues. If her hair which was still abundant, though faded and uncared for, was well washed and waved a little about her face. If there were lace frills at her wrists, the poor wrists that were ingrained with grime, and roughened with the chore work she did in all kinds of weather—would she not be sweet and dear, like other mothers? Mary thought she would.

But she was too busy to undertake any more social service work.

The father of the family had mysteriously disappeared. A neighbor who dropped in sometimes with papers from town, volunteered the whispered information once that "He" had gone west some years ago, got mixed up with some horse stealing business, and dropped out of existence as far as his family was concerned.

As far as Mary Lee could observe it was just as well. Sometimes the sick boys in their delirium would refer to their father in words that conveyed more meaning than all the gossip in the world. They cursed him, candidly, and with vigor. Mary Lee would hush them with cool hands, feel pulses anxiously, begin her cold sponging all over again, until sometimes she too seemed to move about in semi-consciousness.

She was so tired.

There was no one to relieve her, and with four typhoid patients, in the miserable little house under the sod roof, Mary Lee carried on her battle against death, hour after hour, until she almost staggered, sometimes, with the drunkenness of fatigue.

But she carried on. The mother who was half beside herself with worry, refused to sleep and padded about the yard in the dark, night after night until Mary Lee wondered, sometimes if she were going mad.

One night she coaxed her to take a sleeping draught, and though Mrs. Brown refused to undress and go to bed, she did relax at last, sitting at the kitchen table with her head on her outstretched arms, and sleeping so long that Mary Lee was frightened and awakened her at last, to drink strong tea, and hear the good news that the patient's temperatures were lower, that perhaps it would not be long now, until they were all better.

Mary Lee, herself, snatched some sleep, now and again, in a wagon in the back yard. When her patients were resting she would crawl into the wagon, onto a mattress she had put there, and lying flat

on her back gaze up into the starlit heavens, and wonder what it was all about.

So much anguish, so much misery, the anguish of life and death, so much happiness for some, so little happiness for others.

Life's poor drudges, like Mrs. Brown, forever suffering, forever missing the gleam of happiness, derived of creature comforts, shut off from fellowship with friendly people, and exile from her own people—and all for what?

This handful of sod-covered buildings, this man who had run away, and left her on the farm with her sons, who did not care. Thoughts like this made Mary Lee wonder why she had chosen hospital work anyway. What was it but the laying bare of other people's agonies.

And then, suddenly, she knew, that she was glad she was a nurse.

It was the morning the hot spell broke. The dawn that was ushered in with softly pattering rain, without the brass colored sunlight that for days had come up over the rim of the prairie like an evil eye.

Mary Lee, dozing in her chair after she had recorded the early morning temperatures, started suddenly to the blessed sound of raindrops; tiptoed thankfully to the kitchen door, and gazed across the fields that were soaking the rain up thirstily.

Suddenly a hand touched her elbow. It was Mrs. Brown, haggard for want of sleep, but with tears brimming, a look on her face that Mary Lee had never seen before.

"My dear," she was saying, "it's the rain! Doesn't it make you want to pray? I haven't prayed for years, but something about the sound of the rain on the roof makes me think of God."

Mary Lee felt suddenly ashamed and silent.

This inarticulate woman, who seldom spoke, with these beautiful thoughts in her heart, struggling for utterance. How she had misunderstood her. Mary Lee

felt suddenly choked up and full of tears.

Mrs. Brown drew her out on the door step—spoke in a hushed voice, of things she had never spoken of before.

"Unless the rain had come soon, I think I should have gone out of my mind," she said, holding her face to the sky and letting the rain fall on it. "When I first came here, years and years ago, I loved the rainy days. The hour after the rain stopped when the air was full of the scent of wild roses and fresh ploughed earth. When the meadow larks swung on the grey leafed branches of the willow, and sung as if their little throats would burst."

"Often at night I would go down to the pasture bars, at the creek under the willows, you know, but it has been dried up so long—and I would stand there, listening to the frogs croaking over in Blake's pond. The stirring little sounds of birds in the trees, the smell of Balm of Gilead after dark. It was like incense. The incense of the night, I used to call it. With purple shadows falling across the fields, and then the stars coming out—the 'forget-me-nots of the angels'—my mother used to call them."

Mary Lee could not speak. She looked at Mrs. Brown and passed her hands across her eyes. The woman's face was almost beautiful. Her eyes were full of tenderness and the hard lines around her mouth had softened.

"If he had only understood," she said, at last. "He used to call me silly to talk like this. He—didn't understand. After the children came, he seemed to grow away from me. He never talked to me and he ridiculed me to them if I tried to teach them about the beautiful side of things. His folks were different from mine, I guess. He just went away and left me here—ten years ago, and I kept hoping, just hoping, that he'll come back."

There was a sob in her throat, and Mary Lee felt as if she were standing on holy ground, moving in holy places.

"Perhaps he will come back, if you want

him very much," she said gently, wondering, meanwhile, what manner of man this was, who had meant so much to the woman at her side.

And then, suddenly, he came.

Just walked quietly back into her life, a tall, grey, gaunt man, pale with the pallor of long confinement, dragging his steps along painfully as he came down the path from the road. He was wet with rain. He carried no luggage and his clothes were old and worn. They were creased as if they had never been folded up for a long, long, time.

But the woman in the doorway saw him coming.

Unbelievably she stretched out her arms, touched him, drew him into her arms, under the warm summer rain.

"You're not dead then, Tom, my man," she said. And Mary Lee, stealing softly away, with wetness on her face that was not rain, heard him say, with the weariness of a little child,

"I was worse than dead. I was in jail for seven years and I just got out. I have no money, nothing. But, if you'll take me back—we'll start right over again. I've dreamed about days like this. The kind of days you used to talk about when I didn't understand. Soft summer rain, and the smell of roses and fresh ploughed earth."

Softly Mary Lee closed the door.

Another miracle had happened.

And "the laws of life keep dropping one by one; the wine of life keeps dropping, drop by drop," she breathed, as she went back to the sick room tasks that were not hardships any more.

Our Last Testament

The making of a will is one of the most unpleasant duties of a lifetime. Many people, therefore, defer it, and defer it again. They imagine that not only is it their last testament, but they feel it may be their last act on earth, and that when it is finally concluded the hour will strike for their departure.

A word of advice: Make your will while you are in full enjoyment of your faculties. Do not wait until your brain is befogged and you are likely to have become subject to undue influences. And when you do come to make it, see that it is as concise and clear as possible, leaving no room for doubt.—Daily Express.

If a preacher gives evidence that his own roots strike deep, that he knows enough of lay life to understand my difficulties, that he has some general culture, whether classical, historical, scientific, or theological—that is, if he is sincere, sympathetic and intelligent, and if he confines his preaching to the elementary Gospel truths, I am satisfied.—"Average Man," in the Manchester Guardian.

The Society for Pure English offers this dialogue as a warning against the careless use of prepositions:

Child: I want to be read to.

Nurse: What book do you want to be read to out of?

Child: "Robinson Crusoe."

Nurse goes out and returns with "The Swiss Family Robinson."

Child: What did you bring me that book to be read to out of from for?

Time's Paces

When as a child I laughed and wept, . . .
Time crept.

When as a youth I thought and talked,
Time walked.

When I became a full-grown man,
Time ran.

When older still I daily grew,
Time flew.

Soon I shall find in passing on,
Time gone.

O Christ wilt Thou have saved me then!
Amen.

—Hymns and Other Stray Verses, by Henry Twells, M.A., in London Spectator.

Thrift Note

A Scotch professional after five years of retirement has resumed the game. Evidently he found his ball.—James J. Montague in the New York Herald Tribune.

You can climb up toward better things from wherever you are, or you can sit down and wait for an elevator. In the latter case you will have a long wait coming to you.



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Plans for Men and Mice

By Mary C. McLellan

YOU are old enough now, Norman, to settle down. Your cousin Nora has returned to Melfort with her mother; she will be worth as much as you will be, and I intend to arrange a marriage between you and Nora—"

"Arrange what, Grandfather?" interrupted Norman in amazement.

"You heard what I said," returned the old gentleman, glaring fiercely at his grandson—"You will marry her, and no nonsense about it. I am rich, boy," he boasted, "and it will be all yours someday if you watch your step."

"Grandfather," said the young man in a voice strangely quiet, "all I've known since I came here as a small and lonely boy, has been watching my step. I have tried to please you. Now it comes to me that I am grown up. I am not marrying yet, and if I were, I'd not marry my cousin, but I'd take my time, and do my own choosing."

John Meredith was called a hard man. His face now assumed what Mrs. Sears, the housekeeper, called "his bull-dog pose." For years he had ruled the boy with his iron will; thus he had now dared to dictate to the young man whom he should marry. "You'll do as I say," he stormed.

The young man had been looking over his grandfather's shoulder, and from the window—across the broad acres of the estate to the fringe of the forest in the far distance, now a riot of crimson and gold. So great was his love of beauty he had almost forgotten his grandfather's long preliminary remarks regarding the estate, his stocks and bonds, and many other matters.

"Sir!" cried Norman, turning his back upon the flaming beauty of forest and field, "that is impossible; I do not even know Nora. She has been away at school. I certainly do not care a row of pins for her. I only remember her as a mamby-pamby little kid saying 'Yes, Mamma' to everything Aunt Flo said."

Fiercely the grandfather cut in—"You will remember she is no kid now, but a young lady. I'll guarantee Nora Lee has had a wonderful bringing up; none of this modern tom-foolery and slang; so you will govern yourself accordingly. Her mother and I thought of this when she named Nora;—we said Nora and Norman went well together."

"But, grandfather," reasoned Norman, "we are not living in India or the Congo—" Seeing the angry face opposite him, his happy nature reasserted itself, and laughing lightly he said, "Why, think sir, Nora would be as mad as a crow if she heard of this. It is absurd to think she would listen to—"

"I am going to write her today," interrupted the elder man sternly, "and I shall invite her to visit us for two weeks. Mrs. Sears has silk dresses and strings of pearls—she can act as hostess. I am going to have Nora send me her picture too. I want to look once more on the face of a plain sedate girl. A-h-hum!" he rumbled, settling down like a cross dog after chasing a cat up an alley. "Hand me my writing materials, Norman, then you may clear out."

Later, in the privacy of his own room, Norman wrote the following letter:

Dear Cousin Nora:

Grandfather has surely got a kink in his brain, as this letter will no doubt indicate. Of course, you can disillusion him regarding our annexing your shackles, and incidentally yourself also.

Of course you will hate this erratic idea, therefore I would suggest that if you accept his invitation you make yourself as undesirable as possible in his sight.

Yours in cousinship,
Norman.

When later he posted his grandfather's letter, his own went with it, and soon replies came. Norman, recognizing the Melfort post-mark, put his in his pocket, and under pretext of examining some engravings, remained near while his grandfather read his letter. The old gentleman seemed deeply disturbed, muttering many a "humph" as he read.

"Well, she's coming," was his only remark, as he stumped from the room

leaving in such unwonted state, the small picture fell to the floor and lay there unnoticed. The picture had elicited the loudest "humph!"

Norman picked it up and stared in amazement. Surely this could not be the insipid and spiritless Nora of his memory. A dimpled face with humorous hazel eyes smiled out at him. A mass of dark curls unmistakably bobbed, made a fitting frame for the bewitching face. Opening his letter he read with surprise the following communication.

Dear (not) Cousin:

As my mother would say "here's a pretty kettle o' fish." I'll endeavor to explain. There are two Nora Lees in Melfort, and I'm the other one.

By some funny freak of fate, both yours and your dear respected grandfather's letters were brought to me, handed in all square and above-board, by the postman. After I read them and mulled over

bearship and me to fight it out, it would suit me, right down to the ground.

I have the honor, dear young sir, not to be

Your cousin,
Nora Lee.

Norman pondered long and amusedly over this letter. His grandsire seemed restless and ill at ease, and once he found the old gentleman studying the pictured face of Nora Lee. He tossed it aside, saying discontentedly "she's changed greatly; a lot of the Carrington cropping out."

Mr. Meredith marvelled much at his grandson's eagerness to meet the expected guest, mumbling unmentionable things about the young people of this age.

As Norman met the young lady at the station, he received an impression never to be lost. If her picture had portrayed an interesting young person, her vivid living personality thrilled him with a deeper

surveyed the result, he saw the rooms had taken on a cosy charm that suited him surprisingly.

Nora petted and scolded him by turns, and perhaps after ordering him to wear his rubbers while the dew was on the lawn, a few minutes later she might be hunting hens' nests in the great barn or picking late berries in a distant field.

One day the horrified host found her hoeing in the garden. He gazed at her in open-mouthed dismay, but the unembarrassed girl called gaily, "the garden is a sight. Man alive! There's chick weed, pig weed and tangle weed, but my! it looks grand where I've hoed. Oh, don't frown, suppose your face stayed that way. I've hoed heaps at home."

"You mean to say your mother lets you hoe the garden?" he demanded.

"Oh, does she let me?" she mocked. "Sure she kindly allows me the freedom of the garden."

"Tell me, how does your mother stand your—er—bustling ways? Tell me about her," he said.

"You mean my tomboy, bustling ways?" she answered, "but I am not a tomboy. I simply act natural. Mother likes me that way. Mother is a dear," she confided, "she had her hair bobbed, and it looks as cute as a bug's ear, and—"

"Nora!" he barked, "you can't make me believe that; you are poking fun at me."

"Nary a poke," she asserted. "But dear me, your tie is nearly under your ear." The stern man of unbending dignity, of whom people stood in actual awe, experienced the novelty of being seized by fearless hands, and of having his tie gaily yanked into place.

"There!" she said genially, "you've lost your lost look now; you did look so like a cross sparrow. Oh, don't look like it again. Why I know a man at home who has eyes like a hen. I never look at him without wondering if he could cackle, his nose is beak-shaped, too; then there is a woman who looks just like a big, peaceful placid cow, and when she chews gum, the likeness is striking. Another woman looks just like a bright pretty bird, her head tip-tilts, her hats turn up at the sides like a wing. I'd never be surprised to hear her chirp. Oh, there are heaps of others, but come and see what I found," and she dragged the dazed old gentleman to the granary, where, in a cosy corner, three little kittens played.

"Aren't they darlings?" she enthused. "I've named them Daffy, Downie, and Dilly. Be sure and see that they get good care when I am far away," she cautioned.

Thus she led him through varied days, while Norman, who longed for more leisure, became wholly captivated by her—though when in his presence, she frequently quoted "Jack thinks," or "Jack says," and in speaking thus she invariably twisted a flashing ring she wore, while her face dimpled with mysterious smiles. At such times Norman's face clouded over.

"Nora," he said one day, "I envy that Jack fellow back in Melfort."

"Don't you do it," she flashed, "envy is a miserable mixture of yellow and grizzly green. The one I like is clear gold."

"I suppose he gave you that ring?" he queried. Then suddenly bending close, he asked in a different tone, "Is it a Tiffany setting?"

"Nothing so ordinary," she smiled, "It's a Plymouth Rock setting." The next minute he heard her singing in the kitchen.

SUNDAY morning found Mr. Meredith ill, and Nora refused to leave the house. She established him on the great couch in the library and anticipated his every need. She arranged his pillows; she bathed his aching brow with a wonderfully deft and gentle hand, and then sang a low sweet melody as soothing as sweet, and, under its quieting influence, he drifted into sleep.

As she looked long at the face now pathetically worn appearing with its stern mask gone, sudden compunction filled her heart and at the same time she

Continued on page 61

Maid of Malabar

By William Thompson



There was a maid of Malabar
Who traveled near and traveled far,
To find a spreading cocoanut
In which to build a little hut.

Near by a crouching lion stood
Secreted in a tropic wood.
The lion said, in joyous glee,
"This maid will make a meal for me."

Deep in the jungle's verdant shade
Crouched Tangerine and Marmalade,
Two trusty blacks who knew no fear,
Each gripping tight a glistening spear.

"Be not afraid," called Marmalade,
Who quickly grabbed the tail and snout,
And with no special effort, turned
The hungry lion inside out.

"You're served me well!" the maid
exclaimed,
Her heart with gratitude inflamed.
"No less a friend could we have been,"
Quoth Marmalade and Tangerine.



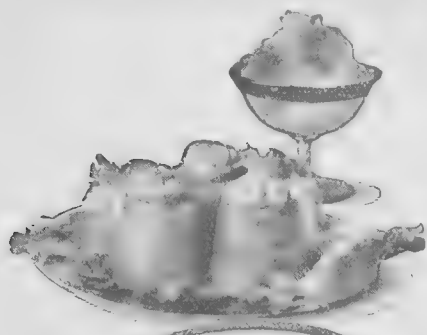
them, some imp or angel whispered to me to accept the poor rich man's invitation, and that's what I've done.

Your grandfather sounds very bossy; we will clash, as I am sometimes bossy too, then your suggestion will be carried into effect and he will detest the name of Nora Lee worse than grasshopper poison, and I will escape from the castle before he hangs me on a crab-apple tree. He will then resign from being President of your matrimonial bureau.

Now I'll say "please" twice. Please don't spill the beans to your royal grandfather, and please do not think I have some fool notion of captivating the grandson who fain would remain single—for there's somebody here I like. If you could plan to go on a fishing trip and leave his

interest. He suddenly realized how lonely his life had been.

THE days that followed threatened to dethrone the dignity and domination of the old gentleman whom she alternately scandalized and bewitched. Nora danced through the rooms like a brilliant sunbeam; she sang snatches of songs, hauntingly sweet, in tones rich and mellow; she filled the rooms with flowers, and as their perfume penetrated to every recess, in the same measure her lively personality pervaded the entire home. She rearranged the furniture, saying lightly as she dragged the chairs and couches about, "I think, sir, you'd like this room better if it looked as if we were at home," and when the disgruntled host



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The Dancing Masters of Ratbone

By Ross M. Hosack

RATBONE'S "bad-men" were "bad," as the term goes "in the great open places." They admitted it. Four of them were so tough that, to them, their very toughness had become a virtue of which they boasted.

However, a man is never so near repentance as at the moment when he thinks he is the worst, and Leather-neck Pelham, Tango Benny, Dead-eye Charlie and Sailor Martin, being so thoroughly imbued with their spirit of badness, little dreamed how near they were to the "saw-dust trail."

The quartette had struggled through one of those quiet, uneventful periods, so trying on the nerves and reputation of any self-respecting "bad-man," and the arrival of the new preacher was seized upon as a means of re-asserting themselves.

The four had just completed their plans to run the new parson out of town as soon as he stepped from the stage, that was already clattering up the road, its creaks and groans drowned by the roar of the intimidating six-guns of the crowd's lesser lights.

Leather-neck, with the final observation that, "No long-haired Gospel Shooter was gona stay over night in this town," elbowed his way through the crowd, gathered in front of the Palace Royal, and, with his three lieutenants, lined up along the hitching-rack to await the on-coming stage.

With a wide flourish, Lem Willows brought his six steaming horses to a stop and then the crowd got its first shock.

A young fellow in flannel shirt, corduroy breeches and leather puttees, jumped from the door of the stage. He stood for a minute taking in his surroundings. He was bare-headed and his wavy black hair, parted carefully and brushed back from his forehead, surmounted a face that was good to look at. However it was the eyes and jaw that carried the most significance. The latter was square and firm and carried a meaning that even the smiling blue eyes could not belie.

With a flicker of amusement in his eye at the maudlin din about him, he called up to the driver, "So this is the end of my journey, is it, Willows?"

"This is Ratbone, Stranger. How's it strike you?"

"Well," replied the newcomer, his grin taking in the crowd before coming to rest on the bunch strung along the hitching-rack, "off hand, I'd say that it may be a lot better than it looks."

At this moment there alighted from the stage, a girl, whom even a casual glance would have marked as the young fellow's sister.

The general impression she produced on the suddenly silenced crowd was probably best summed up later by Lem Willow's remark: "A girl with a pair o' blue eyes like them, an' them lips, why she haint no one but herself to blame fer nothin' when she wilfully comes among a bunch o' coyotes like's here in Ratbone."

While the two were getting their suit-cases and trunk from the coach, the on-lookers had time to chase from their minds all their pre-conceived pictures of the expected preacher, and struggle back to the business in hand. They waited, however, for their leaders to take the initiative.

The young man picked up the two suit-cases and deposited them on the "Palace" porch. Then grasping a handle of the trunk with one hand, and without apparent effort, he swung it up beside the cases. Turning to Leather-neck Pelham, he asked, "Friend, could you tell me where we might find comfortable lodgings for a short time?"

Leather-neck shifted his quid into a less obstructive position and, from a mouth that seemed always on the point of expectoration, he liquidized, "I shore

could stranger, but before I recommends a man, I got to know sompin' about him, so I takes just the liberty o' askin' if you might be that Methodist that we're lined up here to welcome?"

A look of surprise showed on the young fellow's face, and a quizzical smile, with just a speck of devilment in it, played about his lips as he answered, "I don't know that I have any credentials with me and as for being 'that Methodist' I can't say that I am, although I won't deny that I profess that faith, and after my work here is accomplished, there will, no doubt, be many more of that denomination here in Ratbone. I might add, too, that I am not usually honored by such an imposing reception committee when I arrive in my field of operation."

Leather-neck's over-worked Adam's apple made several trips up and down his long neck as he pondered this reply. "Well, stranger, this committee had a little meetin' here in the bar-room as you drove in, and while nothin' definite was done, one of the boys observed that this thing of selectin' a parson was a mighty

sound the opening note in the music. But, as all agreed afterwards, there is where Charlie made the mistake.

The four bad men were still lined up at the hitching-rack with Leather-neck at the end nearest the self-professed Methodist. As Dead-eye reached for his gun the Methodist swung the suit-case. Dead-eye could not shoot owing to the men between him and his victim and the others, as yet, had made no motion to draw, when the suit-case hit Leather-neck full in the chest. He went backward into Tango Benny, and as the latter went down, his head came in contact with Dead-eye's cranium, resulting in both of them going to sleep. That left only Sailor, and by the time his head popped out from the confused mass of arms and legs, it was greeted with a suitcase with slumber producing effect.

As the victor bent over the four dazed bad-men and separated them from their six-guns, he continued to smile. Then stepping to the horse-trough, he dipped a bucket of water, remarking to Lem Willows, "I don't know which one is the sailor, but a little water won't hurt any of them."

None of them were seriously hurt and they came to quickly, only to find themselves covered with their own guns. At a quiet command they got to their feet, a much crest-fallen crew.

"As I attempted to explain when one of your committee interrupted me, I am not the minister you were here to welcome."

The committee stared in astonishment.

"You mean to say," choked Leather-neck, "you ain't the parson? Then what the thunder did you mean by sayin' that when you got through here there would be a lot more Methodists in this town?"

"Why, you see I came up here to erect the church building. The parson was delayed and is coming up on the next stage. I am only his son."

"You hear that, Leather-neck?" yelled Tango Benny, "Did you hear him? He says he's only the parson's son." Then eyeing the young fellow, he mumbled, "Well, believe me, I don't aim to give no dance lessons to your old man."

Tango's friends had evidently arrived at the same conclusion, judging from their bewildered appearance, as they brushed the dust from their clothes and tenderly caressed such sore spots as they had accumulated in the mix-up.

That the four dancing-masters had come honestly by their unsavory reputations, was evinced by the fact that up to this minute, the by-standers had withheld their mirth, but when the girl stepped up to Leather-neck and in a sweet voice said, "I do hope you are not severely injured and I know you won't be offended at Donald on account of this affair. You see Donald always was so impulsive and I was afraid for a minute that he would lose his temper altogether," Lem Willows let out a whoop and the whole crowd broke into shouts of laughter, much to the girl's astonishment.

Meanwhile Don stood by, rather at a loss to know what to do with the armament he had collected, but seeing no need for retaining it he permitted each man to pick out his own gun, remarking, "I'm sorry for this whole affair, men, and I hope you will forget it. You see Dad is going to need a lot of help to get this church started, and maybe he can count on your aid?"

As he slipped his gun back into its holster, Leather-neck mumbled, "Well, son, I ain't makin' no promises but I will say as how I'm plumb curious to see your Dad and Ma."

The young fellow smiled and held out

Continued on page 83

The Wanderer

By William Thompson

*The mystic throb of singing rain
Touched lightly at my window pane;
And from the shadows of the night,
There came a little fairy sprite.*

*"I've lost my way, and I'm so cold,
Do in your tresses me enfold."
Thus spake the wandering fairy elf,
Who sat upon my window shelf.*

*I looked and saw the tender thing,
A tear of gold upon its wing—
A raindrop scattered here and there,
Upon its wing of gauze most fair.*

*I flung the window casement wide,
The tired fairy flew inside;
And in the precincts of my breast
Love built for us a little nest.*

*The autumn came of discontent;
The cherished dreams of love were spent.
Then, beating wildly at the pane,
Love sought to wander once again.*

serious business. Mebbe we would make a mistake to take the first one that come along? Fr'instance, Sailor, here, wants to be plumb shore that the man he takes religion from he's got some himself. He says as how most of them preaches one thing an' turns around an' does another every danged time."

A LOOK of comprehension stole over the young fellow's face and his smile deepened, "Just how all this effects me I don't understand, but may I ask how your friend, Sailor, would determine the quantity and quality of a man's religion?" "We considered all that, Parson, and I will say we was in some doubt 'till Sailor himself answered that same question. He says that he aint never seen a Methodist that amounted to a hang if he danced, and yet he says thay they most all will if the music's right. So, Parson, we aims to furnish a little music an' you jest stand still if you can. You'll never shet down no dance-halls in this town if you dances yourself."

A peculiar light shone in the prospective dancer's eyes, but he only stepped back a pace and fingered the handle of a suitcase as he began, "My friends, you are making a mistake—"

"Cut thet, pronto," interrupted Dead-eye, a strong counterfeit of anger in his voice, "There aint no preacher goin' a tell me about my mistakes before he's dooly elected. Now, shake'em up, Parson, shake'em up."

With that he reached for his gun to



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Girl Life in the World's Far Places—The Samoan Girl

By Francis Dickie

IN sun-kissed, tropic Samoa who could help being happy! Certainly in no place else in the world are there girls with lighter hearts, and sweeter voices. All day long some of them, at least, are singing, particularly on Sundays, a day of song, where now, for thirty years, hymns learned from the Christian missionaries are the most popular harmonies. Oddly enough the hymns sound far more beautiful in the Samoan tongue than in English. Gathered in the church, almost the entire population give themselves over to song. When the words have poured forth in a magnificent harmony for a few moments there comes suddenly a dead stop in the singing. The abruptness of this and the exactness with which it is timed so that no single voice overlaps and mars the absolute hush is little short of marvellous. It is a feature of Samoan singing, startling to the uninitiated, but which takes on charm when heard a few times.

hurricane recently which swept the Paumotu Group the low island Hikueru was for a time almost entirely submerged. Five hundred lives were lost. Among those thought killed and swept away was Teamo, a twelve year old girl. The third day after the storm had abated the survivors on Hikueru were astonished to see Teamo come paddling in in a patched-up canoe. She stated that the tidal wave had torn her loose from the coconut tree to which she was clinging near the beach and swept her out to sea. She swam and floated in the welter of huge waves till nearly morning when she was flung upon the island of Puka Puka, fifteen miles distant. Here she found a camphor wood chest, a case of salmon and a damaged canoe. Patching up the craft she paddled back to Hikueru. Her story was doubted by some on the island, so a committee was sent back to Puka Puka, and found the case of salmon and the camphor wood chest as described.



Interior of a Samoan House—Savaii

—Photo by Frank Burnett

The Samoan girl is usually up a little after daylight, leaving her soft bed of mats, woven from the leaves of the pandanus palm. She usually has a plunge in the nearby sea, or some inland pool, for cleanliness is an outstanding attribute of the Polynesian people. Tall, lithe and fine of limbs, the Samoan girl is not unlike many a white girl in general appearance. Indeed, learned ethnologists and anthropologists have advanced the theory that the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon and the Polynesian race are of the same stock, born in the Hindu Kush region in the dim long ago but roaming to different corners of the world, north and south.

In the days before the ways and the manufactured goods of the white man reached the islands, the Samoan girl wore a loose skirt made of grass. In some parts the primitive dress is still worn. The missionaries introduced the "Mother Hubbard" one piece print dress which is today much worn as will be noted in the picture. The houses are light and airy, the floors covered thickly with mats woven by the girls and women. As the walls are rolled up in the daytime, dusting, wall papering and similar tasks are not met with by the Samoan girl. Dishwashing is also another labor the Samoan girl does not have to contend with, the broad leaf of the bread fruit tree serving excellently the purpose.

IT IS believed by some authorities that the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, was first settled by the Polynesians. At anyrate, long before there was any white settlement in North America the Samoan girls were expert surf-board riders, which sport has recently been so enthusiastically taken up in America. The Samoan girl can swim as soon as she can walk. Another sport in which she is skilled is steering little canoes on the crest of the gigantic Pacific rollers. The thrill and difficulty of this feat has to be seen to be appreciated. The distance Samoan girls have been known to swim, and the time spent in the water, has been the subject of many stories. The following one, the truth verified beyond a doubt, is given as a very good example. During a

Much of the fishing is done by the women. They also gather and prepare for the table the taro, yams, breadfruit, coconut and other fruits, and cook the gigantic turtles found in the sea about the islands. Nowhere in the South Sea Islands has the art of cooking reached a higher plane than in Samoa. The ovens are holes in the ground, in which stones are heated by fire. When the fire has died down, the food, well wrapped in leaves, is placed between layers of earth and cooked between four and twelve hours.

Many of the Samoan girls are now educated at missionary schools, but a large number still lead the native life, in which things to be learned consist of swimming, surf-board riding, fishing, mat weaving, cooking and the care of the house. Living in a land where nature has given lavishly of food and a warm climate, the Samoan girl has perhaps the most pleasant life of any girl sketched in this short series.

Worse to Come

The regular trombone player of a Scottish orchestra, whose adventures appear in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, was ill with a cold, and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a man who played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the technical ability of the substitute.

After the first performance the new player asked the conductor how he had done.

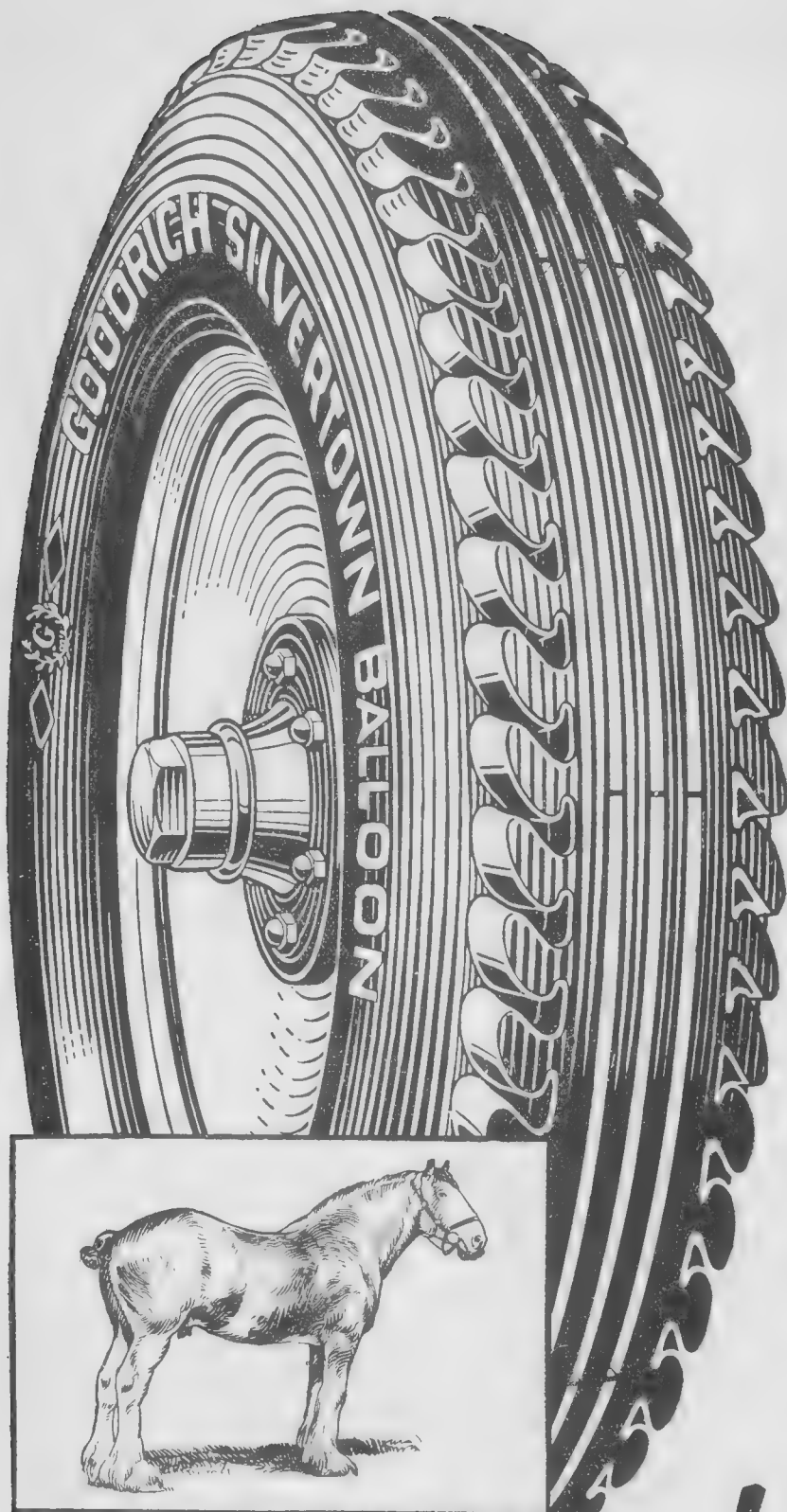
The conductor replied that he had done fairly, but that perhaps he would do better the next night.

The newcomer, eying him gratefully, answered:

"Man, ye see, the music is a' strange tae me the night, and I'm no jist shair o't yet, but you wait tae the morn's night, and ye'll no hear ane of the fiddles at a'!"

Dismembered

"I Want to be a Lady" (in six parts). —Table of contents in the Saturday Evening Post.



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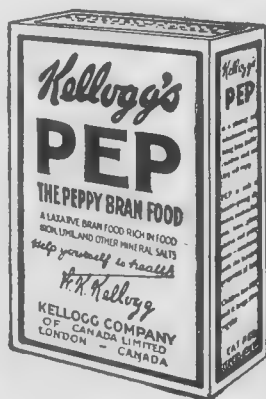
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The Lost Ten Tribes

By Harley Erne

HAVE you ever heard of British-Israel? If you have not, you have missed the latest. This theme, commonly called by its initiates B.I., is the latest thing which has come up. The initiates are all those who have listened to the theme discussed, for a longer or a shorter time, and then declare the Bible has become a new book. It is the latest thing. For while small groups of people for many years have been studying and propounding this truth, it has not taken on until recently. Since 1917 this subject, like an epidemic, has been sweeping Anglo-Saxondom. While it would be regarded by some as a scourge, others regard it as a boon. To some it upsets, or seems to upset, prized forms of traditionalism; to others it is the light of life.

The subject is at least fascinating. Any story book which carries a sustained mystery, and then in one brief chapter solves it all, is counted a good one. This subject of B.I. claims for itself that it gives the final chapter of the most interesting of all the world's stories. It says the Bible is true—very true—and can be depended upon. It says those covenants of God are good law, as deeds of land titles of inheritance. It says that the blessings and the cursings of the law have been working out and that we are just in the last chapter of all the meanings. It sounds fascinating, especially when we consider we are the folks who are concerned in those deeds and agreements.

This theme of British-Israel assumes at once that you know all about it. A "B.I." will tell you, with a touch of superiority, that British is in Hebrew Berith-ish, "Covenant Man." There! It is all settled. If you are British, or Berith-ish, you declare yourself to be a man who is a descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—the man of the Covenant. If you should dare to ask what are the specific benefits of being a covenant man, or British, you would be told you have titles to land—Canaan—then from Egypt to Euphrates, and then all the world.

Now, anyone who is apprised of the meaning of such statements will realize that this is either a wonderful discovery, or a bomb more dangerous than any T.N.T. used in the last war.

Many leaders of this movement are well known personages. The chief patroness is Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, a cousin of the Prince of Wales. At present the princess resides in South Africa, for the earl is occupying the Vice-Regal position in the South African domain, being Governor-General. This eminent lady is very prominent in the movement. Then Lord Gishborough is the president of what is called The British-Israel World Federation. This is the central or head organization of the movement. His position as one of the Lords of the Realm would suggest that serious men are interested in this movement.

Mr. Herbert Garrison, as the secretary-general, is either the hub of the wheel from the business end, or the human axle around which the wheel moves. He is a wonderful little man of business and energy, known from centre to circumference of the British interests at home.

Another man in the movement in England worthy of special mention is Rev. William Pascoe Goad. This man in his personality defies estimates. In his youth he was a Canadian prairie evangelist, later a Methodist preacher and a business man in Vancouver, and withal he had the happy knack of so lifting the veil of the Book that hearers never again could find that Book as dull or set. He has been the maker of men with spiritual scriptural vision. His impact in the western city of Canada has been such that he has a potential audience always waiting for him in his beloved Vancouver. The Vancouver church where his great work was done is now called "The Glastonbury of the West" by his friends.

The British organization captured this man of the West, and today he is editor

of the official organ of the movement, "The National Message and Banner," with offices at 6 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, England.

IN CANADA there are two outstanding men in the movement. Professor Edward Odum, of Vancouver, B.C., and Lieut.-Col. McKendrick, of Toronto, Ontario. The professor has many times lectured the world round on this subject. He spent his younger years as a professor of science in Japan, being there some sixteen years. He later entered into the business world in Vancouver. This subject has been his hobby. He has for 35 years been teaching the Bible to preachers and laity, until his name is famous in the West.

Colonel McKendrick is a pushing, aggressive, business man of Toronto. He is the "Roadbuilder." He, in his youth, studied B.I. under the famous Dr. Wilde, of Cook's Church, Toronto, and learned to build roads in America. During the war he built roads in France, and since has written a book called "The Destiny of Britain and America," by "Roadbuilder." The friends of this movement feel that this book is the best road the colonel ever built; it is a sunny road to the Garden of Truth. The colonel surely has an opinion of traditional preachers and preaching.

These men, and a great host of others, assumed that the Scriptures are national as well as personal. They believe that Israel of the ancient day is the direct parent nation of the Anglo-Saxon race. They will tell you without flinching that history, if carefully considered, actually shows the movements of this captive race from their ancient home in Palestine to the highlands of Asia, then westward across Europe, and arriving finally in Britain. They will tell you that the Bible has a measuring system by which the activities of God can be measured, telling present and future movements. They will tell you very wonderful things about the Anglo-Saxon race, which are just about to happen. Another interesting thing about this movement is they believe Japan is of the same race as the Anglo-Saxon. To us this seems like a stretch of imagination. They give as their reasons that Japan is of the Samurai race, or the race of Samaria, which was one name that the Israelites used for the Northern Kingdom.

With these people the distinction between the Northern Kingdom and the Southern Kingdom of ancient Israel is very important. Israel, from Jeroboam to the captivity in B.C. 741 to 721, was the Northern Kingdom. These went into captivity to the north, by the River Chebar. Judah was of the south and was ruled by the direct line from David and was known as the Southern Kingdom. These went into captivity in B.C. 587 to Babylon, and the remnant who returned were called Jews.

Now anyone who considers will see a great question, if not a great controversy, for if the Anglo-Saxon is Israel, then he becomes a claimant to these deeds and covenants which the Jew has claimed were his sole property. As there is, involved in this, great questions, even to the point of world dominion, there must be room for serious consideration.

The British-Israelite will, with the complacency of complete assurance, tell you that the Stone of Scone, on which the Kings of England have, for centuries, been crowned, is Jacob's pillow. They will tell you that David's Sceptre is in Scotland today, and that buried somewhere in Tara, Ireland, is the Ark of the Lord.

They will tell you so many wonderful things that the listener wonders what the world is coming to.

This movement with all these great claims has organizations of an unique type. They come nearest to being of the mushroom variety than any class. A group of people come to know something of this study; they organize, and at once affiliate with other groups. There is no difficulty about organization and management; it seems to be the

most voluntary movement in Anglo-Saxondom.

These people are not satisfied to make discoveries about the relics and treasures of the past, but they assume or presume that the Bible is identifying and speaking of living personages of today, at least one of them, for they assume that David, spoken of in the 34th and 37th chapters of Ezekiel, and the 30th chapter of Jeremiah, 9th verse, is none other than the present Prince of Wales, Prince David.

One must say, if these things be so, there is then a new message in Scripture. Of course, one should pause and consider the consequences of such a line of interpretation. Such teaching, whether true or not, puts spice into the mission of the preacher or shepherd for hire, for with him the treadmill of accepted teaching must give place to the flail of personal judgment and decision. One could at least enjoy seeing the panic of traditionalism.

Then there are dark clouds in the offing. If Britain be Israel, then the inheritance of the world is hers. This raises the question of the other claimants. This last chapter of truth, if it be authenticated and valid, will be like the story of the reading of a will. Just when all the known claimants are met and ready to quarrel about their portion in the provisions of the will, they find that the younger son "that was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found" appears on the scene, and gets the lion's share.

The Educated Failure

There appeared the other day in a daily paper a long letter from a correspondent who, having spent some years in trying to help the highly educated unemployed, and being in some sort an authority on cultured failures, sounded a note of despair which could not be disregarded. According to this writer, we have now, since the war, the amplest evidence of what he called book-learning is useless, is even harmful, unless accompanied by character. An excellent peroration. But, before the applause breaks out, we would remark in a small voice from the back of the audience that character always accompanies it. A knowledge of anything beyond what is hammered into a boy before he is fourteen and what is picked up from newspapers argues some character. No man was ever, in any serious sense, a mathematician, a linguist, a scholar of any kind without considerable ambition, curiosity, persistence, self-denial. No doubt, every art had a Haydon or two, and among scholars there are those who are buoyed up by a fantastic, utterly groundless belief in their supreme value, which posterity shall eventually recognize. But at least nine-tenths of those who give themselves, professionally or in their leisure, to the things of the mind are pretty well aware, before they are forty, that either by the worldly standard or their own they are failures, and that posterity will not so much as know they existed. Yet they hold to their grammarian's job, without the prospect of posthumous reward, or to whatever else they have undertaken, and are not uncheerful about it. If a navy had before him work as unending as the scholar's, or a business man knew he would fail as often as the average man of letters knows he will, the one would down tools and the other quit business.—Saturday Review.

Invention

Indeed, there seems nothing on earth which we cannot invent if we want it badly enough, or bend to our use given time and money—except life. "We" can work miracles which a century ago would have been attributed to the powers of darkness. But are we sufficiently grateful to those torch-bearers of the creative impulse who have made our civilization possible? And has our inner progress been equal to that which we have achieved over the outer world? We switch on the light or tune in on the wireless with none of the humility of a hierophant before a great mystery. Each age has its leaders. The poets of the crucible and adventurers into the arcana of Nature—so often killed or wounded in the fray—are the heroes of the twentieth century.—Spectator.



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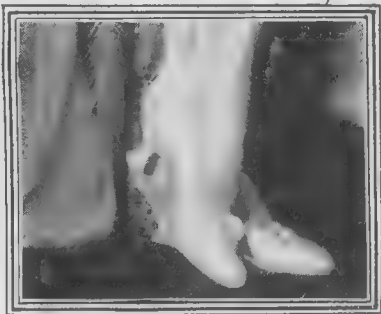


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Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN
© 1926



FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..

An Adventure in Furnishing

Continued from page 18

chesterfield occupies the wall space, a desk or writing table and small chair, would be well placed here. The corner near the door to the dining room must of course be left reasonably clear. The fourth corner might well take care of the phonograph or radio equipment.

THIS is a room in which two or three small oriental rugs might be successfully used, if preferred to a single large rug. One rug of good size might lie before the sofa or the desk and book-cases occupying the important end wall. A smaller one, suggestive of a hearth rug, would be placed before the open grate and perhaps a third before the windows. The use of orientals, which run so much to the reds (the best selection of moderately-priced rugs seem usually to be offered in tones featuring the reds) would have considerable effect on the color scheme. I should be inclined to put with it a good deal of dull gold, shading to bronze, the usual camel-hair color, a little blue, green, yellow. The walls I should do in a shadowy design in light biscuit color—perhaps a leafy all-over pattern in self-color that is practically no pattern at all, it is so indistinct. Or there are pleasant, rather rough-finished papers that look like basket-weaves in a plain color but which, if we examine them closely, show flecks of other color through them which serve to warm them up. For side curtains, I'd like an interesting printed linen or one of the cretonnes that quite cleverly give the hand-blocked effect. I saw one recently, for instance, striped in dark blue on a deep cream ground, with stubby flower pots between and breaking the stripes, all a-bloom with prim red and yellow flowers and green leaves. A hair-line of yellow and black also appeared in the stripe.

For a cover for the chesterfield, I should choose a plain fabric in camel-hair color, if a bit of gay print or a piece of tapestry were destined to go behind it; otherwise, I think a really effective cretonne, showing perhaps a stunning bird design or a black or dark ground, would be worth while. For the two chairs at the fireplace, I should make slip covers of the curtain material if they were overstuffed chairs, or cushions of it if they were wicker, reed or the like.

Brass gleaming brightly at the fireplace, echoed perhaps by a pair of candlesticks on the writing table across the room, would be attractive. For glass curtains, the large-meshed knotted net would be handsome, made to hang full and straight, with a two-and-a-half inch fringe at the sill. The side curtains I should carry right to the floor, unless I had other plans for the space beneath the windows.

Since the living-room and dining-room have a communicating door, we shall furnish in better taste if we blend the coloring of the two rooms. We shall appreciate this particularly when the door is kept ajar during an entertainment—when these two adjoining rooms can be used almost as one.

If the room is not too dully lighted to stand it, it would be pleasant to drift deeper into the gold tones, working down to the golden brown. The walls could be a tone darker than the champagne employed in the front room and perhaps one of the softly mottled papers would find favor. The same glass curtains, if you cared to use them, the same side curtains, would be admirable. Or you might use a striped material—sunfast artificial silk, case-ment cloth or linen or cretonne. Or, you might declare for a plain case-

ment cloth in a goldy camel color or a still warmer tone verging on the tangerine, if the room has a northern or shaded exposure. The way the windows face has so much to do with the deciding of the color scheme, and especially the tone of the curtains.

The rug might be golden tan—in a solid Wilton weave or a patterned effect introducing fawn, blue, and perhaps a little red, with the tan border.

The chairs might go to the reds for upholstery, matching the red in the printed curtains if they were used; or to the blue that appears in the rug pattern, if the plain warm-hued material was chosen; a majolica fruit bowl and candlesticks for the sideboard, the latter with tangerine or blue candles, according to what has been used for the main development, would pick up the various colors of the general scheme.

In the kitchen I would suggest a sand tile linoleum marked off with black lines; cream walls; apple-green furniture. Tie-back frilled curtains of white dotted muslin.

WITH four bedrooms to furnish, one can indulge one's dearest fancies; there is scope for variety not only in effect, but in expense. It is always a good plan for the house-furnisher to do well as much as possible, then to plan the rest of the furnishings with an eye to future improvement. For instance, in the living-room, it always seems to me better judgment to buy one or two good pieces of the kind one really wants, then fill in with inexpensive wicker, with gay little painted pieces, which later can be transferred to other parts of the house, as their places are filled by more of the better stuff. So it is with the bedrooms. One or more rooms may be done with great completeness and charm, and another one or two managed with hand-me-downs and put-me-offs, made kin by the use of paint or given charm by the attendant color scheme and attractive etceteras.

In our house this month we have variety in size and in outlook, in our four bedrooms. It will depend greatly on the make-up of the occupying family, how these rooms are distributed, how used. As a representative group, we might furnish these as master's bedroom, guest room, one suitable for a young girl and one for the boy of the family. In most cases the schemes would be largely interchangeable or might be adapted to uses quite other than these.

Very often one can work out the entire scheme of a room most successfully from a piece of chintz or printed linen that will be used in it. Selecting one that is of good design and coloring, the amateur will find it an excellent guide to the other fabrics and surfaces.

Given a semi-glazed chintz for use at the windows of our first bedroom, with soft blue ground and a formal design in peach, yellow, a yellowish-rose tone and pale green, we begin by choosing the light peach tone for the walls—a warm yellowish-pink that is usually a very becoming color. The woodwork in rooms of this size is as a rule better to match the walls, as this increases the apparent size, so we paint our trim in the same warm peach color. For glass curtains we can choose peach sunfast organdy, if we want to increase the colorful glow, or plain fine cream net or voile if the room is inclined to be sunny. Walnut furniture finds itself very effective against this background; usually the bed, dressing table, chest of drawers or chefrope, with a bedside table and small chair or stool,

are the most useful pieces for the double room. The bed shown is a type that is mounting in popular favor—almost nothing in the way of a foot-board and a very graceful curved head. For the spread, the blue that appears in the background of the chintz might be chosen in taffeta, one of the new artificial silk fabrics, or organdy over a sateen slip; bindings of peach color; peach-shaded lamps, a low comfortable chair with a slip cover of chintz, table covers matching the bedspread, would be effective details. If the small table is to be painted instead of in the walnut finish, let it be green with lines of the blue, and support, if you will, with a graceful green chair along the lines of the one in our illustration. The rug might be a plain sand Wilton square.

FOR a lovely yellow scheme, one might place French walnut or delicate green or yellow enamelled furniture against a paper with white ground and a trailing green vine pattern pricked out with yellow. Glass curtains of fine white dress voile, hand hemstitched, with side curtains of yellow organdy with double ruffles at the edge, one ruffle a tone darker. On the bed, a tailored spread of yellow linen bound with white. A dressing table draped in yellow or reseda green, a green chair, if walnut furniture is used; if the floor is of soft wood, reseda green paint with small washable rugs in the light tones or a hooked rug showing yellow roses on a black field, would turn it to good account.

The boy will favor sturdy oak in a rich dark tone, as a rule, and it, in turn, knows how to get along rather well with careless youth. Light green walls and trim, with darker green or hardwood floor, bright braided or hooked or woven rugs patterned in rose and red, with a black border, a hanging bookshelf painted rose-red above his oak writing table, rose shades and a rosy chintz over cream tie-back curtains, will be cheerful. He will probably appreciate a wicker chair cushioned with green or rose denim or chintz.

For the guest-room, an ecru-ground chintz, flowered in mauve, blue, pink and a touch of deeper red, gives us a flying start to an effective scheme. Pale blue tint on the wall—paint or paper—would have trim to match. Ecru organdy would make crisp glass curtains, and might be used over shell-pink sateen to drape a dressing table or to make covers for a mahogany table. Mahogany furniture showing very straight and delicate lines, might be a present fact or a future hope, with painted furniture in the ecru tone doing duty in the meantime. A rug in the dull mauve of the chintz, bedspread of the chintz itself, and chair or small chaise longue in the deepest blue in its pattern, would be good. Cushions would have slip-on covers of the organdy over pale pink sateen.

Too Familiar

Mary Anne gave notice she was going to be married. Her mistress, slightly perturbed, said: "Of course, I don't want to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I can get another maid."

"Well, mum," Mary Anne replied, "I hardly think I know 'im enough to ask 'im to put it off!"—Argonaut (San Francisco).

Optimism

The birthday of the umbrella was recently celebrated.

Mary happy returns!—Life.

Popularity

"A good chef gets more than a college professor."

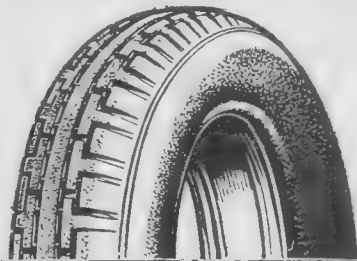
"Why shouldn't he? A lot more people take his courses."—Boston Transcript.



WEAR

THE Philosophers and Wise Men of Ancient India performed the functions that College Professors do in modern times. The great teachers were so revered that their doctrines are held in sacred observance to this day. Their ancient definition of Eternity was this: "Eternity is the time it would take to wear away a huge block of granite by the bare feet of a Rajah walking across it once a year."

GRANITE is an appropriate substance to represent eternal WEAR. It always appeals to our minds as the hardest and most un-wear-outable of materials, yet granite, subjected to the usage given an automobile tire, would wear out far sooner than does the tough, resilient, long-serving Tread of a "Gutta Percha" Tire. There is a rubber compound that gives phenomenal resistance to the kind of wear that a Tire has to withstand in road travel. The laboratory of the Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, has been successful in perfecting this rubber compound, which, with out sacrificing elasticity, is the last word in resistance, endurance and WEAR.



THE ability to WEAR is the crucial test of desirability. A suit of clothes, a piece of jewelry, a roadway, shoes, machinery, everything is judged and valued by the ability to WEAR. This is the outstanding virtue of a good tire, and its ability to WEAR and outwear its rivals is a distinguishing merit, which has placed the "Gutta Percha" Tire in its present eminence of popularity. This popularity may be judged not only by the number of "Gutta Percha" Tires you see on cars throughout the country, but by the increasing number of dealers who are glad to be selected as representatives for the sale of these unequalled Tires.

"GUTTA PERCHA" BALLOON CORD TIRES

"Built Better to Wear Better"

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED, TORONTO

Wash Away Pounds of Fat Double Chins and Years of Age with La-Mar Reducing Soap

Shrinks the Skin as it Dissolves the Fat

The new discovery, La-Mar Reducing Soap, brings quick and amazing results. No dieting, no exercising, nothing to take internally. Reduce any part of the body at will without affecting any other part. La-Mar acts like magic on double chin, big abdomen, ugly shapeless ankles, wrists and arms, large hips or breast, or on superfluous fat on any part of the body or all over it. It is easy and pleasant to use and absolutely harmless—cleansing, cooling, soothing and effective. La-Mar Reducing Soap is sold on a money-back guarantee by all good drug and department stores, or direct to you by mail, postpaid, in a plain wrapper. Price, 50c a cake or three cakes for \$1.00, one to three cakes usually accomplish its purpose. Send cash or money order today. You'll be surprised at results. H. J. Brown Medicine Company, Room 508D, King Building, Toronto, 2.

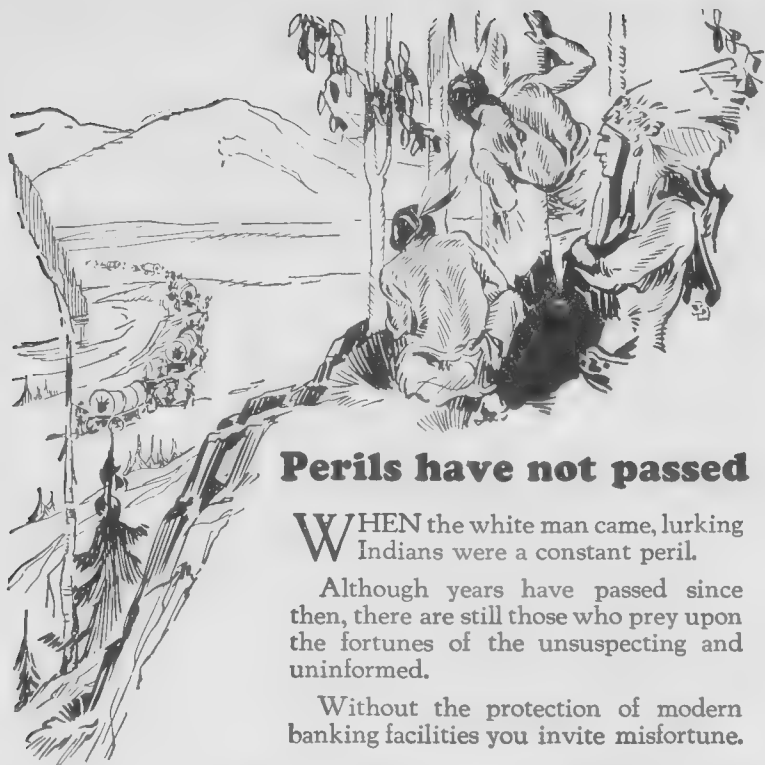
a few drops of

CLARK'S TOMATO KETCHUP

Improves the taste of steaks, fish, eggs etc. Wholesome and appetizing.

W. CLARK LIMITED, MONTREAL
ST. REMI, P.Q. AND HARROW, ONT.

Packers: Clark's Pork and Beans etc.



Perils have not passed

WHEN the white man came, lurking Indians were a constant peril.

Although years have passed since then, there are still those who prey upon the fortunes of the unsuspecting and uninformed.

Without the protection of modern banking facilities you invite misfortune.

The Royal Bank of Canada

S505



Personal Direction

Each estate in the care of this Corporation is under the direction of an officer or senior executive,—a man of wide experience who has at his command all the departmental resources of the institution and the advice and counsel of his fellow-officers. The interests of beneficiaries are thereby protected.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS. ASK FOR BOOKLET ON WILLS.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Established 1882

W. G. WATSON, GENERAL MANAGER

H. M. FORBES, ASST. GEN. MANAGER

TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER

Low Mortality.

The Great-West Life selects its risks with extreme care.

Its low mortality contributes to the liberal profits enjoyed by participating policyholders, THUS REDUCING THE ACTUAL COST OF PROTECTION.

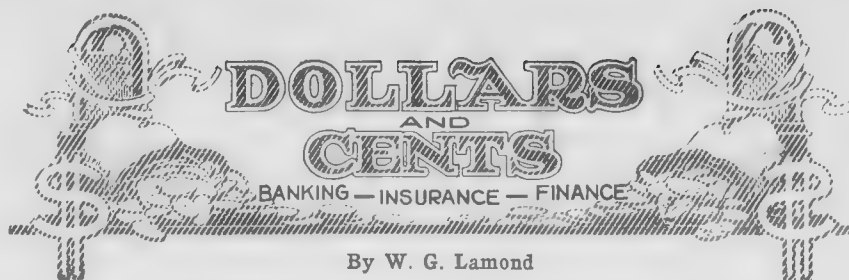


THE Great-West Life COMPANY

ASSURANCE HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

It is Maximum Benefit at Minimum Cost.

30



By W. G. Lamond

Crop Outlook

WITH an increase in the acreage under cultivation, an early spring apparently in prospect and grain values being maintained at remunerative levels, the West is visualizing the coming crop year with unusual hopefulness.

Preliminary figures issued by the governments of the three Prairie Provinces indicate that the acreage under cultivation this year should exceed 1925. With a favorable spring it is hoped that the increase will be a substantial one. Manitoba and Alberta are already assured of much larger crop areas, but Saskatchewan, owing to the bad weather experienced last fall, actually shows a decrease over the previous year. It is stated, however, that this will be corrected by the activities this spring.

Manitoba's figures for new breaking and summer fallowing show small advances over the previous year, but the acreage fall-plowed is given as 1,870,000 as compared with only 1,126,000 last year. In Saskatchewan the totals show a small increase in summer fallowing, a decrease in new breaking and a drop of 1,297,062 acres in fall plowing. Alberta shows consistent increases in the amount of land ready for cultivation, the total being about 300,000 acres ahead of last year.

Livestock in Good Shape

ALL over the West this spring there will be feverish activity to get the maximum acreage ready for the seeder. Better times are returning in the rural areas, the farmers are heartened and grain prices are alluring. Last year's crop was both big and profitable, and there is every hope that the West can repeat its 1925 performance.

The reports from all over the prairies indicate that the livestock has come through the winter in good shape, feed being plentiful in all areas, but an early spring will also be welcomed by the stock men.

Cattle Freight Rates

IN ACCORDANCE with its function of investigating freight questions that arise from time to time in Imperial commerce, the Imperial Shipping Committee has now issued a report on certain aspects of the Canadian cattle trade. Its investigation into these matters was undertaken at the request of Mr. Motherwell, Canadian Minister for Agriculture, acting on behalf of the Canadian Government. The Minister stated that the ocean rate of freight on store cattle from Canada to the United Kingdom left little profit to the producer, and thus seriously checked the growth of the cattle export trade from Canada. After certain conclusions had been reached by the Committee, which was then drafting its report, the Committee was asked by the Government of the United Kingdom, in view of certain criticisms in Canada, to undertake the much heavier task of investigating "the question of North Atlantic shipping rates and their effect upon Empire trade, with special reference to the influence of the Conference system, or of other forms of association, on these rates and on the service provided." This request, the Committee points out, constituted a new position, and it was thought undesirable to present a report on cattle freights alone, in that such a report might, to some extent, prejudice the more general question. There were, however, certain practical issues concerning the conduct of the trade which emerged from the unfinished inquiry into cattle freights, and it was thought well to report separately on these.

Suggested Improvements

A PRINCIPAL point brought out by the Committee was that, since only certain ports in Great Britain have the necessary facilities for cattle, the lines engaged in the cattle trade have frequently had to deviate from general cargo ports to other ports for the purpose of landing their live freight. In such cases the shipowner has to pay the working expenses of the ships while deviating from port to port and also the dues at

two separate ports. The dues at the cattle ports represent, it is shown, from 6 per cent. to 27 per cent. of the freights received, according to the number of cattle carried and the rates charged at the several ports. The Committee, summarizing briefly its recommendations, proposes that (a) facilities should once more be provided for landing cattle at London, Hull, and possibly other ports; and that (b) the British and Canadian Governments should consult in regard to regulations governing the shipment and landing of Canadian cattle with a view to the removal of impediments referred to in the report as contributing to an increase in the cost of the carriage of Canadian cattle.

Canadian Old-Age Pensions

THE payments of pensions to British subjects who are at least seventy years of age and who have lived in Canada for twenty years or more is envisaged in a resolution introduced into the House of Commons at Ottawa by Hon. Dr. J. H. King, acting Minister of Labor. The resolution may possibly carry, and so may the legislation based upon it, because it is simply a matter of putting the whole question up to the Provinces. It is proposed that the Federal Government will pay an amount equal to one-half of any expenditure undertaken by Provincial Governments for this purpose. The Provincial Governments would bear the cost of administration. Only British Columbia had so far expressed a desire for such legislation. In view of the lack of urgency from the Provinces it would seem that such legislation would be best, after a pourparler of representatives of all the Provinces with the Dominion.

Last year a committee of the House of Commons reported in favor of the adoption of some old-age pensions scheme. In drafting the resolution before the House, the Government claims to have adhered closely to the recommendations of that committee. That committee estimated that the number of persons eligible to benefit from the proposal was approximately 98,840, and if each of these persons drew the maximum pension of \$20 a month the payment of the Dominion would amount to about \$11,860,920.

Bovril's Splendid Year

BOVRIL was originated in Canada; the present head of the Company is himself Canadian born, and the Bovril Factory in Montreal is an important asset to this country's industrial community supplying the United States as well as the home market. Therefore, Canadians are always interested in the continual progress of Bovril, Limited.

In addressing the 29th Annual Meeting held recently in London, Sir George Lawson Johnston presented to the shareholders interesting facts of the Company's progress during 1925. Reference was made to the strong financial position of the company as represented by cash assets and to the fact that after adding \$100,000 to the company's pension fund for employees—the net profits of the year amounted to about two million dollars. Reference was also made to the poster competition which the Company carried on in England last year whereby the sum of \$370,000 was raised and donated to British hospitals.

It was also shown that the sales for the year at home and abroad had made substantial gains, in fact being greater than in any previous year in the Company's history. It was pointed out that Bovril Limited is a Company of small shareholders, the average holding being about \$1,100. Half of the shareholders are women, showing that those who know most of the value of Bovril as a food are also interested financially.

The chairman made reference to the progress of the Australian estates of the Company comprising nearly 12,000 square miles, and to the Company's tremendous holdings of pasture lands and cattle in South America and to the development of the Company's business in Canada and the United States.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

WE HAVE received several enquiries regarding the exemptions to which a person may be entitled in the event of litigation being commenced against him, and this has led us to consider it advisable to write an article dealing with the whole subject of exemptions.

As one may readily realize from the consideration of the subject, there were no exemptions of property at Common Law, and prior to the passing of certain statutes dealing with this subject a judgment creditor could seize all a man possessed if necessary to satisfy the judgment. However, for many years the authorities have seen that it should not be possible for a creditor to deprive a man of the necessities of life, because this would work great hardship on any dependents he might have.

In approaching the matter of exemptions there are several points to consider and chiefly whether the subject matter in question is real or personal property. In the case of real property some of the older provinces have no exemptions, but the newer provinces in Canada have decided that a creditor should not be able to deprive a man of his home and so leave his family destitute unless such creditor has been furnished with a voluntary lien upon such property. For this reason statutes have been passed giving a man and his family exemption for the property on which they reside. Naturally there must be a limit to the exemption, and in the four Western provinces this is limited to a sum of from \$1,500.00 to \$3,000.00 in value. Should the property be worth more than this sum a creditor may take proceedings to sell the homestead, but only after paying over the amount of the statutory exemption to the debtor, so as to comply with the Exemption Act.

In the case of farmers the law is even more liberal, as in most cases it provides that a creditor cannot sell the quarter section upon which the debtor resides, and this is the case even where the value of the farm is more than the statutory exemption.

It must be borne in mind that the right of exemption above referred to may be lost by the debtor giving a mortgage or other security on his homestead in the proper form. In such a case his exemption will be lost. The right to claim an exemption only arises as against a judgment creditor or against an assignee in bankruptcy. In other words, the exemption can only be claimed against a creditor who is endeavoring to collect a claim through court process and without any voluntary security from the debtor.

In the case of personal property all the jurisdictions unite in giving to a man the right to retain against his creditors, with few exceptions, the wearing apparel, cooking utensils, tools and bedding necessary to sustain his life. Naturally this means only the bare necessities of existence. The particular articles allowed vary slightly in the different provinces. Also the exemptions allowed against a landlord in some jurisdictions differ from the exemptions allowed against ordinary judgment creditors. Usually the exemptions allowed against a landlord's bailiff are much less than are allowed against the judgment creditor's bailiff.

As in the case of exemptions of land, the farmer is in a better position than the average man, because he is, in most provinces, entitled to retain seed sufficient for sowing the land to crop, and feed sufficient to take care of his stock, and food sufficient to maintain his family for some time. A usual exemption to a debtor is for the tools necessary to carry on his trade, which, in the case of a farmer, includes agricultural implements.

In every province there is a provision for garnishing wages, or salaries in assisting to obtain payment of debts. There are also provisions which give some exemption of salary, the amount varying in the different provinces, being usually at least \$60.00 per month. The legislature has concluded the minimum upon which a man can support himself and his family, and a creditor is not allowed to deprive a man of his minimum salary by garnishing the employer. This, of course is not an absolute exemption, and in the proper case a judge may direct that the debtor pay to the creditor a monthly sum which would bring his net salary below the amount exempted by law from garnishment.

Certain classes of accounts are exempt from attachment proceedings. These consist mostly of the salaries of employees of the Crown. Thus the salaries of Dominion Government civil servants cannot be garnished. On the other hand several of the provinces have passed laws making the salaries of their employees attachable by such proceedings. In the absence of such a statute garnishing proceedings will not lie for the reason that the Crown is above the jurisdiction of the courts and will not be bound by any order of such court without its consent.

Answers to Enquiries

Treesbank, Man. (Q). Wishing to take advantage of your legal information column I kindly beg you to inform me on the following: Last October, 1925, I went to the United States. I paid eight dollars head tax and ten dollars for my passport, as I intended staying, but owing to state of affairs at home was unable to do so and returned to Canada in December, 1925. I went by way of Noyes and returned through Ontario. I was told by the officials at Windsor to get a letter from the mayor of my town stating that I had returned to Canada and send it to Noyes. This I did, but have had no answer to my letters, and none of them have been returned. The customs officials at Windsor said I would get eight dollars back. Could you advise me the proper way to do so.—R. J. Brown.

(A). We presume that you paid head tax at Noyes. You should apply to the office where you paid the tax and ask for a refund certificate. When you can obtain the certificate that office or the United States Immigration Office at Winnipeg will refund you the \$8.00 paid.

Calgary, Alta. (Q). I have been buying a cottage and was wondering how I could tell whether it was on the right lot or not. There is a vacant lot on one side and two lots on the other side. The certificate of title seems to be all right in the Land Titles Office.—Worker.

(A). You should go to a land surveyor and have him survey the property. He will advise you what buildings, if any, are situated on the lot to which you are obtaining title. Such a survey is always advisable if you are purchasing a house which nearly covers the lot, because very serious complications may arise if your house or even the eaves extend over the adjacent lot.

Moose Jaw, Sask. (Q). Please advise how I may obtain separation from my husband. He never gives me enough money to keep the house and the children and never takes me anywhere. Whenever he is drunk he nearly frightens us all to death.—Alice.

(A). To obtain a separation is rather a technical proceeding and we would advise you to consult a local solicitor. He will probably tell you that you will first have to leave your husband before you will be able to apply to the court for their approval of the separation.

Continued on page 53

For the Perfectly Appointed Breakfast Table



GLEAMING mahogany—the glint of silverware—the charm of fragile china. What an ideal setting for the Hotpoint Electric Toaster—the toaster that is as handsome as it is efficient!

The beauty of its nickel-plated surface is matched by the speed and simplicity of its operation. Toast, crisp and golden brown, is made in half a minute. A flip of the bread rack turns the toast without burning your fingers.

Another member of the Hotpoint family which deserves a place at your table is the Hotpoint Percolator. To meet your preference are several styles and sizes. Each is a marvel of beauty—each makes delicious coffee. A safety switch automatically disconnects the circuit should the percolator boil dry.

For luncheons and suppers nothing equals the Hotpoint three-heat Grill. Made of monel metal, the element frame cannot rust or discolor. More and more women are learning the value of this appliance which boils, broils, toasts or fries—and does any two of these operations at once.

Hotpoint Appliances are true and dependable servants for every home. You can obtain them at any electric store or hydro shop.

Hotpoint

SERVANTS for the HOME

Electric Toasters, Grills,
Percolators, Irons, Ranges
Vacuum Cleaners, Etc.

A Canadian General Electric Product

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

An Honest Recommendation

OCCASIONALLY a student who is over-anxious to improve upon his scholastic record, finds himself involved in some proceeding which may have disastrous results in its effect upon his character. A perusal of the letter that follows should cause young men to do some serious thinking before they allow themselves to be tempted away from the straight and narrow way:

"To Whom it May Concern:

"This is to certify that Mr..... was a student in the High School, in regular attendance for four years, and was graduated in the Department.

"In his studies, Mr..... showed good average ability and industry.

"In conduct and character, his record is clean, except for one incident that occurred during the Christmas holidays of his second year. He entered the school office at night by means of a key he had filed. He then broke open a cabinet and wrongfully changed a grade on his permanent record card.

"During the past two years he has been guilty of no serious misconduct; and it is safe to assume that the moral weakness manifested earlier in his course either has been outgrown, or is not characteristic of him."

This is not a Winnipeg incident, but the letter was discussed with a Winnipeg class and this question was put:

Was the principal justified in outlining this incident in the letter of recommendation?

Without exception, the members of the class agreed that there was but one thing the principal could do, and that was to tell the truth regarding the record of the student. In discussion it was pointed out that if recommendations were issued without regard to the important facts in the life of students, all students would suffer before the community.

A second question was then discussed:

Would a student presenting a letter such as this be able to secure a position?

On this point there was considerable doubt. Many of the class members thought that the incident related would be fatal to the student's chances of consideration. One member thought that if the letter went before a "human" employer, the student might be given a trial.

The problem is an interesting one, and if our readers have views on the subject, expressions of opinion will be welcome.

As a help to discussion, readers may be interested in studying the letter that follows:

"Dear Sir:

"You gave me the enclosed recommendation on Monday, September 18th, but I find it almost impossible to secure any kind of position when I show my prospective employer this paper.

"The reference to the mistake I made when I changed my marks makes them suspicious and they tell me that they will let me know when they want me, which is another way of saying that they cannot use my services.

"I have lost a chance to secure some very good positions because of what you have said in this paper. I am afraid to tell employers that I am a graduate because I know they will ask me for a recommendation; and I shall have to show this paper, and thereby end my chances of getting a position.

"Do you think, if you were an employer, and an applicant handed you this sort of recommendation, that you would care for that sort of employee?

"Do you think it right for a fellow to spend several years of hard work at and graduate, only to find that his chances of securing a good position have vanished because of one error which he is bound to regret all his life? I trust, therefore, that you will now give me the kind of recommendation that a graduate of High School ought to have."

We do not know what answer was made to this letter.

Salesmanship Applied

THE mention of the necessity of a knowledge of salesmanship made in connection with the paragraphs on photography as an occupation, brings to mind a new book from the press of the A. W. Shaw Company, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago. This volume of 333 pages is from the pen of Paul W. Ivey, Ph.D., Lecturer on salesmanship in Northwestern University.

The second word of the title is one that should be emphasized, for this book deals particularly with the application of tested plans of salesmanship to business problems. For a young man who is planning to get into business for himself or who may be working for promotion in the business of another, it should prove both interesting and practical.

Among the chapter headings may be mentioned the following: What is Salesmanship?; Creative Salesmanship; Building Values; Types of Customers; Why Customers Buy; How to Build a Personality; The Selling Process; Opening the Sale; and Closing the Sale.

The author points out that in the past most of the efforts of business have been spent in production, but that today the important thing is to sell the goods after they have been produced. "All will agree," he says, "that there is absolutely no use in producing an article unless it can be sold, for an article has very little value until it has been sold. For the sake of argument, let us say it costs \$2.00 to make a vacuum bottle which is to be sold for \$3.00. Until this bottle has been sold, there is not one cent of value in it for the maker, because the money put into its production has not been returned. Now, if the dealer who bought the bottle cannot sell it, naturally he will send no additional orders nor money to the maker, and so to him also the bottle will have little value."

Dr. Ivey does not deal in technical terms. His style throughout the book is similar to the paragraph quoted. As a result, his arguments can be followed without difficulty. All the way through his work he makes his points clear and emphatic by giving illustrations from actual business transactions.

The author points out clearly that there are three kinds of salesmanship:

1. Annunciative. This is attention attracting, but is only ten per cent effective.
2. Descriptive. This is interest- and desire-creating, but is only fifty per cent effective.
3. Action-producing salesmanship. This, by creating desire, also by leading to action, is one hundred per cent effective.

The book, about which the publishers will be pleased upon application to send descriptive circulars, contains an imposing list of some twenty-five business firms which have from time to time made use of the ideas suggested. Manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, and public utilities are among those included.

Thoughts on Thought

THOUGHT is Free.—Shakespeare.

Our thoughts are heard in Heaven.—Young.

Learning without thought is labor lost.—Confucius.

Those that think must govern those that toil.—Goldsmith.

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.—Emerson.

Man thinks, and at once becomes the master of the beings that do not think.—Buffon.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Most men think indistinctly, and therefore cannot speak with exactness.—Johnson.

It is the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner.—Shaftesbury.

Acquire a government over your ideas, that they may come down when they are called, and depart when they are bidden.—Watts.

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 6. Many of the great issues of the Bible are brought before us in the form of questions and among the most interesting of these questions is that which occurs in the following verses:

And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said: Understandest thou what thou readest?

And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.—Acts 8:30-31.

It is clear from this passage that men may from time to time need help in the study of Bible passages and with a view to rendering such help, the Student Christian Movement, 32 Russell Square, London, England, will be pleased to send information concerning publications that are likely to be of interest to those engaged in Bible study and teaching.

Among the recent publications of the Movement are: The Devotional Study of the Bible; The Cross of Jeremiah; the Heart of Israel; and How Readest Thou?—a simple introduction to the New Testament. This last volume will, we think, prove of particular help and interest. It is by Stephen Neill, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Neill says that some people would far rather read a book about the New Testament than the New Testament itself, but that anyone who conscientiously reads How Readest Thou, with a constantly open Bible, will have worked at least once through the whole of the New Testament.

The book is clearly printed and is arranged according to the following divisions: The World to which Jesus Came; How Our Gospels were Written; The Fourfold Gospels; The Teaching of Jesus; The Acts of the Apostles; The Writings of Paul; The Epistle to the Hebrews; The Revelation. Some readers will be particularly interested in the suggestion of the author that the Revelation may profitably be studied from three points of view:

1. The glory of the Risen Lord.
2. The safety of those who fear God.
3. The certainty of God's victory.

Answers to Inquiries

ASASKATCHEWAN correspondent has been written to personally in connection with his inquiry concerning opportunities in electrical work.

A second Saskatchewan subscriber has been answered with regard to his questions on the electrical trade and auto mechanics.

Information concerning methods of securing information about openings in electrical and mechanical work has been sent to a Manitoba reader.

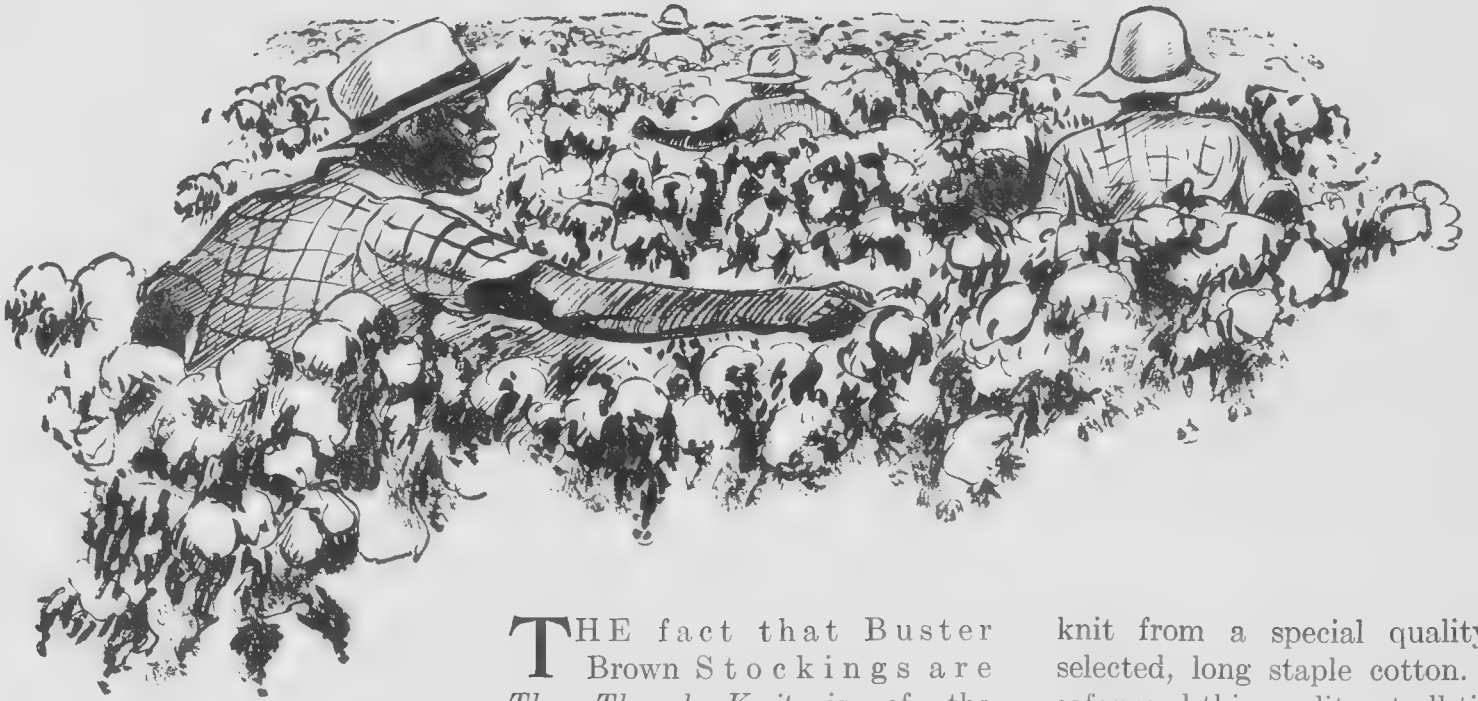
"Farmer's Son" asks the following questions:

Is it possible to become a competent mechanical draftsman by taking a course by mail? Answer: Much of this work may be learned by mail, but the lessons should be supplemented by practical experience.

If so, would it be hard to get a position and what wages would I get? Answer: Getting a position would depend largely upon favorable business conditions. Wages would run probably from \$80 a month up.

Is Mechanical Engineering a good profession? What wages are paid? How long does it take to learn? Answers: A professional mechanical engineer should be able to secure a good position or to work up a practice for himself. His earnings would depend upon his ability to establish himself in the confidence of the public. If he plans to secure the degree of M.E., he should have matriculation, or Grade XI standing, and then would have to follow a university course of about five years. If you are thinking of mechanics as a trade rather than as a profession, you should try at once to secure work where you can learn under conditions of apprenticeship of from three to five years, and at the same time make arrangements to study the theory of the work.

What THREE-THREAD KNIT^{*} Means To Your Mending Basket



***Three-Thread Knit and Button Sewing**

Every woman knows that if she sews on a button with three threads it will hold much longer than if one thread only of three times the weight is used.

It is this same principle, applied to Buster Brown Stockings in the *Three-Thread Knit* process, that gives these stockings a wear-resisting quality and finer appearance obtainable in no other way.

THE fact that Buster Brown Stockings are *Three-Thread Knit* is of the utmost importance to mothers of sturdy, active boys.

Three-Thread Knit (knit from three threads instead of one heavy thread) gives Buster Brown Stockings extra strength. It gives them longer wear. It saves money. *It saves mending.* It costs more, but is worth it.

And *Three-Thread Knit* gives Buster Brown Stockings a softer "feel" and more finely-finished appearance than that of ordinary stockings.

**Knit from a Long Staple Cotton Spun
in Our Own Mills**

In addition to being *Three-Thread Knit*, Buster Brown Stockings are

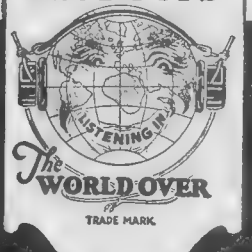
knit from a special quality of selected, long staple cotton. To safeguard this quality at all times, we buy the cotton in the bale and spin it to our own specifications in our own mills. You get the Buster Brown quality in every pair of Buster Brown Stockings.

Buster Brown Stockings offer positively the best investment in boy's stockings. They *do* wear longer, they *do* require less mending, they cost less in the end. Buster Brown Stockings have been sold by most good dry goods stores throughout Canada for many years. Look for the Buster Brown trade-mark on the sole of each stocking.

Chipman, Holton Knitting Co. Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

The **BUSTER BROWN** **THREE-THREAD KNIT** **STOCKINGS FOR BOYS**

Nathaniel
BALDWIN
PRODUCTS



BALDWIN
Loud Speakers

BEFORE YOU DECIDE
HEAR THE BALDWIN

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Banish Pimples
By Using
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.




Radio Development By Robert Mack

REVIEWING the history of radio for the year 1925 is a task something akin to listing the decisive battles of the world. It is to write solely of turning points.

Through the smashing of radio prejudices, the definite establishment of fundamental radio principles and the advancement of new radio theories, 1925 will go down in history as the year in which was discarded all doubt as to the eventual elimination of space as a factor in complete verbal, and possibly visual communication.

The entire world has, in the past twelve months, accepted radio and accorded it a very definite and important place in its scheme of progress. And this despite the fact that a fool's cap was being made ready for it five years ago.

Progress Summarized

Even a casual summary would list the following:

Successful demonstrations of transatlantic rebroadcasting; the transmission and reception of messages half way round the world through the medium of "short waves;" establishment of a permanent chain of broadcasting stations, connected by land wires; a hundred-fold increase in power for broadcasting purposes; the capitulation of the world's leading musical artists to the power of the microphone; a limited but important demonstration of "radio vision"—the transmission and visual reception of reproductions of moving objects; the development and introduction to the public of radio receivers capable of faithfully reproducing sounds; a promise of early establishment of a system of ship-to-shore wireless telephony; general acceptance of the radio compass as the future method of navigation; the establishment of a nation-wide programme of agricultural broadcasting; the trend of broadcasting stations to "covering" important news stories for their listeners; the installation of numerous schools and universities of the air; and finally and most vital, the public expression of a desire that the government take over the task of supervising its system of radio communication.

Famous Singers Capitulate

The very first day of 1925 witnessed one of the turning points in the history of radio, when two of the world's most famous singers led their fellow artists in a compromise with the microphone. In the performance on that day of John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori, for the benefit of a radio audience estimated at 20,000,000, there was, it is true, an element of publicity for the artists and the sponsors of the programme. But there was also the silent admission that radio had demonstrated its ability to provide a faithful reproduction of the singer's voice over distances of hundreds of miles. Since the debut of McCormack and Bori, there remained only a few of the first-rank artists who have not followed them into the broadcasting studio.

First Trans-Atlantic Concert

Scarcely had this point been turned, when, without advance notice, the listening public was surprised to hear through its receivers a concert played in London and broadcast in the United States through the facilities of the Radio Corporation of America.

Prior to this event, radio amateurs had received dot and dash messages from Europe, and occasionally the voice of a foreign fellow amateur. But never before had a trans-Atlantic programme been made audible to the owners of \$5 crystal sets in New York, Schenectady and Washington, and to the owners of tube receivers in all parts of the United States.

Although these rebroadcastings of the spring of 1925 were spotty and imperfect, there have since been made agreements with the British Broadcasting Company and the German government whereby rebroadcasting concerts through improved apparatus, will become a permanent feature of American radio programmes.

Conquest of the Short Wave

The spring of 1925 witnessed the first concerted venture into the realm of the short waves and an accompanying victory for the radio explorer. The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company had brought the short waves to the attention of the public in 1924, when entertainment programmes were shunted on lengths below 100 metres from Pittsburgh to Australia and New Zealand. The 1925 visitation of these low wave lengths, however, delved into the very highest frequencies and with the leaders of the American Radio Relay league and the officials of the Navy Radio Research laboratories showing the way, resulted in the successful transmission and reception of messages over distances half way around the world.

Emboldened by their success, the same leaders will continue their work in 1926, hoping to establish the wave lengths of from one to ten metres as the future medium of the majority of wireless transmission.

"Radio Vision" Perfected

In the early summer came the world's first demonstration of "radio vision," the term applied by Dr. C. Francis Jenkins to his apparatus designed to transmit and receive visually the reproductions of moving objects. In the presence of officials, Dr. Jenkins succeeded in displaying a reproduction of a moving windmill, received by wireless from a laboratory six miles distant.

It was also in the summer that one of the most violent popular prejudices, that against the use of super-power for broadcasting, was smashed. Quietly, but sure of their ground, the leading stations abandoned the 500 watt limit for broadcasting, and transmitters were stepped up gradually to a maximum of five kilowatts. Instead of condemnation came praise from the listening public and the five-kilowatt limit was raised to fifty kilowatts in an epochal broadcasting demonstration by the General Electric Company.

Some D.X.

Clair Foster, operating a small home-made radio transmitting station at Port Alberni, British Columbia, established a new world's record according to information received here today, when he communicated across the Pacific and over 1,000 miles of Australia, while more than a quarter of the distance was in daylight.

It is well-known in radio circles that daylight transmission is very much more difficult than night, and that sending over the sunset or sunrise line offers still greater obstacles to the travel of radio waves.

The most remarkable feature of Mr. Foster's record, however, is the extremely small power used by his transmitter. Instead of a transmitting vacuum tube, he used an ordinary receiving tube, powered with heavy duty "B" batteries intended for reception purposes. The total power required by the Foster transmitter in establishing this trans-Pacific record was only 13 watts, a fraction of the power used by the ordinary electric light bulb. Electric flatirons, for instance usually use about 250 watts.

Radio experts, in discussing this record, ascribe the efficiency of Foster's transmitter to the steady unwavering signals which it emits. The usual amateur transmitter draws its power from alternating current mains causing a hum which detracts from the steadiness of signals. By using batteries, Foster has eliminated this difficulty.

An Alarming Example

Sunday evening his sermon theme will be "Deadly Perils of Marriage." A Spanish family of twelve will be on the platform to sing a number of songs.—From a church item in the Hollywood Daily Citizen.

To-day it's Broadcloths

—and Canadian women find that for beauty of appearance and durability, WABASSO Broadcloths excel any others the Dominion produces.

There is an unusually wide range of fast colours and designs to choose from—many beautiful woven-stripe patterns, and fourteen of the newest and most attractive shades. You are sure to be delighted with them.

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Broadcloths
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Ask your dealer to show you
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12

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Made on a perfect bias that will not shrink in washing, PRISCILLA BIAS TAPE protects the edges of your fine materials and insures a smooth flat finish.



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14 Colours
Lawn and Taffeta
BIAS FOLD TAPE
Made better—in Canada

Six yard lengths—sold in transparent envelopes by all dealers.

The Kay Manufacturing Co.,
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Largest Manufacturers of Bias Tape
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9R

Evelyn Gowan Murphy

The Astonishing Daughter of a Famous Mother

By C. B. Robertson

"WHERE was I born?" Evelyn Murphy pondered deeply upon the interviewer's question. Then, with a chuckle, she said: "That's a bit of a poser, my friend, for, you see, we Murphy youngsters were not, strictly speaking, born at all."

"No?"
"No! At least—not in the accepted sense of the word. To be perfectly frank with you, we were found in the strawberry patch in the Rectory garden at our home in Chatham, Ontario."

"Really? You surprise me!"
"You seem to doubt me, but I assure you that, so vividly was the picture presented to me in my youth, that the idea has persisted to this day!"

"The picture?"

"Yes, the picture of my delighted father in the garden, hopping up and down with delight, calling excitedly to my mother: 'Come quickly, my love! Just see what I have found in the strawberry patch! Another little Murphy! And my dear mother bounding over the grass, questioning joyously: 'Boy or girl, dear?' Then picking me up, hugging me, and declaring: 'Well, well! This is a pleasant surprise!'"

Who are we to doubt the authenticity of the picture?

Not only did the daughter of Janey Canuck enter upon her career in a fashion suited to the offspring of so delightful and whimsical a mother, but it seems to those who know her best, that her whole life and works have been the logical result of the delightful, ideal way in which she introduced herself to her parents and to the world. For it seems that she has realized the ideal things "that dreams are made of," by the simple process of idealizing the real things—the hard facts.

Quite apart from the fact that she is interesting as her mother's daughter (Judge Emily F. Murphy, the aforesaid parent), Evelyn Murphy is a splendid young Canadian woman with a work in the world, distinctly her own; a big job which she does in her own enthusiastic, yet eminently practical way.

After school days, spent, first, at an English school; then at Havergal College, Toronto, and Havergal College, Winnipeg, Evelyn Murphy went home to her family in Edmonton, with a career all nicely arranged for, in her orderly young mind. She would be a writer like her Janey Canuck mother; as nearly like that adored parent as it was possible for a daughter to be!

In 1917 Evelyn Murphy accepted a post on the Edmonton Journal. Or, as she expressed it to me: "I landed the job of Sunshine Editor."

"Sunshine Editor, what's that?"
"Supervisor and publicity man for a charitable organization for poor families who are up against it. In this part of the world it's especially a blessing to families on homesteads. I loved the work and I shall never forget the marvellous thrill that was mine, the day that my first Sunshine story appeared—my first stuff to be published!"

This relief work flourished amazingly, and, in 1920, when a relief depot was

established in Calgary by the Alberta Government, to provide clothing, boots and bedding—and other necessities of life to needy families in the drought areas in the southern parts of the province, Evelyn Murphy was put in charge.

The young "Sunshine Editor," "divinely tall and most divinely fair," was chosen as supervisor of this tremendous undertaking. Confronted with the responsibility, as she puts it: "I gasped, gulped, took a long breath, exclaimed: 'Here goes—sink or swim,' and dived head-first into the enterprise!"

"I was in charge of all the work, there," she brags vaingloriously, and had a staff of workers under me. They were a great care to one so young, but then I don't doubt that I, also, was something of an anxiety to my governmental employers upon occasion. As the poet so feelingly expresses it:

A flea
"Has smaller fleas that on him prey,
And those have smaller still, to bit 'em,
And so proceed, ad infinitum!"
(I may here parenthetically interpolate the information that Evelyn Murphy bursts into quotation with great frequency, and little or no excuse.)

The relief work went forward at a great pace; the young supervisor, by virtue of her enthusiasm, her fine brain, and the fact that she was—as she still is—"a glutton for work," was most successful.

"Hundreds and hundreds of bales of clothing and things," she told me today, "were shipped from the depot."

It is a fact that "hundreds and hundreds" of farmers, and farmer's wives, and farmer's children blessed the tireless efforts of the thoroughly efficient young supervisor and her staff—all their work inspired with by a sincere spirit of service.

This work was naturally, only a temporary thing, and when all was well once more with agricultural Alberta, and the work was done—in 1921—the Government placed Evelyn Murphy where her eager young mind and undoubted ability would still be at their service. She was made Librarian of the Women's Home Bureau Service, Department of Agriculture. She has held that position for five years, and according to those who are in a position to know, is the right woman in the right place.

MISS MURPHY has charge of the reference library, and of the travelling libraries for the use of the rural population of the Province of Alberta. She it is who chooses the reading matter to be sent out. She is, herself, a discriminating reader, appreciative of what is good in literature, what is a sincere, human, and enlightening, though the author's subject be anything from poetry to poultry. And it may be said that, in choosing fruit from the tree of knowledge to pack off to Alberta homes, this wholesome young Canadian, lets no "rotten" fruit get by! What she gives out is sound, sweet fruit of

Continued on page 84



Evelyn Gowan Murphy

Put off buying Shaving Cream a few days

Accept, please, a
10-day tube of this
unique creation
to try



GENTLEMEN: The last few years have brought many new comforts into people's lives. Palmolive Shaving Cream is one.

Millions are discarding old-type shaving soaps and turning to shaving creams. And Palmolive, we believe, is just the cream you want.

We knew when we started making it that we had a hard path to travel. That most men were wedded to one soap or another. And that to win, we had to excel in many ways.

1000 men told us

So we asked 1000 men to name their ideal in a shaving soap. They named four, and we added the fifth that they had forgotten.

We were qualified to meet those desired as you know. This laboratory is 60 years old. It has created, among other things, Palmolive Soap, the world's leading toilet soap.

We made and discarded 130 formulas before reaching our marked goal. But when we did, we had an amazing creation from what men told us.

5 new joys

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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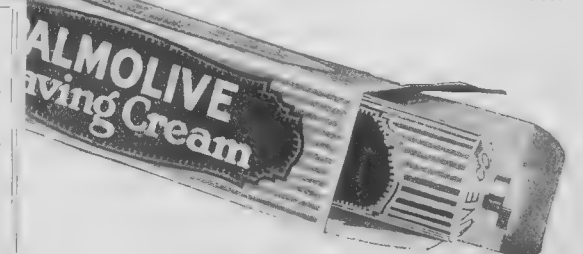
Now in courtesy to us will you not accept a trial of Palmolive Shaving Cream? It may be what you want, or it may not. You alone can tell. Send the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

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10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
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Made in Canada

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

THERE are, at my elbow, three novels that have more than usual interest for me, because it so happens I met each of the three authors within the same week. I'm always glad when I happen to meet the authors of books I'm reading because then I feel I can make my monthly chat with you more interesting. But today as I begin this article, I half wish I hadn't met any of them! I find their personalities interfering with my estimate of their books and the things they said to me are getting mixed up with the things their fiction characters say—and this is a state of affairs that is damaging to one who tries to be a cool, detached, honest reader!

TAKE for instance, "The Death of Society" by Romer Wilson. Romer Wilson is, in private life, Mrs. O'Brien, the wife of that O'Brien who yearly gives us a volume of "The Best Short Stories." We were staying at the same hotel at Brighton and I had several interesting conversations with her. It is true she smoked far too many cigarettes, and seemed a trifle bored with life, but she had a most delightful, human mother and they both played bridge very well. Romer Wilson told me many fascinating things about noted writers, and late one night she spared me a piece of delicious bread and butter (and she had but three slices!). Surely it is difficult after those talks, those games of bridge and that piece of bread and butter, to review "The Death of Society" coldly, just as if I had never seen the author's particular fetching red-heeled shoes? But how else am I to talk of a novel which won a five hundred dollar literary prize, and is yet incomprehensible to me. I am not a stupid person. I have a fairly wide experience of men and women, and I am not incapable of living in the world of imagination. I have passed through the Ibsen idolatry stage, and have even succeeded in appreciating some of Tchekov's stories. But I cannot make head or tail of "The Death of Society." My imagination cannot conceive of an Englishman, an Englishman mark you, falling hysterically in love with the wife of a man at whose house he seeks shelter over night. I cannot conceive of such a household even in Norway (although I've never been there!) as Romer Wilson portrays for us in the Ingman family. Old man Ingman, yes. Philosopher, thinker, friend of Ibsen, rival of Brandes, ironic, humorous, subtle, yes. He is a real living creature—until he cheerfully accepts his wife's infidelity. Ingman's daughters are quite real to me because not having been in Norway I am prepared to believe that charming, refined young girls sit upon the knees of casual visitors, men who seek shelter over night; sit upon their knees and say "I love you." But Rose Ingman—Oh no, no, no! Her husband and two grown-up daughters speak English quite fluently; she, not a word. Not even "sit down." She turns her blue eyes upon our young Englishman and he is driven mad. For pages and pages they talk to each other, each speaking a language that the other does not understand. At the end of these wild speeches which fortunately for me were in English, they fall into each other's arms. The Death of Society forsooth! Nearly the death of me; for the style and atmosphere was so wonderful that I would have given anything, even to my last piece of bread and butter, to have understood that novel. In justice to Romer Wilson, I should say that she calls this novel a "Conte de Fee" and after all, anything can happen when Englishmen meet fey Norwegian women!

Perhaps some of my readers will remember Peggy Webling, for she has been in Canada for long periods, I believe. There was a time in her life when she toured Canada and America with equally gifted sisters, and they gave dramatic recitals. The one act plays were by "Peggy." It was at the Lyceum Club that I met this writer. The minute I heard her speak I wanted to read her novels for she gave me the impression of a woman with a great sense of humour and a directness of character that was most refreshing. Her smiling countenance and charm of manner were delightful. The very next day I got

hold of one of her novels, not by any means the latest, called "Boundary House." I was "into" the story at once for I knew just where I was supposed to be (and after "The Death of Society," this was refreshing). Then "Boundary House" dealt with everyday people, trades people—and here again I felt at home. I understand fruit and vegetable stores better than the Ingman household. When Old Fob appeared on the scene I was enchanted. Anyone that had the humour to call himself Old Fob was worth meeting. Then he opened a toy shop and I longed to write his advertisements for him as I used to do for the toy department of the T. Eaton Co! But Old Bob Fob turned out to be a dreadful creature and by her portrayal of him, Peggy Webling proved that she has a gruesome imagination and a sense of the melodramatic as well as humour! Now, get you to "Boundary House!"

Charms and the Man!

I AM glad I read Gilbert Frankau's new novel "Masterson" before meeting him and hearing him speak. For had I fallen victim to the charm of this brilliant man before reading his novel, I could never have arrived at a sane estimate. With his rather unpleasant, unforgettable voice uttering brilliant epigrams, still ringing in my ears, and with his ingratiating smile hovering between the printed word and my eyes, how could I have escaped reading into "Masterson," virtues it does not possess? To be more explicit—Gilbert Frankau told his audience somewhat of his methods. He explained why he packed his novels with details that to the superficial reader might seem un-

necessary padding; why he never "fluffed" (an English word, mark you) a situation but drove straight from the shoulder, never speaking of blood as gore but always as blood. When he speaks, Gilbert Frankau is irresistible. Had I heard him before reading "Masterson," I am quite sure that I would have found the ending tremendously interesting and satisfying. As it is, I can say quite truthfully that the last lap bored me almost to tears, and not even the memory of Gilbert Frankau's smile can efface my annoyance at the clumsy way in which he brought Her and Him together. Fancy dragging a perfectly respectable, nearly middle-aged spinster secretary (who ought to have been attending to her duties) across the continent of Europe to an inaccessible corner of Abyssinia, for the purpose of giving Masterson a wife! Had I not read "Masterson," I would not have had the joy of witnessing Gilbert Frankau rise to speak in just the modest, effective, dramatic manner that the fine Jewish character, Adrian Rose displayed at a certain banquet in this novel. "Masterson" is a novel that one cannot put down until the complete smash up of Masterson's marital happiness. After that point, it is hard to keep on reading. And now I am unable to disentangle my remarks. For what I say of "Masterson" is what Gilbert Frankau claims as the essential of a "best seller." And this brilliant writer cuts the ground from under all critics by saying: "I write commercial novels for the purpose of making a living. They must be good novels otherwise they would not sell in the quantities that I desire." These were not his exact words but they carry his message. What has

made "Masterson" a best seller within a week of publication? The story. Here we have for a hero a fabulously wealthy bachelor. Very strong physically, slow mentally, absolutely honest, a perfect English gentleman. What more could a feminine heart desire? This perfectly adorable hero wins for his wife a young girl whose physical beauty masks the most loathsome character conceivable. She is thoroughly bad, with no redeeming point, is this Irene. Is that not an irresistible theme? Add to it a thoroughly fine young woman toiling for her daily bread, a couple of young men, one as bad as Irene, the other a weak nothing; and into this circus ring place Adrian Rose, a much finer man, and more cleverly drawn than our hero, and give him the power to crack the whip and set the animals performing—and there we have our best seller.

Said Gilbert Frankau, "I have a nasty, commonplace, middle-class mind" this time I report his actual words. "What pleases me, pleases the majority of my countrymen. I understand women, but I admit I am more at home with the bad ones." "Masterson" proves this statement but it proves something more—that Gilbert Frankau has terrific powers of description, and though he seems to delight in describing filth, he can rise to heights of nobility, otherwise he could not have given us two magnificent types; Masterson, the Englishman; Rose, the Jew.

When I remonstrated with Mr Frankau about his "Irene," he said: "She is so utterly bad, no one will try to excuse her conduct, therefore I've done no harm in depicting her." I now turned to Masterson the hero and regretted he was such a fool. "Of course he is," flashed Frankau, "He's a perfect English gentleman."

"They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait"

GIAN-LUCA was a waiter. He stood for many hours each day, and he served. He was a poet too, but inarticulate. He was a philosopher and in his attempt to give expression to his philosophy, the foundations of reason rocked. Gian-Luca is the "hero" of "Adam's Breed" by Radclyffe Hall about whose silly novel "Saturday's Child," I wrote some time ago. This is not a silly novel. It is a great novel. It is literature. In my opinion it is the finest novel that has been written for many years. And I say this knowing that Wells, and Arnold Bennett and Willa Cather, and Susan Gaskell and E. Barrington and dozens of others have contributed to the notable fiction of these years.

I was prejudiced when I took up "Adam's Breed" (McClelland and Stewart of Toronto). The author, Radclyffe Hall had antagonized me by writing "Saturday's Child." I knew (then) nothing about this Radclyffe Hall. The little I learnt later was through the pages of "T.P.'s Weekly" in which she contributed to a regular feature "In the Days of My Youth." It was interesting to read but in no way encouraged me to like "Adam's Breed!" But I had not read more than the first chapter before my soul went forth with joy to meet this new novel. You know this feeling, of course. To the lover of books is given a sixth sense by which he knows when he is face to face with a great piece of work.

There is so much that is admirable about "Adam's Breed." In the first place, the dramatic opening is magnificent. How finely reticent is Radclyffe Hall; so unlike Gilbert Frankau. In a few lines we learn that Teresa's young daughter is dead; the illegitimate infant son is alive; Teresa has lost her faith; the faith that was the very breath of life before this fearful catastrophe overtook a happy Italian family, owners of a provision store in Soho where gourmets seek food. No wallowing in the details of the seduction, the betrayal, the mental agony of the months preceding the birth of the child, or in the physical agony that culminated in the child-mother's death. Not a word to offend. A few swift strokes and we know why Teresa holds up the infant grandson to the lamp-lit image of the Virgin, and with a gesture of repudiation says:

Continued on page 53



—Photo by Dan McCowan

Evening on Sundance Bay, Canadian Rockies



Today—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—*never rub*. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffier. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingerie—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunk—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For nowadays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's darling little gingham, bright as Easter eggs, your nice sheets and fine, monogrammed towels—*all* must go into plentiful, softly cleansing Lux suds! These sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays,

they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.

So little Lux will do your biggest wash—do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry—you really need so little. When you look at that great pile of snowy clothes—it seems like magic that it took so little Lux.

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap! Whether you're washing just a bit of finery or the whole laundry Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft.

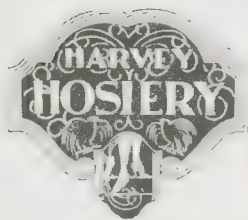
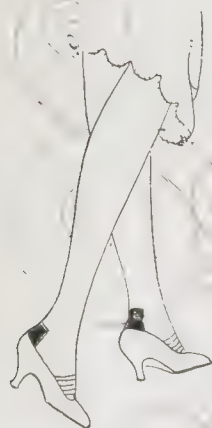
Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm.
Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

Are You Correctly Costumed



Harvey Hosiery To Match Your Gown

HARVEY HOSIERY TO MATCH YOUR GOWN—DISTINCTIVE, DAINTY, DURABLE

In all the season's alluring shades, pointed or square heel, dress or sport hose, every pair reinforced where the strain is greatest.

A Harvey Hose for every taste. Some with lisle tops, others with finest of silk to the top and with the famous stop-run feature.

Harvey Hosiery is sold all over Canada at prices within the reach of all.

Dealers, Attention: A full range of samples is on display at our sample rooms, 713 New Birk's Bldg., Montreal; 803 Kent Bldg., Toronto; 603 Hammond Bldg., Winnipeg.

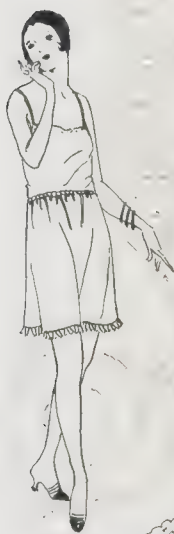
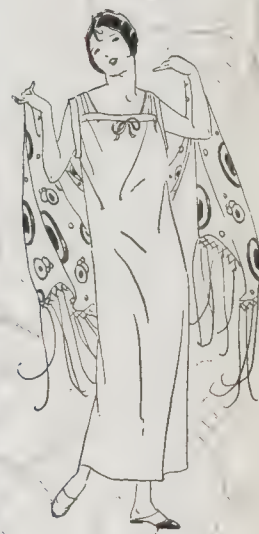
Hosiers Limited
WOODSTOCK - CANADA

The small hosiery pictures shown depict some of the styles made by Hosiers

Shown are the Square Heel effect in silk hose and the extra fine silk hose—silk to the top and with the famous stop-run feature.



Over Lovely Silk Lingerie?



Luxurious Fabrics Perfectly Tailored

Your intimate garments must be a perfect foundation for your outer clothes. They must be dainty and faultlessly fitting to insure perfect appearance.

Harvey Tailored Underwear is in vogue with every step of fashion. Harvey garments of beautiful colors look well, launder well, fit well and wear well.

Harvey Tailored Underwear in its distinctive tailoring is something that women in any walk of life cannot afford to be without.

There's a touch of quality to every Harvey garment.

Dealers, Attention: A full range of samples is on display at our sample rooms, 713 New Birks Bldg., Montreal; 602 Kent Bldg., Toronto; 402 Hammond Block, Winnipeg.

Harvey Knitting Co. Limited
WOODSTOCK — 8 — CANADA



"My mother uses"
**MAGIC
BAKING POWDER**
Does yours?"

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO-CANADA



Sandwiches You Will Enjoy

THERE are innumerable occasions when we wish to serve sandwiches. They form the basis of a picnic, are essential to the lunch basket, and may often form the main part of the family lunch or supper. The bread may be white or dark, yeast bread or one of the quick breads. The fillings may be substantial enough to make the sandwich the main dish of the meal, or merely a dainty appetizer, or if of some sweet variety, will be a satisfactory dessert.

The bread should be a day old at least, so that it will readily cut in thin slices. The butter should be creamed till quite soft, that it will spread easily and smoothly. If the crusts are to be trimmed off, they ought to be removed before spreading with butter or filling, to prevent waste. Butter and filling should be put right to the edge of the bread, not just in the middle—butter on both slices, filling on one. Filling should be a smooth paste, not in unsightly lumps. After the sandwiches are made, they may be kept fresh for some hours if wrapped in waxed paper, or in a piece of cheese cloth, with another cloth wrung out of water, wrapped around it. It may be necessary, if some hours will elapse before the sandwiches are eaten, to wrap a third cloth, a dry one, around the package, if it is not placed in a tin box.

There are a great many garnishes which will make the serving of the sandwiches attractive. Celery tips, pickles, cut in strips or slices, slices of olives, strips of pimento, rings of green peppers, sprigs of parsley or water-cress, halves of walnut meats, bright flowers such as nasturtiums, are all useful. Paper napkins and lace paper doyleys will make the most ordinary box attractive.

Rolled Sandwiches

There may be some occasion when one wishes to serve rolled sandwiches, but they take time so that it will not be when a number are to be made for very hungry people. The bread must be fresh, and cut so thin that the knife can almost be seen through it while cutting it. Heating the knife in hot water will help. Remove the crusts from a loaf of bread, then cut the slices lengthwise of the loaf. Spread with soft creamed butter, and any desired filling, roll tightly like a jelly-roll, and pack till serving time in a box or covered dish, lined with waxed paper or cheese cloth. Fasten the last lap of the roll with a little butter, and place the sandwich in the dish with the lapped side down. Variety may be secured by using two or three colored fillings in each sandwich. Place any kind of filling on the first portion of the slice. Where it ends, put a second color, and a third color on the last third. The ends of the rolls will show a spiral of the three colors.

Open Sandwiches

Open sandwiches have the filling placed on one slice of bread, and served in that way no upper slice of bread placed on it. They may be very attractive, especially for afternoon tea.

Layer Sandwiches

Layer sandwiches are very easy to make and may be of many varieties. The bread is cut in slices $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, spread with butter and filling, and piled on top of each other, using any number of

slices wished. White and brown slices may be alternated. When ready to serve, cut the pile in slices, either across the end or diagonally. Fillings of varying colors may be used.

Olive Cheese Sandwich

Mix together chopped stuffed olives and cream or cottage cheese. Spread between slices of buttered graham bread. Cut in narrow strips.

Egg Salad Sandwich

Hard-cooked eggs Walnut meats.



Piquant Sandwiches Tempt Jaded Appetites

Olives
Small sweet pickles
Salad dressing
Lettuce

Mash the eggs, chop the nut meats, olives, cucumber pickles. Moisten with salad dressing, spread on buttered bread, cover with a lettuce leaf, and a second slice of buttered bread.

Chopped Meat Sandwiches

Unless meat is very tender, it makes a more satisfactory filling when chopped than if sliced. It is aggravating to bite a sandwich and have all the meat come from between the slices of bread with the first bite, or to have the meat refuse to break when you attempt to break a sandwich in two. Beef, pork, ham, chicken, veal, corned beef, are all good fillings, if ground through the food chopper, seasoned well with salt and pepper, perhaps a little very finely chopped celery, parsley or ripe tomato, and moistened with melted butter or salad dressing. This filling may be spread on the buttered bread or may be moulded in a small bowl, then sliced very thinly and put between the slices of bread.

Marmalade Nut Sandwiches

Spread one slice of buttered bread with orange marmalade. On its mate spread cream cheese mixed with chopped nut meats. Press the two slices together, and cut in fancy shapes.

Pimento Cheese Sandwiches

Cream the cheese till smooth, then work in one

or more canned pimentos, rinsed in cold water, then wiped with cheese cloth and chopped. Spread on buttered bread, put a lettuce leaf on the other slice of bread and press the two together.

Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Peanut butter is a prime favorite with the majority of children. It may be used just as it comes from the jar or can, or may be combined with a variety of other flavors.

Peanut butter and salad dressing.

Peanut butter and chopped pickles.

Peanut butter and chopped dried fruits—raisins, dates, figs.

Peanut butter and chopped cooked ham.

Cheese Dreams, 1

Spread one slice of buttered bread with cream cheese, and its mate grape jelly, strawberry, gooseberry, plum or currant jam. Press the two slices together.

Bacon Sandwiches

Chop crisp bacon very fine after cooking and draining it. Mix with a little grated onion, pimento, shredded lettuce, and moisten with salad dressing.

Horseradish Sandwiches

Spread buttered brown bread with grated horseradish mixed with heavy cream.

Mushroom Sandwiches

Chop the fresh mushrooms, cook in a frying pan in plenty of butter. Add salt and pepper, and when the mushrooms brown stir in enough flour to take up the surplus butter and liquid from the mushrooms. Cool and spread on thin slices of bread, which do not require butter, as there will be enough with the mushrooms.

Pineapple Cheese Sandwiches

Mix together crushed pineapple and cream cheese. Spread on either white or brown bread.

Almond Cheese Sandwiches

Mix together cream cheese, finely chopped almonds and a few drops of lemon juice. Spread between slices of whole wheat bread.

Cheese and Raisin Sandwich

Moisten the raisins with orange juice, letting them stand in it half an hour or longer. Chop. Moisten the cheese with a little cream, work in the chopped raisins, and spread on brown bread.

Bacon and Cheese Sandwiches

Eggs
Worcester sauce
Bacon
Chopped cheese
Salt, paprika
Bread

Beat the number of eggs required, add enough grated cheese to absorb most of the egg, season with the Worcester sauce, salt and paprika, mix and spread on the bread, lay thin slices of bacon on top of each and cook in a hot oven till the bacon is done. Three eggs will be enough for eight slices of bread. Serve hot for a luncheon or supper main dish.

Egg and Cheese Sandwiches

Butter, 2 tb.
Hard boiled egg yolks, 3
Grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Salt, pepper, mustard to taste.

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Continued from page 47

Cream the butter, work in the mashed egg yolks, cheese and seasonings. Spread on white bread, cover with another slice, and serve either toasted or untoasted.

Cheese and Catsup Sandwiches

Season chopped or grated cheese with mustard, paprika, a little cayenne, and moisten with tomato catsup or Chili sauce. Spread between slices of buttered white bread.

Cheese Dreams, 2

Put thin slices of cheese between slices of buttered white bread, brown in butter in a hot frying pan. Serve with hot well-seasoned tomato sauce.

Toasted Marmalade Cheese Sandwiches

Toast thin slices of Graham bread, spread lightly with creamed butter, then one slice with cream cheese, the other with marmalade, press together, and reheat.

Celery Nut Sandwiches

Between slices of buttered white or brown bread, spread chopped nut meats mixed with twice as much finely chopped celery and moistened with salad dressing.

Toasted Cinnamon Sandwiches

Butter thin slices of white bread, spread with brown sugar and cinnamon in the proportion of 2 t. cinnamon to 1/2 c. sugar. Press two slices together, toast and cut in strips.

Club Sandwiches

For each sandwich allow:

One slice of toast, buttered.

A lettuce leaf, spread with salad dressing.

Sliced tomato.

Strips of cooked bacon.

A slice of cooked chicken, tongue or veal or a layer of chopped hard cooked egg.

Another lettuce leaf, spread with salad dressing.

Another slice of buttered toast.

Garnish with slices of pickle.

Cheese Club Sandwich

Between slices of toast put lettuce leaves, bacon, more lettuce, and over it pour hot cheese sauce, for a substantial luncheon dish.

Egg and Sardine Sandwich

Three hard cooked eggs, mashed, 1 t. Worcester sauce, 1/4 c. finely chopped celery, 2 tb. chopped sardines, mixed together with enough salad dressing to moisten.

Hot Ham and Egg Sandwiches

Toast the desired number of slices of bread, butter lightly. Beat four eggs, add one-third c. milk, pour into a frying pan with melted butter in it, and when the egg begins to thicken, stir in 2 c. chopped cooked ham, and stir till creamy and hot. Put between slices of toast, and serve very hot.

Fruit Sandwiches

Chopped raisins, figs, nut meats, moistened with orange juice, and spread on brown bread.

Cress and Radish Sandwiches

Wash and dry fresh watercress. Put on a thin slice of buttered bread. Cover with a layer of very thinly sliced radishes, and a second slice of buttered bread.

Egg Sandwiches

Beat several eggs, according to the

number of sandwiches needed, and scramble till rather hard. Cool and mix to a smooth paste with salad dressing. Season well and spread on buttered bread.

Rich Fruit Sandwiches

Soak 1/2 lb. of large prunes overnight, pour boiling water on 1 lb. of dates, wipe, cool and stone. Add 1 lb. of seedless raisins to the dates and prunes and put them through the food chopper. Add 1 t. vanilla, a little cinnamon, and moisten with a little fruit juice or syrup.

Honey Nut Sandwiches

Chop raisins, and nut meats, using either walnuts or peanuts, and moisten with honey. Spread between slices of brown bread.

Sandwich Breads

There are many delicious breads which may be made for sandwiches, either with filling or with only butter between the slices.

Prune Bread

Sugar, 1 c.	Prune juice, 1/2 c.
Butter, 2 tb.	Salt, 1/2 t.
Egg, 1	Soda, 1 t.
Nut meats, 1/2 c.	Baking powder, 1 t.
Stewed prunes, 1 1/2 c.	Flour, 1 1/2 c.
1/2 c.	Graham flour, 1 c.
	Sour milk, 1 c.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, chopped nuts, prunes cut in fine pieces. Mix the soda with the sour milk, sift the white flour, baking powder, and salt, and mix with the Graham flour. Add alternately with the sour milk and prune juice. Beat well and bake in a moderate oven about 1 1/2 hours.

Peanut Butter Bread

This is very popular with the children and is excellent for their lunch baskets.

Sugar, 1/3 c.	Milk, 1 c.
Peanut butter, 1/3 c.	Flour, 2 1/2 c.
1/3 c.	Baking powder, 4 t.
Egg, 1	Salt, 1/2 t.

Cream the sugar and peanut butter, beat the egg well, add it alternately with the flour, baking powder and salt sifted together. Bake in a bread pan in a moderate oven.

Dark Nut Bread

Brown sugar, 1/4 c.	Bread flour, 1 c.
Hot water, 3/4 c.	Baking powder, 3 t.
Molasses, 1/2 c.	Soda, 1/2 t.
Milk, 3/4 c.	Salt, 1 t.
Nut meats, 1/2 c.	Graham flour, 2 c.

Mix the sugar, hot water, molasses, and milk, add the Graham flour mixed with the white flour, salt, soda, baking powder sifted together. Then add the nut meats.

Boston Brown Bread

Corn meal, 1 c.	Soda, 1 t.
Rye meal, 1 c.	Salt, 1 t.
Graham flour, 1 c.	Molasses, 3/4 c.
	Sour milk, 2 c.

White flour may be used instead of rye flour. Mix the dry ingredients, add the liquids, and chopped raisins if wished. Put in well buttered baking powder cans, cover and steam in a kettle of boiling water for three or four hours. The cans should sit on a false bottom in the kettle and the boiling water comes about half way up on the cans. If eaten hot, cut the slices off with a string. For sandwiches, it may be sliced thin with a sharp knife when cold. The various cheese fillings are good with this bread.

Continued on page 49

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Different Ways With Eggs

By Martha R. Wilmore

EGGs are even richer than milk in iron. On account of this richness in iron eggs is one of the first foods to be added to the milk diet of young children. However for a time eggs should only supplement the milk in the child's diet and not be allowed to displace it to any extent.

Eggs are easily digested and especially so if soft cooked at a temperature below that of boiling water. It is best never to boil an egg for its texture then becomes rubbery and hard to digest. The best method of cooking eggs is to place them in a pan of boiling water and remove to back of stove, letting them stand from five to forty minutes. Seven minutes of cooking would be soft-cooked and forty minutes hard cooked.

No doubt some mothers will say, "Eggs, yes I know that they are good for a child but I have tried and tried to have my Willie or Susie eat them but they refuse." Do not give up trying, for some day you

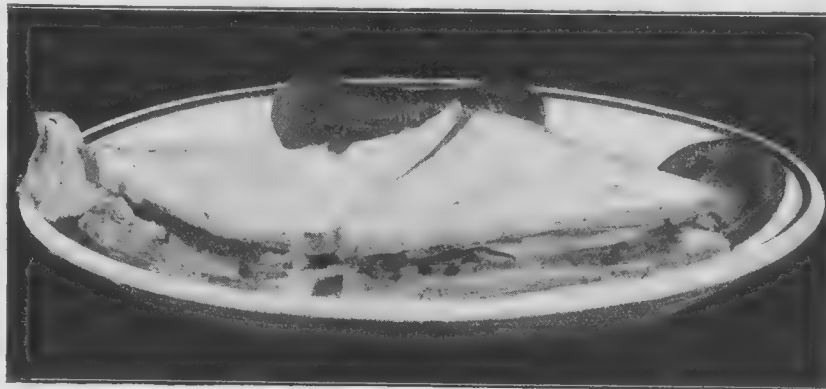
thoroughly heat the yolk, having the oven of moderate heat when the egg is placed in it.

Hide-Aways

Wash and bake six good-sized potatoes; cut slice from top of each; remove contents carefully. Add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley; whites of two eggs well beaten; three tablespoons butter; four tablespoons milk, and a dash of salt. Line potato shells with mixture; place in the centre of each a poached egg; cover top with potato mixture and bake until a golden brown.

Golden-Rod Eggs

3 hard-cooked eggs ½ t. salt
1 tb. butter 5 slices of toast
1 tb. flour 1 c. of milk parsley
Make a thin white sauce with butter, flour milk and seasonings. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Chop whites fine and add them to the sauce. Cut four slices



Olive Cheese Sandwiches

will find just the thing that changes your child's attitude towards such foods.

If your child is adverse to eating eggs, do not try to put them into his daily menu but allow several days to pass and then surprise him with one of the unusual egg dishes. The value of the egg is going to be just the same whether it is eaten in custard, disguised in an egg lemonade or found in Hideaways. Allow some days to elapse before you spring "Egg in the Nest" or Golden-rod eggs on him. If he is especially hungry all the better, for his appetite will have an added zest. Continue to serve eggs in different ways and before long eggs will have become a part of his usual diet.

Do not try to force your child by command to make him include some special article of food in his diet. Persuasion is much more effective if no words are used at all. Ingenuity regarding attractive and original ways of serving these foods brings more satisfactory results to a mother than either command or persuasion. Do not serve soft boiled or poached eggs day after day and expect the child to relish them you would soon tire of that kind of food yourself so just put yourself in the child's place.

Here are a few interesting and attractive ways of serving the eggs and children never grow tired of them it seems.

Egg in a Nest

A very tempting way to serve eggs is this. The white of the egg should be beaten to a stiff froth and piled on a piece of nicely browned toast. The yolk is then dropped in the centre, and toast and egg placed in the oven and allowed to cook just enough to brown the whites and

of toast in halves lengthwise. Arrange on platter and pour over the sauce. Force the yolks through the potato ricer or strainer, sprinkling over the top, garnish with parsley and the remaining toast cut in points. Sometimes I use heated shredded wheat biscuit instead of the toast to make a change and surprise the children.

Egg Lemonade or Egg Orangeade

For egg lemonade pare the skin of one lemon very thin and put in saucepan with sugar and water. Boil five minutes, strain and set aside to cool, then add lemon juice. Beat the yolk of the egg very stiff; mix with some of the lemonade, and stir in the white of egg beaten stiff. Serve this at once.

For the orangeade, squeeze juice of orange into a glass. Beat the white and yolk of egg separately, very stiff. Mix yolk, orange juice and sugar; and fold in the white of egg. Serve at once.

Royal Scallop

For Royal Scallop which makes a very attractive and appetizing dish to serve for Sunday night tea use either cold boiled ham or smoked ham, putting it through the meat grinder. Put a layer of ham, a layer of chopped hard boiled eggs, cracker crumbs or bread crumbs and so on until your casserole or bake dish is filled. Pour over all a thin white sauce and cover the top with buttered crumbs. Bake until golden brown in a medium oven. If one uses the glass baking dishes this dish is especially attractive with its colors of pink, yellow and white, topped by the golden brown, and is very satisfying as well.

Different Dishes to Tempt the Appetite

By Barbara Brooks

THIS is the time of year when food seems to have lost its savor. Unless we live where we have access to the city markets, we are dependent, to a great extent, upon food from our own storage places and preserve closets, and it is harder than ever to serve meals which are different enough to be interesting.

We are going to pass on to you some suggestions given to us by a farm woman—one of those good cooks and wise mothers who knows how to feed her family so as to provide them with both food and flavor.

A favorite dinner dish of hers is cab-

bage stuffed with sausage meat. Remove the leaves from a head of cabbage, wash them thoroughly, then line a baking dish with several layers of them, arranging the leaves so that they look like a whole head of cabbage. Fill the centre with sausage meat, either made into individual cakes or into a roll. Sprinkle the cabbage with salt. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until the cabbage is tender. If laxative material is desired, some all-bran can be mixed with the sausage meat.

A sauce may be served with stuffed cabbage. If you have cream, whip one-

Continued on page 50

Left-over ham will become perfectly delicious if you follow this unusual recipe

HAM MOUSSE

(Six Servings)

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¼ cup hot water
2 cups chopped, cold boiled ham, chicken or other meats
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoonful mixed mustard
¼ cup heavy cream or evaporated milk
Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water, and add to chopped or ground ham; when cold add mustard, cayenne, and cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water. Chill, remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with parsley.

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Different Dishes to Tempt the Appetite

Continued from page 49

half cup and season it with grated horse-radish. If cream is not available a tomato sauce is good.

Another substantial spring meal is Italian spaghetti. The following sauce comes from a farm woman of Italian descent. A quantity of it can be made in tomato season and canned for winter use, or it may be made when needed, using canned tomatoes. The tomato paste called for in the recipe can be bought at the grocers or tomatoes can be cooked down until a thick paste is formed.

Italian Spaghetti

Italian spaghetti, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Oil (lard may be used), 3 tb.
Black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sliced onion, 1
Tomato paste, 3 tb.
Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Canned tomatoes, 2 c.
Sugar, 1 tb.
Grated cheese, 1 c.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water. Drain, mix with tomato sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Tomato Sauce

Heat the oil with the black pepper. Add onion and cook until light brown. Mix tomato paste and water and add, cooking until the paste looks dry. Add canned tomatoes and cook 45 minutes. Add sugar and cook 15 minutes longer.

Canned fruits, jams and jellies add much to meals. A plain dessert of cottage pudding will be glorified with a sauce made by beating raspberry jam into creamed butter and sugar (hard sauce). Pieces of sparkling jelly will brighten up the common meringue on floating island or bread pudding. A tart jelly such as cranberry or currant, beaten into mayonnaise, is delicious in fruit salad.

Canned peaches, pears, apples or pineapple can be chopped and rolled into a

baking powder dough. Place this in a pan, dot with butter and pour the fruit juice around it. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes, or cover and cook on top of the stove until the dough is thoroughly steamed.

Canned Spaghetti

Canned spaghetti has the advantage of coming already prepared in a cheese and tomato sauce. Heat it by immersing the unopened can in boiling water for a few minutes, open, and you have an inexpensive and nutritious dish. In a meal in which no meat is to be served canned spaghetti can be made into a good meat substitute, by opening the can and heating the contents with a beaten egg, or with an additional amount of cheese. Both are for the purpose of providing more protein, but they also improve the flavor by making the dish richer.

Grapefruit

Grapefruit may now be bought in cans in two sizes, and may be used for breakfast, for salads and fruit cocktails. The product is delicious, consisting of a fine grade of naturally ripened fruit, well sterilized without being actually cooked so that the fruit is firm. As the fruit is sweetened and all the seeds and pith have been removed, a great deal of time is saved the housewife, and a great deal of fruit is saved that would otherwise go to waste. It lacks the bitter taste which prevents so many people from enjoying the fresh product.

Raspberry Vinegar

Take two cans of black or red raspberries. Add one-half pint of cider vinegar, stir and let stand overnight. Strain through cheese cloth and add one pound of white sugar. Bring to a boil once, skim and store in clean well-corked bottles. Serve as a beverage, using one-third of the raspberry vinegar to two-thirds water.

Eat Salads in Spring as Well as in Summer Say Experts

SERVE salads in spring as well as in summer. This is the admonition which diet experts in some of the leading agricultural colleges are issuing to farm housewives. They point out that the heavy meats, puddings and sweets—the foods rich in proteins and starches—which are so plentifully served during the cold months to provide heat and energy for the body need something fresh and succulent to balance them properly. For this purpose cabbage slaw or a salad of oranges and apples are excellent. Some dish of this sort should be served with every meal where there are heavy meat dishes.

Oranges are especially good for salads, for they can be obtained the year round and they are rich in vitamins and mineral salts, elements which are sadly lacking in the usual winter foods. In selecting oranges for salad, it is always a good idea to ask for navel or seedless oranges, for you will find the fruit is much firmer and will come out in attractive looking whole pieces when separated from the white membrane. The housewife will also be relieved of the necessity of removing seeds and thus tearing the fruit.

Salads are becoming more and more a real part of the day's menu for our families. Men no longer think of a little feminine dab of fruit with whipped cream when salads are mentioned—women know that to appeal to the less delicate appetites of the masculine members of their family, salads must be substantial.

During the summer months, salads often

furnish the main dish for supper or luncheon. There is no reason why this should not be true in spring also if the character of the salad is changed from something crisp and cool to something which will furnish fuel as well as flavor.

We are all familiar with hot potato salad which may be served with bacon or frankfurters. Potato, rice, and macaroni are all fuel foods and the last two, though less commonly prepared in this way, are as satisfactory as potatoes as a basis for a salad. Heat 2 tablespoons of salad oil and in it lightly brown 1 medium-sized onion chopped. Add 2 cups of cooked rice or macaroni, and mix well. Cook the mixture and add chopped pickles, celery, paprika, salt, hard cooked eggs, or cooked bacon to taste. Mix with French dressing, chill and serve on lettuce or cabbage leaves. One of these salads, bran muffins, tea or cocoa, and a fruit dessert will form a satisfying meal.

An attractive fruit salad which may be served as a course by itself at dinner, is prepared from two kinds of canned fruits. On a lettuce leaf place a slice of pineapple. In the center of this place a whole preserved fig. Top with mayonnaise or cream dressing and garnish with a candied cherry. Tiny toasted cheese sandwiches are good with this salad. Cut the bread thin, spread with cheese and toast on both sides.

There are many apple combinations suited to this time of the year. One may be used as a combination of salad and

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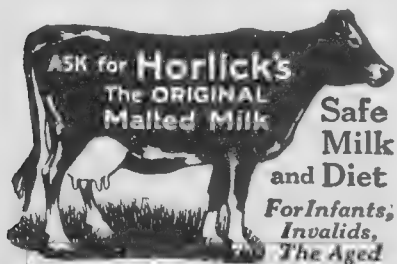
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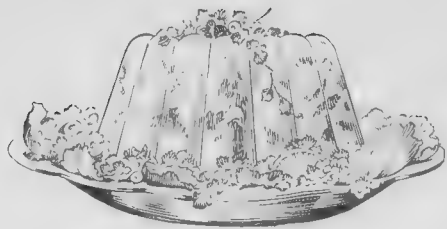
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Better Cookery

Eat Salads in Spring as Well
as in Summer Say Experts

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dessert. Cut apples in quarters or rings and cook gently in a thin syrup to which red cinnamon drops have been added. Drain the apples, which will be red in color and spicy in flavor, and chill them thoroughly. Serve on lettuce with cream dressing.

A pretty pear salad is made by putting a ball of cream cheese between two halves of pears and placing the whole "pear" upright on lettuce. Use a clove for a stem, and paint a blush on the pear with vegetable coloring. Serve very cold with cream dressing.

Lazy Daisy Salad

Peel 3 seedless oranges and separate into sections. Make 6 tablespoons of cream cheese into balls, allowing 1 tablespoon to each ball. Sprinkle with paprika. Cut 2 red pimentos into long strips. Place a cheese ball in the center of each salad plate and arrange the orange sections radiating out from it like the petals of a flower. Place a strip of pimento between the orange sections, and pour dressing over all.

Nutrition

NUTRITION is the keynote of modern health teaching, of magazine and newspaper writing, even of advertising. It is a popular subject—the words "calorie," "vitamin," and "mineral" hold no terrors even for the lay person. Old and young discuss diet with ease and conviction. The interesting part of it all is that each housekeeper thinks she is absolutely right and that she is conscientiously following certain rules which will bring health to the members of her family. There is no phase of homemaking about which women are more sensitive than their meal planning. "Oh yes, we have only the most nourishing foods—plenty of milk and vegetables." But if these same women will show us their itemized food bills for the month, in nine cases out of ten they will not check against the standards nutrition teachers give of as much for milk as for meat, and as much for fruit and vegetables as for milk.

A careful study of the menus actually served in families often discloses an abundance of meat and potatoes and a lack of foods containing minerals, vitamins and other regulating substances. We know that unwise selection of foods may mean dietary disturbances such as rickets, anemia, gastric ulcer, constipation and diabetes. Why is it so hard to convince the unspecialized woman that she is responsible if her children have these diseases—which should be easily avoided.

We teach nutrition in the schools. It is too soon for us to tell if our work is functioning. When today's pupils have married and are raising families we will know if the nutrition inoculation really "took." But we will have lost track of most of the girls by that time—and our authority as the teacher may have lost weight. It will again be as in the case of the mother speaking scornfully of the unmarried social worker, "What does she know about raising babies. I've buried three."

What is the solution of the problem of teaching nutrition for health in every day life? Our foremost duty is to give both girls and boys an appreciation of the importance of food selection—and a sincere feeling of personal responsibility.

Whenever we see women or girls eating a lunch of ice cream soda, or a breakfast of griddle cakes and coffee, or a between meal pacifier of candy or rich sundae, or a dinner of meat, potatoes, coffee and pie, we feel that their nutrition training has not been entirely successful—and we see far too many such meals. Perhaps enough emphasis has been laid on the relation between food and good looks. Wise selection of meals means a clear skin, bright eyes and a general feeling of well being.



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Let us send you a full 10-day tube. Note how teeth lighten and gums become firm when those dingy film coats go.

They've Stopped

Spoiling attractive smiles now with
cloudy teeth—you whiten dull teeth and
Firm the Gums remarkably this new way

HERE is a way to whiten cloudy teeth that leading dentists of the world approve. It marks a new era in tooth and gum care. It is changing the tooth cleaning habits of the world.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be amazingly lighter; your gums firmer and of healthy color.

In fairness to yourself, please try it. Just send the coupon.

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Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

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Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

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Musical Notes

Are You a Musician?

A MUSICIAN," says the dictionary, "is one skilled in the art of music." In the light of the above definition, and in answer to the above question, most people would probably reply in the words of the old negro when asked to change a twenty-dollar bill: "I thanks you for the compliment, suh, but ah can't do it."

A musician, in the popular mind, is one who is skilled in the performance of music, and very few claim this distinction. This is a day of such spectacular specialism that the ordinary person is a bit apt to feel discouraged as to his ability, and to sit back and watch the stars, instead of hitching his wagon to one.

But this popular opinion is a very one-sided one. Many a person has a soul filled with the love of music, and an intense longing to express this feeling, but his vocal chords and fingers simply will not function as he desires. Is that any reason why he should be shut out from the enjoyment of that for which his soul craves?

Even if, as the old nursery rhyme says, "There is music in me, but you can't get it out," is that any real reason why I cannot become skilled in the art of music, in that branch of it to which the vast majority of people belong—the art of listening?

And listening is an art. Listening requires the use of a mind as well as the use of a pair of ears. A trained mind can hear many things that to an ordinary untrained mind are just so many "noises."

Would it then not be a fine thing if each music teacher would devote one-half of his time to the teaching of the art of listening and the appreciation of real music?

Many music-lovers would then be enabled to take advantage of the training they desire, but rarely can get, and the love and enjoyment of music would become much more general.

Begin Early

START early with the children. When you think your little girl is musical, get her a good teacher—the very best you can afford, or even better than you can afford. Take the advice of a musician of standing. Don't run to anybody who puts out a shingle marked piano studio. Be sure; spend more time selecting the teacher than you do worrying afterward. Once you have selected the teacher, leave it to him as to future development. The less you interfere the better for the child.

It is not always the teacher's fault that the child is not improving. Very often it is the fault of the pupil, who has been too busy with school work and has had hardly enough time to practice one hour a day. Oftentimes it is the fault of the parents, who are over-indulgent and over-tickled with the children's supposed genius.

Wait until you proclaim the little girl a genius. Give her time. And even if you believe her to be one, don't, for heaven's sake, keep telling her. Once a child imagines she is better than others there is no holding her, and she neglects the hard work that must be done. Paderewski has said, "Genius is a gift for hard work."

Music and Shakespeare

THE late Sir Frederick Bridge, C. V. O., M. A., Mus. Doc., formerly organist at Westminster Abbey, was an ardent student of the music of Shakespeare's day,

and, just before his death, published an excellent small work, "Shakespeare Music in the Plays and Early Operas," from which the following facts are taken:

"Music in Shakespeare's day was considered as important a branch of knowledge as Latin or fencing."

"In Shakespeare's day the man who did not know how to sing at sight was not considered well brought up."

"All the upper class houses in Elizabethan days boasted of having a chest of viols."

"In Shakespeare's day the accompaniments to the songs were upon lutes and viols. The lute was a fretted instrument, picked after the manner of the guitar, but with a pear-shaped body like the mandolin and a long neck. It was in most instances larger than the guitar. It was said to cost as much to keep a good lute in condition as to keep a good horse. They were valued very highly, and in order that they might not be exposed to the weather, they were kept in a bed between the rug and the blanket."

"In the early representation of 'Hamlet,' the soliloquies of the dismal Dane were often spoken to musical accompaniment."

Music in the Movies

IN the larger moving picture theatres today a surprising amount of good music and even the best music is played.

For some years many conductors of movie orchestras have followed the plan of borrowing good tunes from all manner of sources, including the very highest, and weaving them into a tonal web, with harmonization more or less closely with the emotional aspect of the pictures chasing one another across the screen. Over and over again, audiences have been surprised and delighted with the cleverness with which this is done, and with the excellent make-up of the orchestras, some of which include first-rate artists who have left the symphony orchestras because the movies being prosperous, can pay more.

Thus at the movie shows thousands of people who previously had eaten nothing but bad eggs, musically speaking, are gradually brought face to face with the fact that good musical eggs are better—lots better—than the rotten ones they thought they liked best.

The reason why many people today prefer "bad" music to good is simply because they have no opportunity to hear the good—the bad is all about them. It is all a matter of environment. Give to the masses the best there is in music and there will be no room for the bad.

Listen to Good Pianists

ONE of the greatest advantages music students have today is the opportunity of listening to good pianists, not only directly, at concerts, but also at any time over the radio. Hearing the music of better musicians broadens the student's appreciation of classic music.

To hear music played by good pianists, especially at concerts where the student can watch the pianist, is of great value in helping the student in the interpretation of the pieces he himself plays. No matter how perfect in time, notes and fingering, he may have a piece, he is sure to receive many suggestions which will help him to improve the expression and interpretation of a piece by hearing a great pianist play it. Then, too, hearing a pianist play many pieces, usually without music, will encourage and inspire a hard-working ambitious student with a greater desire to become a good pianist.

To a Friend By Dallet Fuguet

Pray, do not grieve much that you do not gain
The crown of laurel. You were made to be
The merry student, friend of minstrels,
Not the protagonist who still must strain
Up toward the goal which few can e'er attain.
Remain just loved and happy; rather flee
Than dare the heights, for they are the most free

Who walk on in the placid lowland plain.
Stay there, content to write your joyous rhymes,
For I have thought to catch a glimpse at times
Of those great ones who gained the top-most bourns.
And though they wore fame's shining laurel wreath,
I saw they had—though hidden underneath—
Upon each graven brow, a crown of thorns.

The Termite, or White Ant

By William Thompson

SUPERIOR by their organization to bees and ants, the termites are social insects, without metamorphoses like grasshoppers and crickets. They live in communities in hot countries and in Central Europe. Their nests vary accordingly to the species and offer a great diversity in form. However, the majority of termite mounds, which are constructed of little molecules of hard-

In each mound one encounters, independent of parasitic hosts, three casts inhabitants. First, the sexual individuals, having for their unique mission in life, the reproduction of the species—the male lives only a few days, the female, or queen, of the colony, hides in the deepest galleries, her abdomen distended with eggs which she never ceases to lay. The population comprises, besides, the neuter individuals which are the two remaining



Giant Mound made by the Termite or White Ant, Abyssinia

ened earth, attain a height of eight or ten feet in Ceylon and Abyssinia. Pierced by numerous openings and canals connecting with the underground abode where the industrial constructors live, they resemble from afar the huts of a negro village.

casts, the soldiers with enormous mandibles whose mission is to defend the community, and the workers, less robust, but on whom, nevertheless, fall the duties of terrassing and constructing, and of supplying these animated cities with necessities.

Come Let Us Read a While

Continued from page 42

"Take him. I give him to you. I have no use for him. He has stolen my joy. He has killed my child, and you, you have let him do it. . . . If you do exist, then I give this thing to you. . . do as you like with it. Play with it, crush it, as you crushed its mother over there."

Life takes Teresa at her word, and plays with Gian-Luca as the wind plays with thistle-down. She gives him a poet's soul and a waiter's apron. She endows him with spiritual insight that makes him grow to loathe humanity forever-feeding. She destroys his idol before his eyes; makes mock of his pure love; implants in him a

great longing to reach a spiritual sanctuary, which he only discovers when his young, but worn-out body drops to mother earth's breast for its last long sleep.

In Teresa's shop was a varied collection of foodstuff—delicacies imported for the jaded appetites of gourmets. But never was there such a strange variety of fare as Radelyffe Hall has given us in "Adam's Breed." For here we have a story of restaurant life crowded with details of a waiter's duties; whilst accompanying the clatter of dishes is the pure voice of spiritual symbolism such as one finds only in the novels that may be called literature.

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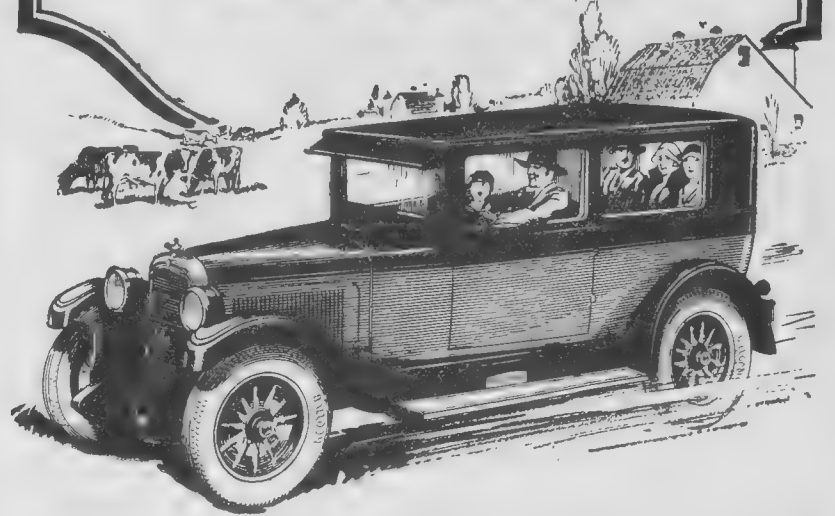
Continued from page 37

The court will probably allow you a judgment against your husband for a monthly sum sufficient to support yourself and the children. In most cases, however, these payments are never kept up by the husband, which of course makes it very difficult for the wife.

Winnipeg, Man. (Q). I got behind in my rent and the landlord put the bailiff in. I have paid all the arrears except the costs. The bailiff did not stay here, but he charged me for having a man in possession for two weeks at the rate of \$2.50 per day. Can he collect this?—Jerry.

(A). Strictly speaking the bailiff could leave a man in possession for all the time the seizure was in force and charge you with the regular fees for a man in possession for that time. From what you say we presume that he swore in you or your wife as a sub-bailiff. For this reason the bailiff himself would not be able to make a charge for a man in possession or at any rate the sub-bailiff would be entitled to refund thereof from the bailiff. We would advise you not to make payment of the charge for man in possession.

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Its big 40 horsepower engine delivers more power, speed and pulling ability than has ever before been known in its size or price-class.

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Everything about the Overland Six Coach suggests bigness, richness, fineness. The luxurious velour upholstery is but one indication of the quality which prevails throughout. At \$1295, F.O.B. Factory, it is the world's biggest dollars-worth in middle-weight Sixes.

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How to Make Your Floors "Come Back" Easily, Quickly After Winter's Ruinous Effects

NOTHING more quickly destroys the beauty of polished floors than snow "tracked in" all winter long.

That is one reason why Spring has always been a worry to most housewives. It meant hours of back-breaking work to get back the true beauty of her polished floors.

Not so today. You can now give your floors even greater beauty than before—with half the work.

Science made this possible when they discovered "Carnaubra" the hardest known wax in the world. Taken from the Carnaubra palm and refined, this hard brittle wax forms the base for the new floor wax called "CHAN." In CHAN it is blended with softer waxes to make application easy and economical.

A pound tin of "CHAN" will cover 1,000 feet of floor space—two or three times more than other floor waxes. It gives floors a lustrous, durable, practically waterproof finish. It sets quickly, dries rapidly and gives real protection.

Your hardware man can supply CHAN in tins of ½-lb. 40c.; 1 lb. 75c.; 3 lbs. \$2.00; 5 lbs. \$3.25.

Send 10c. for Trial Tin.

Upon receipt of 10c (stamps or coin) to cover postage, we will send generous sized tin of CHAN, sufficient to polish a medium sized room.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO

Makers of O-Cedar Products

CHAN

FLOOR WAX



Mother's Day

DO YOU remember the time I asked some young women to write me their most beautiful memory of "Mother?" The letters were published in this department and the editor asked me if they were really true. I wish I had another package of letters for next Mother's Day.

"My most beautiful memory of mother."

Think of it! What is it? Write me about it.

Mothers would appreciate the tributes. No names would be published.

By the way, I shall ask my own daughters to write me a letter for Mother's Day. I wonder what they really think of me. Sometimes mothers are unreasonable in their desire for the welfare of their own—it may even take on the form of selfishness—like that "my daughter is better than yours" attitude.

We discipline and curb and criticize until we may weaken a girl's individuality. I have seen many cases of girls suffering from just that kind of motherly tyranny.

Time changes old habits and customs and we mothers cannot set the standards of our own girlhood as a pattern for our daughters. There are, however, ideals of womanhood that never change—they are planted firmly in the roots of civilization, and wherever in history these ideals of womanhood are dissipated the nation falls. Wherever women live up to these ideals the nation rises to one of power.

These ideals of womanhood must predominate for patriotic loyalty.

The foundation of strength in manhood is clean womanhood. The manners and modes of living may be different today but that does not matter so long as pure moral womanly virtues are sacred characteristics that our young women value more highly than anything else.

The companionship between mother and daughter today is being encouraged by gatherings in churches and much is being done to unite more harmoniously mother and daughter. It is so necessary. And if a daughter would confide her affairs to her mother there would be less tyranny on the part of the mother for a sympathetic understanding would make her more considerate.

THE girl of today has more to contend with than the mother had, yet, on the other hand she has better opportunities.

I believe there is less gossip about girls among women today because of the influence of women's clubs. I have seen during the past ten years the attitude of women change from criticism of girls to constructive sympathy—this has been one of the fine accomplishments of club work and community work among women. So protective has been their method of assisting girls that little is known of their service, yet I know and feel that in no other field of community interest have women attained finer results.

The Hopeful Season

"**P**LEASE write a hopeful message—I am discouraged." This came in a letter from one of our readers last month. I turned to my library—to the corner of biography—and there I found stories of women who had been discouraged. In the life story of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw I find this: "I went through some grim months—months during which I learned what it was to go to bed cold and hungry, to wake up cold and hungry, and to have no knowledge of how long these struggles would continue. There were times of depression, but I believed God was testing my worthiness—He would see me through. The faith that sustained me then has still a place in my life."

That He did see her through was evident, through her useful life for woman's

franchise. "Women had abilities. All avenues of expression must be opened to those abilities. There was a great world waiting to use them." So ran her creed, the while she earned wages, wore degrees, advocated reforms, held the multitude in thrall by her eloquence—herself the living proof of all she claimed for women—she was of the suffrage struggle, its silver-tongued orator, its wit, its humor, its deathless spirit of triumph—hope carried her through, hope born of the courage of her Scottish ancestry. There are periods grave and gay in every life.

"If in our daily course, our mind Be set to hallow all, we find New treasures still, of countless price, God will provide for sacrifice."

There is an old English motto: "Doce the nexte thyng." Look about for the next thing to do with a hope that the consciousness of the Great Spiritual Presence shall make the new task a tonic of strength that shall make you rise above the valley of despair.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay Pervades it with a fragrance not its own, So when Thou dwellest in a human soul, All Heaven's own sweetness is around it thrown."

Friendship is the most beautiful, the most perfect art in the world. No love, no friendship, no kindness is ever wasted.

Just a message—a letter—an expression of appreciation may cheer one on the way.

Today I wished for a letter from a reader. I felt that a message would help me in writing the department this month. It came from a reader in Saskatchewan. Just a few lines, but exactly what I needed. Little did that reader realize the far-reaching results of her letter. Some day when I have time I shall write fifty messages of gratitude to friends who have helped me with a word of encouragement.

BY THE way, did I ever tell our readers about Nellie Revell? She was a pioneer woman press agent. After years of strenuous work she suffered a physical break-down when she was forced to lie helplessly in the hospital for four years. Her suffering was intense, but during that time her friends from the stage and press never left her lonely and she wrote while flat on her back the book entitled "Right Off the Chest." Cartoonists illustrated it with their best and friends had it published. In the book I find this: "My Riches. The wealthiest woman in the world is what I have been called and I admit the charge. I have not one dollar in the world that I can call my own. I wouldn't know a tax-exempt security if I met one. I've never made a "killing" in oil, cotton or motors. But in the Bank of Friendship there has been deposited in my name golden love, cheer, sympathy and comfort in such abundance that I have been blessed with daily dividends of courage, hope, and happiness. There is a line in the creed of the cynic to the effect that when you have no money, you have no friends, but my own case has taught me that such a statement is a libel on the name of 'friend.'"

Again I find this in her book: "Yesterday's tears sparkle and disappear in the sunshine of tomorrow's smiles."

A hopeful message? Spring is here—an atmosphere of sunshine and warmth breathes a promise to every one. I can hear Pippa singing:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world."

The Home of the Water Melon

Mary E. Dunbar

PARKER COUNTY, Texas, just a plain, simple name, yet this country is famous. It is the largest water-melon growing centre in the world, and during the season when the melons are harvested, Weatherford, the County seat, is the scene of much busy traffic. In fact the old town square is packed and jammed every day with loads of melons from the early morn till late at night.

Weatherford, like so many more old Texas towns, is built with the court house in the centre. About it is the main business houses are built in a square, thus leaving the large square surrounding the court-house for parking wagons, cars and trucks. The up-to-date farmer brings his melons to town on a truck, but there are hundreds of the old-fashioned wagons yet to be seen, with the typical Texas farmer, clad in overalls and a big Stetson hat, to keep off the hot Texas sun, driving his mules into town and parking in the square.

His melons are just as good as his neighbor's, because all Parker County melons are good. Any farmer who happens to have a farm on this famous sandy water-melon growing land, is lucky. He will never starve, because he will always have a market for his famous melons, and he will seldom ever have a crop failure.

Farmers usually spare as much land from their cotton and other crops as possible, to set aside for their "melon patch." Because these melon crops usually bring them from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars an acre. The season begins after July the fourth, and from then on up to September they are carried into Weatherford, the shipping centre as well, where they are bought by buyers, who then ship them up north.

Fifty and sixty pound melons are very common, while it is not unusual to have one hundred pound ones. Out of every farmer's crop he is apt to have at least one one hundred pound melon. Tourists who come through the town and who have never tasted a really good melon, like many of you Canadians, often give twenty-five dollars for these large ones, and ship back home to their people. They are certainly worthy to be shipped. However, the real large ones are more of an exhibit than they are good to eat. The medium sized melons are the best flavor and the sweetest, while the real large ones are often stringy and not so sweet.

THE Tom Watson water-melon, is the most famous one, and every farmer makes a point to get Tom Watson seeds. The name was no doubt taken from a farmer by the name of Tom Watson, who made the best grade of water-melons what they are to-day. I remember passing a little lonesome Texas farm house in this county, it was sitting upon a sand hill, and a great sign was hanging over the gate where all passers-by could see.

"Real Tom Watson Water-melon seeds sold here. Buy now and be sure of the quality of your melons."

The little farm looked so lonesome then with its dead cotton stalks sticking up over the field with a stray bit of white cotton hanging here and there. But in my imagination I saw it in the summer when huge delicious melons dotted its sandy soil, with their green vines taking the field. It would not be lonesome then. Oh no! The very fastidious and select would crawl on their knees for one of those sweet, juicy melons.

So it is at every farm house in the water-melon season. The boys and girls are out of school, so they make them a crude shade along the highway close to their farm, and sell melons to the passing traffic. In this way they make quite a bit of pin money, because the tired, dusty tourist is always ready to stop by the road in the shade of a Texas oak tree, and refresh himself with one of these famous melons.

The melons are so cheap there that they can be had for almost nothing. Even the hogs and cows have their fill of the juicy things, while we Canadians pay twenty-five and forty cents a slice and wonder what we are eating. If you say you are crazy over water-melons here, people stare at you. They cannot see how any one could be very fond of the melons which they have had the opportunity of tasting. But really, if you could taste a real Parker County grown melon in the good old summer-time, your whole outlook of the melon would go under a miraculous change.

After this, when you are hungry for melons, just broadcast over C.K.Y. to Parker County and have them send you up a load, they have radios there, and Texas people are noted for their hospitality. Your result would be satisfactory.



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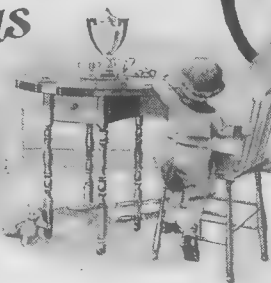
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Banff—Windermere Road Valley at Vermillion River

*Appetizing
Strengthening
Delicious*



"Squirrel" Brand Peanut Butter

"WHAT shall I give the children for lunch?"

That question is quickly answered. "Squirrel" Brand Peanut Butter as an appealing, appetite coaxing, nutritious, body-building food cannot be beaten. There are so many ways to serve it you can always make it a treat.

Our recipe booklet contains dozens of suggestions. Get one from your dealer or write us direct and learn how to use this most valuable food.

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MOTHER'S PAGE



Mental House Cleaning

By Audrey Fenton

THIS year instead of making New Year's resolutions I spent some time in taking an inventory of myself. I wanted to see if my defects and virtues balanced, and, if not, could I possibly, by self-analysis, bring my standard up to par.

Had I asked some friend who did not want to hurt my feelings, they might have found a few more redeeming qualities, but I tried to be strictly honest with myself.

1. I shall tell you that my occupation is that of housewife on a farm, and I confess with misgivings that I am not fond of housework. I know I am not a good housekeeper. I do not like repetition and detail and to me it spells drudgery. My family were all small at once, I could not afford to have help, and the numerous unfinished tasks tired me. I learned the art of neglect from necessity, not choice. Only my husband's constant unflagging strength and tenderness made the battle endurable.

Now that I have more leisure I find that I leave things undone when I should not. I seem to be lacking in method or system and can never run on a time schedule.

2. I am not what might be called a success as a community leader. I do not like to start things—the limelight does not appeal to me.

3. I am neither musical or entertaining, so my company is not desired for any help I can give along these lines.

4. I am not free and easy in manner or in conversation. In fact, I am backward and self-conscious in a crowd.

5. I am not an adaptive individual. I do not think that I have one really clever trait. When I compare myself with my friends and acquaintances I find that nearly all of them have some gift, which I sadly lack. One near friend is

an excellent housekeeper, cook, and dressmaker, and can take a man's place in the field any time. Another is very artistic in music, needlework, painting and housework. Yet another is clever in entertaining and sports. All through a long list and I find that they are all superior to myself. These faults of temperament I hope to overcome.

I am rather diffident in enumerating my virtues, but as this is an honest-to-goodness confession, I will begin.

1. I have been told by others that I have tact, that I never hurt a person knowingly. I am careful about expressing opinions until I am really sure.

2. I make friends slowly, but keep them. Very rarely have I been deceived in my choice of friends. I am sincere and expect the same from them. I find some good trait in all, sometimes it is well hidden, but rarely have I failed to find it.

3. I pride myself on being rather optimistic. Trouble comes soon enough, so why run after it?

4. I am neither loud in dress or manner and I do not make friends of those who are.

5. Poise is one quality I am aiming for. I want to be able to look at myself and others impersonally. I am also aiming for charm, so I will always consider the problems and feelings of others and sympathize with them.

6. MY one and only hobby is reading. I read books not because they are books, but because they tell of life. My idea of bliss is plenty of time to read, lots of good books and magazines and an open fire. In case I will be too old to enjoy these privileges when they come my way, I am going to take a bit of pleasure every day by reading something worth while.

I hope this analysis will help me correct my weak points and to attain to others which now seem far away.

The Old Maids' Party

By Marilla R. Whitmore

ONE of the most hilarious parties which I ever attended was a spinster, or old maid party, which a club of women had each year. We all went to the party dressed as spinsters, each to her own notion as to how a spinster should look. What a time rummaging through old attics we had for a week before our annual party!

Judges awarded the prize of a "rubber doll" to the lady having the best costume. Then we would examine each other's antique costumes and laugh and talk.

This year the hostess announced a sock-darning contest. Each guest was provided with a worn sock, darning needle, yarn and scissors. A prize was given to the "spinster" who made the best darn in fifteen minutes. We rather surmised that our hostess was killing two birds with one stone and twitted her unmercifully all the while our fingers flew. To the old maid who was the slowest was awarded a prize of a package of darning needles, while the first prize was an attractive little sewing set in a brown leather case, everything neat and compact, from thimble to emery.

The next was a proposal contest. We were allowed fifteen minutes, more or less, to think up imaginary proposals and also imaginary reasons for rejecting such proposals. Some of the proposals

were ludicrous to an extreme and a toy cat was finally awarded to the most humorous one.

Our fancy work occupied us for several interesting hours, then a wedding trip was to be taken. Each guest was given a small toy paper suitcase, scissors and different colored paper. The guests cut from the papers articles of wearing apparel, etc., which one carries when travelling. When all the articles were packed, tickets were distributed with stopovers, as follows: Tables with placards naming the places for stopovers directed the guests where to go. Take the train for Winnipeg. On the table for this city were found napkins, plates, knives, forks, spoons. Next stop, Regina—this table had sandwiches, pickles, etc.

Next stop, Vancouver—a table with salad. Here a long stopover is allowed while the first course was eaten. The last stop was Iceland, and was a table with ice cream and cake.

Just the appearance of the girls dressed in old-time costumes, bustles, spit curls and all makes a merry party out of an affair like this one. One girl in her grandmother's wedding gown of green silk with tight basque found that she was so much larger than her grandmother was at the same age that it was necessary to wear a large bouquet of artificial flowers to cover deficiencies where bodice and buttons failed to meet.



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Hope and Faith

By Irene Wilson

"ONE who claims that he knows about it,
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees and the birds, we doubt it,
And think its a world worth living in."

Many a lesson can be learned from the bees and the birds. They do not stop to consider what their reason cannot fathom; but they have faith and hope that all will come right in the end, they know not how or in what way.

The days were raw and cold, and we wondered if spring would ever come, but the robin knew that spring was coming. Every day, rain or shine, he was busy building his nest. We put strings out on the balcony, and regardless of the weather Mr. Robin was around bright and early every morning salvaging material for his home. There was no signs of spring or warmer weather that morning, yet the little fellow had faith and hope. Spring, he knew, was just around the corner. He was a wise little robin that went on with his preparations for spring and continued to build his tiny nest even though the weather for ap-

parently not a bit springlike and no reason appeared in the sky or the temperature for believing that spring was close at hand. Many of us have far less hope and faith than the robin.

Spring is the time of faith and hope. If it were not for this faith and hope the farmer would never trouble to till the soil and plant the seed. Last year's harvest may have been very scant, but we have faith and hope that this year's will be better. Again the farmer will get out onto the land with plough, cultivator, seeder and harrow, so that the crop will bud and grow and ripen to a harvest. Just as our forefathers did when nothing was known of the science of growth, and farm machinery consisted of a bent tree, a rough hoe, a bush harrow and oxen. Hope and faith call us to plant, reason shows us what, how, where.

Dreary days and depressing times may overtake us, but spring always comes, winter and bad times always pass. Just pegging away and doing our best, the rest is bound to be all right. Have faith and hope that spring is just around the corner.

Apple Orchards

By Allen Campbell

THOUGH the climate of Manitoba is not favorable for the growing of standard apples, there are many apple trees that are producing fruit from year to year, and it is certainly a point worth noting that there is a keen demand for the native grown apple for both jelly making and preserving, notwithstanding the fact that such apples compete with imported fruit.

The Siberian Crab (*Pyrus baccata*) is quite hardy in the Prairie Provinces, being a native of Siberia and our winters are part of its natural element. The fruit is small and acid but makes excellent jelly, and in addition, the trees are very ornamental with their blossoms in the spring and fruit in the fall.

Some of the hardiest of these are Columbia, Osman, Robin and Bedford.

The Columbia is a cross of *Pyrus baccata* and Broad Green. It is described as a very strong growing tree and a fair bearer. The fruit is 1.8 inches across, with pleasant flavor.

The Osman is a cross of *Pyrus baccata* with Osmoe; a fair grower and good bearer. Fruit, yellow with pleasant flavor.

Robin; *Pyrus baccata* crossed with Simbrisk No. 9, is a good growing tree and a medium bearer. Fruit, 1.5 inches across; color, yellow and red. It is one of the best of its kind, with firm, juicy fruit of good flavor.

Bedford, formerly known as Cluster,

is of medium sized fruit of handsome, bright red color and produces excellent cooking apples. It is a heavy bearing tree.

It is well to repeat the warning that nursery stock should be ordered in the fall so that one may be more certain of obtaining just what is desired and delay in spring delivery is far less likely to occur.



Robin Apple Tree, Brandon

After the Siberian crab was introduced and found to be so successful in the West, cross breeding was started in order to obtain some improved strains, and when many tests had been conducted for a considerable number of years there came to full development a number of varieties that have proved themselves well worthy of the consideration of all apple enthusiasts.

Candle Light

By William Thompson

When the flaming torch of sunset
Is a-dying in the west,
And Felindy sits beside me—
That's the time I love the best;
'Cause it means the day is over,
And the toiling time is done,
When Felindy lights the candle,
At the dying of the sun.

When the plow rests in the furrow,
And the back-log's burning bright,
With Felindy close beside me,
In the trembling candle-light,
That's the time when all my troubles
Seem to vanish with the sun—
And we sits alone together—
When the work of day is done.



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HOME DOCTOR

What Medicine has Found

SOME one once defined the profession of a doctor as that of a man who pours into the human body—a vessel of which he does not know the contents—a chemical of which he does not know the action, and gets a result that he cannot explain; and in that saying there is a good deal of truth. In these later years, however, we are making some progress in our understanding of the action of drugs; but the knowledge gained does not tend to simplify matters. On the contrary, it opens an almost appalling prospect of enormous complication.

When examined under a microscope, a drop of blood is seen to consist of a number of red disks, which often lie together like rolls of coin; also of a much smaller number of formless white lumps that are called white corpuscles, or leucocytes. All of them are floating in a yellowish fluid, the serum. If fresh blood is allowed to stand, it grows thick and curdy—it coagulates. If it is stirred while fresh, with a glass rod, a thickish white stuff called fibrin sticks to the rod. That is the substance that causes the blood to clot; after the fibrin is removed, the corpuscles stay up, floating in the serum.

There are thus three constituent parts of blood: the corpuscles, the fibrin and the serum; but those parts themselves are very complicated. Each red corpuscle is a little living being. The white corpuscles, which are far fewer than the red, are also little creatures, resembling somewhat a low form of life that is found in stagnant pools. When they feed, they embrace their food and take it into their bodies; and when they have digested it, they flow on, and leave the remains of the food behind them, for they have no mouths or stomachs. The fibrin of the blood is somewhat like flesh in its chemical properties; it also closely resembles white of egg, or albumen, and the sticky matter of flour, called gluten. Serum consists mostly of water; but there is dissolved in the water a variety of albumins, together with various salts and other substances. There are, indeed, a great many kinds of albumins, and in a large number of the processes that have been the subject of recent medical research they probably play the chief part.

The Mystery of the Serum

THE serums from different animals have properties that can be described only as mysterious. If the serum from a man's blood is injected into a rabbit in small doses over a considerable period of time, the rabbit suffers no harm, but the serum of its blood turns cloudy. When the serum from the blood of a sheep or horse is injected into the rabbit, however, its serum remains clear. When a rabbit is injected with the serum from the blood of a dog or of a fox, its serum will give a precipitate. It gives no precipitate, however, when injected with a man's blood or a horse's.

In the same way it has been found that a rabbit's serum, changed by the injection of horses' serum, will turn cloudy not only when mixed with fresh horses' serum but also when mixed with the serum from donkeys, tapirs and other allied animals. Thus it seems possible for us to find out what animals are allied to each other; but why this cloudiness is produced is a complete mystery.

If rennet, the substance used to curdle milk, is injected into the blood vessels of a rabbit, no harm ensues, but the blood acquires a curious new property—it prevents milk from curdling when rennet is added to it. It must contain some substance that we may call an anti-ferment.

Take another case. A bite from a venomous snake, such as a cobra, is usually fatal to life; if only a small quantity of the poison has entered the wound the effect is severe illness. I remember seeing a cobra "milked" when I was in Bombay some years ago. There

was a cage full of cobras. A snake charmer, scantily clad, opened the door of the cage, and a cobra stuck out its head; the man instantly grasped the snake by the neck and drew it out of the cage. It writhed and struggled, but the native put his bare foot on its tail and held it firm. Then, by squeezing its cheeks, he forced it to open its mouth so that the long, pointed teeth stood out. A little boy, his assistant, held a watch glass below the fangs and collected some drops of the poison, which was a clear, transparent liquid. When it had dried, it formed a clear, hard varnish, which could be broken into small, angular fragments.

Antitoxins

THAT substance is exceedingly poisonous, but of course it is possible to give so small a dose of it that only illness results. If a small quantity is injected into a rabbit the animal will recover. If sufficient time is allowed to intervene, a second and a third dose may be injected; moreover, the rabbit becomes able to stand larger and larger doses without inconvenience; it becomes injured, or immune, to snake poison.

From those experiments we may draw this conclusion: when small doses of certain poisons are injected at proper intervals, some substance that, as it were, neutralizes the action of the poison is produced in the blood. Such a substance is called an antitoxin—a word that means "against poison."

Snake poison is not alive; it is a lifeless chemical substance. Many diseases, however, are caused by the presence in the blood of little rod-shaped creatures called bacteria. Some of them, like those of leprosy, do not manufacture poisons—at least, not deadly ones—but merely live on the flesh of the sufferer. Other bacteria produce poisons that cause certain diseases, as diphtheria.

In such cases it is possible to cause the blood of an animal to manufacture an antitoxin. Behring has found that, if some drops of the blood of a patient suffering from diphtheria are injected into a horse, the animal takes the disease, but only in a mild form. Its blood, however, manufactures an antitoxin that, when injected into a patient suffering from diphtheria, enables him to resist the progress of the malady. If the number of the diphtheria organisms in the patient is not larger than the antitoxin can cope with, the progress of the disease is arrested.

But how are the bacteria got rid of? As long as they are alive they will go on making poison. Fortunately, the blood contains its own remedy. The white corpuscles have the power of surrounding and devouring the dangerous diphtheria organisms, and success is a mere question of numbers. If the bacteria are too numerous for the leucocytes to conquer, then the patient will die; if not, he will recover. Hence the use of the antitoxin is to neutralize the poison as it is formed, and to give the patient a chance to survive until the leucocytes deal with the bacteria.

One of the latest discoveries in the field of antitoxins has been given the name of anaphylaxis; it was made during experiments in injecting into a dog minute doses of a poison secreted by sea anemones. The first dose produced very little effect on the dog; it was followed three weeks later by a similar dose. The experimenter found to his surprise that the second dose was fatal; the first dose had rendered the animal much more, instead of less, sensitive to the poison. It was found later that if an injection into an animal of even so harmless a substance as white of egg is followed after three weeks by a second injection, the result is fatal; but if the first injection is followed by further doses at intervals of a week, there is no bad result. The cause of this curious fact is not known; but since it was discovered medical men have been very careful not to allow too long an

interval to elapse between two doses of any albuminous compound.

It has long been known that when a coloring matter, or stain, is added to a liquid that contains organisms, some parts of the organisms take up the color, while other parts remain unstained. Some parts, in fact, select the stain. The celebrated physician, Ehrlich, has utilized that property in substituting for the dye a poison that should be fatal to the life of the organism. He has found that the organism that secretes the poison active in producing a certain terrible disease takes up certain compounds of arsenic that are virtually without action on blood corpuscles, but that kill the attacking organism.

The mortality of war has been enormously reduced by vaccination against the bacillus of typhoid or enteric fever, the *Bacillus typhosus*. It may be remembered that more lives were lost during the South African war by disease, chiefly typhoid fever, than were lost in battle. The reverse was the case during the Great War.

Typhoid fever germs enter the body chiefly through water, milk or other food that has been contaminated by infection from the excreta of persons who already have the disease; and in a dry climate, like that of South Africa, it may spread through dust settling on food, or even being breathed in and swallowed. This bacillus can be cultivated on gelatine or agar, or on potatoes or milk.

Danger of Typhoid

CULTURES can be obtained from the blood of infected persons; and when small doses are injected once or twice into a healthy man, he becomes immune to attack for many months. All soldiers are now thus inoculated; they suffer little discomfort, and their immunity is virtually complete. The procedure has certainly resulted in saving hundreds of thousands of lives.

One of the special dangers of the typhoid bacillus is that even after the patient has completely recovered it may continue to inhabit him; and his secretions may remain dangerous for at least six years. Persons who have recovered from this disease are potentially dangerous, and must be supervised for a long time.

Fortunately, there is not much danger that typhoid germs will infect water supplies. Doctor Houston, the superintendent of the water supply to London, has proved conclusively that the harmless organisms always present in water kill the germs in about ten days.

Lockjaw and Its Cure

IN the highly cultivated ground near the Belgian frontier, wounds were not infrequently infected with tetanus; it has been known since 1880 that, if garden earth enters a wound, tetanus, or lockjaw, may supervene. The antitoxin is produced by injecting a trace of the pus from a wound into a horse; the animal takes the disease, but not severely. Some of its serum is grown in broth in an atmosphere of hydrogen, for the tetanus bacillus dies in the presence of air.

The disease attacks the nervous system, and it is therefore advisable to inject the antitoxin into the nerves. If done not too long after the wound has been caused, a cure generally results; but the poison is a rapid one, and no time must be lost.

Antitoxins have been prepared in a similar manner from the pus of wounds infected by many other organisms that occur in soils; and among the recent triumphs of medical science have been the disappearance of fever and the healing of wounds that would otherwise have certainly been fatal.

From a chemical point of view, the compounds that play a part in all these curious changes are very complicated. At present it is not possible to account for all the wonderful things that have been observed; but chemists and pathologists are feeling their way, and they hope that great discoveries will be made and that ultimately all diseases will be banished from the world. The prospect may be a distant one, but the goal is well worth a struggle.

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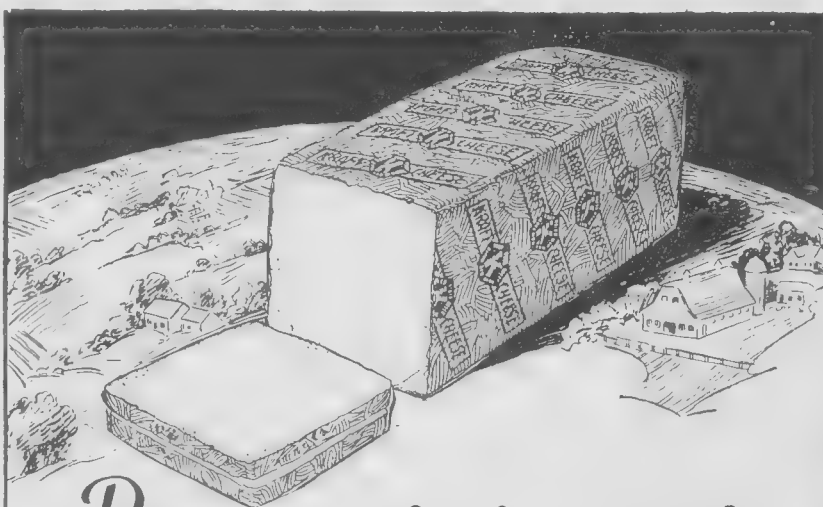
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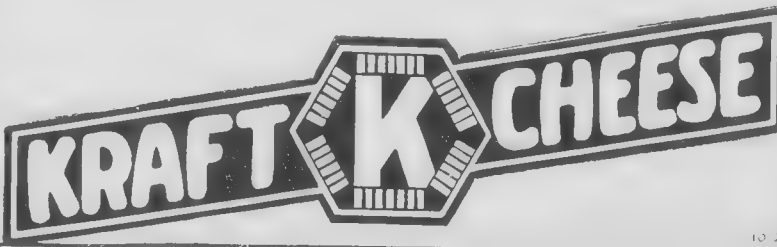
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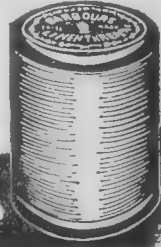
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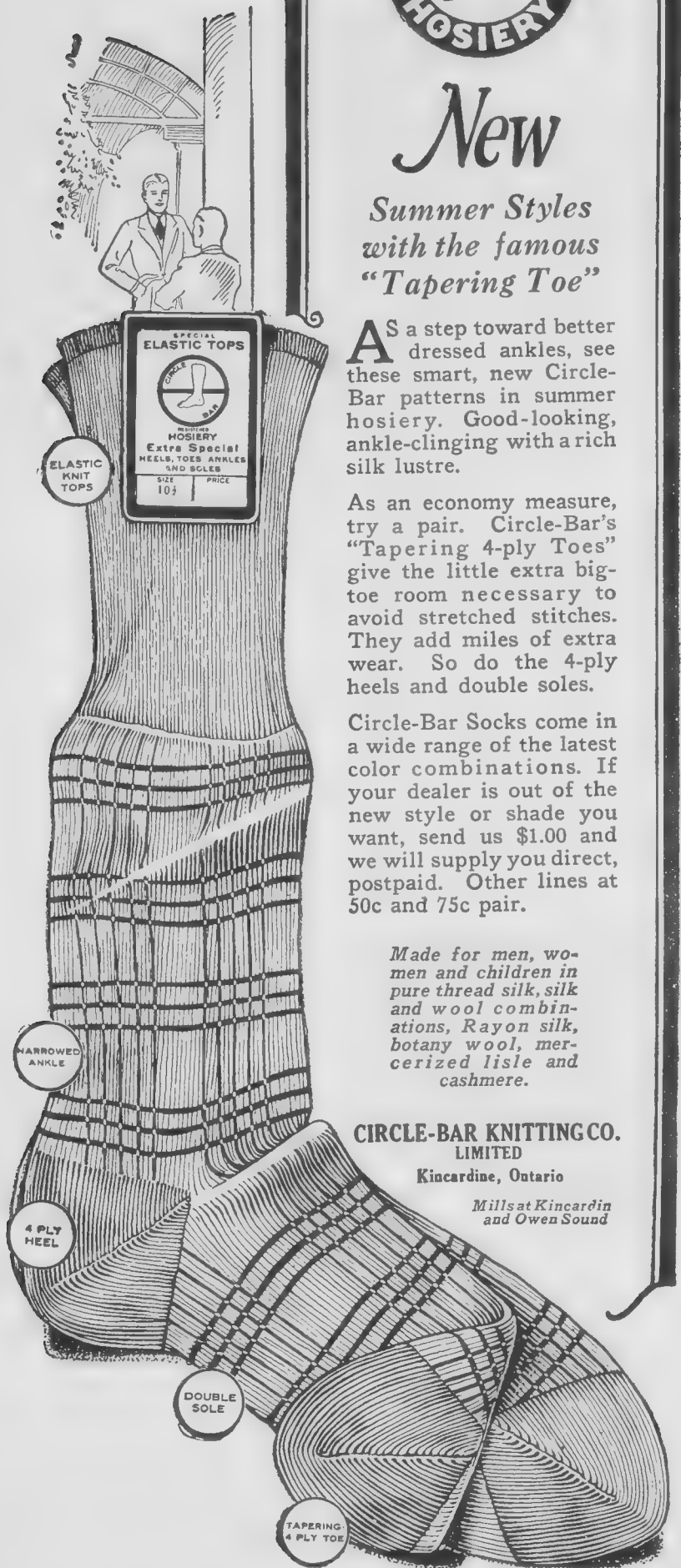
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Federated Women's Institute

BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE Women's Institute at Valdez Island, Quathiaski Post Office, writes as follows:

"At each of our meetings we contrive to have a lecture or paper prepared by one of our members, our clergy help us out sometimes with very interesting and instructive topics of the day. In February we had a three day's Pruning School, which was greatly appreciated. A demonstrator was sent by the Department of Horticulture who thoroughly explained the art of pruning, grafting and budding. At our March meeting we had a paper on "Oriental Exclusion" and the question of joining the Oriental Exclusion League was discussed. A contest, "An Irish Romance," with perennial plants as prizes, was very amusing."

The Annual Meeting of the Armstrong Branch of the Women's Institute was held in Community Hall, Armstrong, on December 29th. The Annual Report showed a good year's work.

Among the outstanding things mentioned were the articles contributed by members of the A.W.I. to the Women's Institute number of the "Vernon News"; donations sent to Cripple Children Hospital Fund, arrangements made by Chautauqua Superintendent for care of young children at the Institute Rest Room during Chautauqua; the backing of the School Nurse.

Excellent reports were also read from Convenors of the various Committees which showed much useful work, especially those of the Child Welfare and Relief Committees.

SASKATCHEWAN

The Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan have had a busy winter. A few reports of their many good works are given below.

Aylesbury helps the Blind Institute by giving a variety of orders. At a recent meeting they had a talk on soap-making and a demonstration on bead necklaces.

Briar Mound Club, Foam Lake, is arranging for an exchange of plays with the Leslie Club. These Clubs are interesting themselves in their coming District Convention.

Consul Club keeps up its monthly talk on the League of Nations. The members plan a social evening for their husbands' monthly. A new rest-room is being arranged for. At the last meeting a debate was held, the subject being "Resolved that further restriction of immigration is desirable."

Colleston Club, Prince Albert, is canvassing for the Egg Pool. At their February meeting they had a talk on Health and on the League of Nations.

Eyebrow—A new Club consisting of thirteen members has been organized at Eyebrow.

Floral Club is to hold a bazaar in aid of their rest-room.

Frobisher had an attendance of sixty-five at a recent meeting.

Govan—The three Clubs adjoining Govan met jointly, as is their custom yearly, at Govan. There were present 105 people, guests and members. An entertainment programme was provided, including some contests. The presence of a birthday cake heightened the sense of festivity.

Henribourg Club is stimulating much interest in dramatic work in their district.

Macoun Club excels in looking after the sick and needy, not only in the way of necessities, but kind attentions.

Midale co-operated with the Agricultural Society in their annual banquet. At one of their meetings was demonstrated, Fruit Cake, Angel Charlotte dessert, coconut cookies and a salad.

Mason H.M.C., Invermay, has planned a very interesting programme, including papers on house cleaning methods, house furnishing and decoration, gardening, flower culture. Plans are being made for establishing a hospital of some kind.

Mantario yearly votes \$10 to Mantario School Fair. The members have taken a course in First Aid and Home Nursing in which they joined with the Ladies' Aid.

Mt. Hope Secretary remarks in one of their winter meetings, "It was one of those lovely warm days that make one thankful

they lived in Saskatchewan, on a farm, and belonged to a Homemakers' Club."

Paynton Club has to work hard for the upkeep on their rest-room but find themselves repaid since it proves such a wonderful asset to the district. The Club is interested in the Egg and Poultry Pool.

Paddockwood is providing itself with dishes for Club use and a cupboard for same.

Pleasantville H.M.C., Shellbrook, are making their plans for the Prince Albert District Convention in conjunction with the Hazelridge Club, Shellbrook. The latter Club is interesting itself in home-keeping methods.

Spy Hill Club is planning for study of the League of Nations. A question box is being provided for. A variety of reading in the district is being provided for by a pool for papers and magazines. To raise funds for the support of their rest room this Club is putting on a play.

Summerberry held a joint meeting with the men of the community to hear a lecture on Poultry-raising from one of the residents of the district.

A Report from Halford Warwickshire

THE village of Halford is situated in the heart of Warwickshire, seven miles from Stratford-on-Avon, of Shakespeare's fame, and fourteen miles from Warwick. It is quite a small village, but one of the prettiest in all that lovely county. This branch of the Institute was formed on April 14th, 1920, with a membership of 33, which has increased since the last annual meeting to 53. Our activities have been various and perhaps the most interesting was the trip to Wembley Exhibition. Thirty-two of our members chartered a motor bus and left for Wembley at 4 a.m. having been awakened by members of the village band playing "Christians Awake." We arrived half an hour before the opening at 10 o'clock, and as we were amongst the first visitors were able to do the Canadian and Australian Exhibits almost alone. We were much impressed by the beauty of the former, especially the wonderful fruit. It was a most interesting and instructive day and one never to be forgotten. The money for this outing was raised by two whist drives and dances. In January of each year a social is held giving free tea to all the women and children in the village, with crackers, toys, sweets (candies) and oranges. Afterwards a sketch is put on by the members during which the men folk come in and are served with light refreshments. Each month we hold a competition "Something out of nothing and anything," and not to exceed a penny. A small prize is given by one of the committee, which are twelve in number and creates quite a lot of interest among our members. During the year a contribution has been given to the Ella Badger Hospital at Shipston-on-Stour, about five miles from Halford. It is the only hospital in the district. Thirty pounds or one hundred and fifty dollars has been raised by contributions, a whist drive, concert, and jumble sale to purchase a much needed piano for the "Hut." The "Hut" belongs to the men of the village and is used for all forms of recreation such as dances, concerts, etc. We pay an annual fee to hold our meetings there and usually share our entertainments. There have been courses given in "Chair Caning," "Household Jobbery," "Fruit Bottling," "Nursing," "Child Welfare" and "Gardening." At our meetings two members look after the tea arrangements and each member pays a penny for a cup of tea and a penny for a piece of cake. In this way all expenses are defrayed and something is left over for the general funds. In October the National Federation of Women's Institutes are holding a Council Meeting at the Shire Hall, Warwick. We are sending a delegate, and she will speak on "What our Institute has done for other people during the past year." The above is a condensed account of the work done by the Halford Women's Institute and we trust will be of as much interest to our Canadian sisters as their reports are to us.

T. BROOKS,
Vice-President & Hon. Secy.-Treas.

Plans for Men and Mice

Continued from page 27

felt a great compassion for him. She thought in her heart, "poor old man, he needs someone to care for him as his own daughter would have done." What had seemed like a thrilling episode undertaken to spare Nora, her school friend, now filled her with a vague sense of contrition.

The following day found Mr. Meredith recovered, but perplexed and puzzled over Nora's strangely subdued manner. A blunt question brought a surprising reply.

"I have a confession to make, sir, and when I am through you will hate me as I half suspect I hate myself. It is a long story," she warned, "you will please preserve your wonderful patience," and she grinned engagingly at him.

"Well go ahead then," he said grimly. "It is not likely I will forgive you, but a trifle like that need not matter."

Nora unfolded her letter, and began. "I am Nora Lee all right, and I received this invitation as straight as a string, but alack! and alas! I knew it was not meant for me, but for the poor little rich Nora, but I knew, too, that Nora loves Fred Fielding, poor in money, but rich in soul and in musical genius, and he's her heart mate. But the poor little Chick-a-Biddy daren't say 'boo' to a skeeter; if her majestic mamma said she was to marry the king of the Cannibal Islands, she'd only turn a few shades paler and say, 'Yes, Mamma,' and she'd go just like a chicken to the chopping block, and 'zip' would go all her hopes and dreams, and she would fade till some big kind breeze blew her away."

"If I may be permitted a question, how do you happen to know her so well and—"

"And I am just going to tell you," she cut in. "When we came to Melfort to live I set out to school alone, when a sweet little girl came skipping along in a beautiful muslin dress. I was quite broguey those days, and I asked her, 'May I be going to school wid you?' She was so sweet, I loved her at once and she said 'Oh yes, indeed, and what is your name?'"

"I remember I said 'Belike me name is Nora and me mother's name is Nora, and her mother's name was Nora, clear back to where she lived in a garden and her name was Eve.'"

"When she could get a word edged in, she squealed, 'My name is Nora too, Nora Lee,—what is your other name?' I can see it all now, the sunny street with all its morning noise, and the still white fleecy clouds overhead as I giggled back, 'Sure, we may be double and twisted cousins, for I am Nora Lee and no other.' Then I felt I had been too bold, and I said, 'But I guess you're rich. Mebby you'd rather not go wid me.' Nora caught my hand—and my heart—and we ran off to school together, she in her beautiful muslin and I in a faded gingham that had seen service before, er—rummage sale, you know," she added with a little broken laugh.

"The boys and girls called us Nora and New Nora. In two days my name fizzled down to Nunora and everybody was satisfied. I remember one cold day in winter, we sat warming our feet by the big heater, and Olga Alwards was wearing beautiful brown boots. I sat next her in my old scuffed out ones. Olga said, 'I wear Hart boots, they are the very best kind,' then she turned to me and asked pointedly, 'What kind do you wear, Nunora?' I can see Nora now, her eyes big with sympathy, for she thought I'd feel hurt."

"What did you tell the Olga girl?" queried the old man abruptly.

"When she asked me that, I stuck my feet out and said, 'No Hart boots for me. I wear the heartless kind altogether,' and the boys yelled 'Hoo-ray!' I know I am making a long-winded yarn of this, but I am coming to one point now. Nora and I became fast friends. Her stately mother forbade her to associate with me, er—because the washings on our clothes lines were not all our own—land alive! I don't mean we'd stolen them, but my mother washed them—for a consideration. Don't you think that is tactfully told, Mr. Meredith?"

"Well you see we grew up, and poor little rich Nora had all the snap and joy of life crushed out of her with 'don't this,' and 'don't that.' She must not associate with Tom, Dick or Harry, they were 'too

plebian,' no matter how jolly they were. She had a sunny heart in the beginning, till her own misguided mother scattered clouds instead of sunshine. It hurt me to see the zest of life die out in poor little Nora."

"Humph!" snorted Mr. Meredith, "I'll write her mother what I think. And did you sit sedately on the edge of your chair and act perfectly proper? I'll guess not."

"Good guess," promptly replied Nora. "My mother trusted me and I had the most glorious days, each one better than the one before, and as I look back now, there's nothing to be ashamed of, but, rather a memory that will never become moth-eaten. My mother taught me what sin meant and drilled one lesson into me over her tubs—'Be clean.' She showed me ink and rust stains and likened them to certain sins, showing me how ugly they looked and how they spoiled everything. She was a good teacher. I hate moral uncleanness as I hate skunks and lizards and snakes."

"That is the ancient history of Nora and Nunora. Nora has been away at school for a long time—her mail went to her, and the postman, knowing me well, gave me your letter. When I read it, I knew it was for Nora, and I 'phoned her to call at the store where I clerk. At noon she came, and in a two-by-four dressing nook I gave her the letter. She read it and burst into tears, instead of making the dust fly, and in my arms she told me of her love for Fred. Well sir, I snatched the letter back, and I shook the blessed baby. I said to her 'Remember I've had a letter from Orien, and I've an invitation to Orien, and what's more I may go, and the name of Nora will be chopped off the family tree. I interviewed my employers and they thought they might be able to scrape along without me, so they granted me two weeks' vacation, and here I am, as you have noticed. So don't blame Nora, that your plan went hokey pokey."

"That beats all," was Mr. Meredith's only comment just here.

"Beats the Dutch, don't it?" smiled Nora. "I came expecting terrible times and I've had a wonderful vacation. Oh, truly I have walked in the edge of Eden; it has been marvellous to be where there is enough of everything—cups enough to go around ten times without using the cracked one that doesn't show if mother keeps the tea-pot in front of it; put eight egg whites in one cake and never bat an eye-lash. But that is the least of it. To be two weeks away from smoke and cinders, and signs 'Keep off the grass,' and to drink in all that boundless beauty." Her hand indicated the gorgeous beauty of the distant trees.

She continued with an undescribable air of dejection and drollery: "I've looked into your Eden, I've even hoed in it, yet yesterday I knew I ought not to have come. History repeats itself; my punishment will be to be driven out, but, oh dear, Mr. Man, I want to be shrun before driven, and oh! please forgive me quickly, for I want to go to the top of sunset hill once more, to fill my memory with the miracle the hill has to show—before I catch the six o'clock train to Melfort."

"Who said you are going to Melfort?" snapped the old man.

"Oh you are going to say it when you get cut loose, but, oh dear, kind soul," she wheedled, "give me your pardon. Remember I love Nora, and she was pathetic enough to move the heart of a grindstone."

"Did you by chance, have designs upon Norman when you came here?" was the blunt question of Mr. Meredith.

"Nary a design," was the prompt reply. "I detested his name; I imagined him to be a sickly sissy, a real ladylike gentleman."

"Do you still think so, and do you still detest him?" he asked shrewdly.

"No, and again no, but surely you have heard me refer to Jack." Here she flashed her ring before him.

"Oh great guns!" ejaculated the perplexed man as he abruptly left the room. As she skipped down the lane to set out for "sunset hill" she met Norman. Impulsively he caught her hand.

"Nora," he said, "I am so happy. I've discovered there is no Jack, so I stand as good a chance as—"

Continued on page 79

Health may become a Shadow unless you guard *The Danger Line*



Numberless Women are sacrificing teeth, health and beauty through lack of this knowledge of *The Danger Line*.

Health safeguards which seemed adequate a few short years ago are today entirely inadequate in the light of modern scientific knowledge.

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Hints on Home Painting

TO ENSURE good results when painting it is absolutely necessary to stir the paint thoroughly before attempting to apply it. The following directions should be followed carefully:

Shake the package thoroughly; if not lever cover, cut out the whole top.

Pour off into another can at least two-thirds of the liquid that has raised above the pigment.

Stir the pigment and remaining oil with a strong, flat, smooth paddle. Do this until the pigment is thoroughly mixed with the oil. Pour back the remaining oil a little at a time, stirring constantly.

Get another can about the same size and pour the paint back and forth about ten or twelve times, leaving each time about one-quarter of the amount in each can that is emptied.

See that the wood is perfectly dry and free from dirt. All knots and sappy spots must be scraped and shellaced, being careful to apply only a very thin coat.

It is most important that care should be exercised when applying the priming coat as the succeeding coats will not stand up if the first coat is not of the right ingredients. New lumber should be primed with paint, adding 3/16 gallon of benzole or turpentine to a gallon of paint for first coat, if it is a three-coat job. All nail holes and defects in lumber should be puttied when the priming coat is dry.

Allow about three or four days for the first coat to dry before applying the second, which can be used as it comes from the can without thinning. It has been proven by tests on surfaces that have been exposed to weather conditions that, on new lumber especially, three-coat work is the most economical, and it is always recommended where satisfactory work is required.

The third coat should be applied the same as the second, after allowing a reasonable time to dry.

When applying paint, spread it out and brush it into the surface thoroughly. Do not put it on in heavy coats.

In the case of two-coat work, add 1/4 pint benzole to gallon of paint for the priming coat. The last coat should be applied as it comes from the can.

Scrape off all loose paint blisters, etc., that may be on the surface. Do not paint unless the surface to be painted is perfectly dry and free from dust. Thin first coat with one pint turpentine to a gallon of paint; after allowing four days to dry, apply second coat as it comes from the can. On an old painted surface, only two-coat work is necessary.

Where painted surface is in bad condition, it is more satisfactory to take off the old paint with varnish remover and proceed to paint as in the case of new lumber.

GOOD paint—even the best—is not the only thing necessary for securing lasting results. The surface on which

the paint is to be applied must be in proper condition.

The factors of deterioration to be contended against are heat, moisture and pitchy or sappy lumber. You can't mix oil and water, so you can't expect good results from paint put on a moist surface.

Surfaces to be painted, whether wood, metal, concrete or brick, must be thoroughly dry and free from sap, pitch, grease and dust. It is not sufficient that lumber be dry on the surface, it must be dry through and through. Any moisture in the wood after it is painted will be drawn to the surface as soon as the heat affects it, and the paint will blister.

For a painted surface where a high gloss paint has been used, wash the surface with a solution of sal soda strong enough to take off the gloss, grease and dirt. Fill all cracks and crevices with plaster paris and when dry, touch up the places with sizing.

Walls previously coated with water color preparation must be washed or brushed off clean, and finish as indicated for new plastered walls.

CAUTION—Do not, under any circumstances, add linseed or any other kind of oil; if it is found a little too heavy, or becomes thick on exposure, add a very small quantity of turpentine.

Don'ts When Painting

Don't paint over a greasy surface.

Don't use alkali soap or cleansers in cleaning off grease, unless it is thoroughly sponged off with cold water afterwards.

Don't paint over loose, scaling paint; use a scraper or steel brush for cleaning it off.

Don't paint on a damp, wet day, or after a rain; wait until the wood has thoroughly dried.

Don't apply paint on new lumber unless it is thoroughly dry and the knots shellaced.

Don't apply the second coat of paint until the first is thoroughly dry; allow three or four days between coats.

Don't use an interior paint for an exterior surface.

Don't apply a flat oil paint over a water-tinted wall until the old material is washed off.

Don't paint on the sunny side of a house, if possible. Avoid painting in the direct heat of the summer.

Don't apply exterior paint in thick, heavy coats. Brush it out well; two thin coats cover and protect the wood better than one heavy coat.

Don't stir paint with a round stick; use a flat paddle about two inches wide and use in a rotary action.

Don't keep a paint brush in coal oil when not in use; keep it in linseed oil or water.

Don't use a brush for paint that has previously been used for wax.

Don't forget to stir paint occasionally while using—it prevents the pigment from settling and the paint is always of a uniform consistency.

The Laugh of Good Nature

There is great virtue in the saying that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Although few men can cheerfully bear to have their cherished opinions contradicted, it is only in the breast of a surly or stupid person that a feeling of resentment will be engendered by contradiction. A sensible man knows that in a dispute or controversy another has just as much right to an opinion as he has himself, and, if the opinion expressed in opposition to his own is obviously the

result of ignorance, he will try to enlighten its possessor or suffer him gladly to continue in his error. He, who is always strong in disputation is often shown to be weak by his strenuous defense of a position no longer attacked. He creates a feeling of dislike in seeking to win admiration. Perhaps the best of all weapons of any kind of discussion likely to produce differences of opinion, is a laugh, not the laugh of ridicule or contempt, but the laugh of good nature and affability.

Life's Greatest Gift

By Jeanne Valdez

Thank God for lofty mountains!

For skies of heavenly blue;

For clouds sometimes, and little rifts

Of silver glinting through!

For sunny mead, and masses

Of glorious golden broom;

For briery-scented breezes,

And roses all abloom!

Thank God for dawn and dew-drops!

Birds, bits of song and TREES

That dot the lovely landscape—yes,

Thank God I say for THESE!

For sunlit waves a-lapping

Along a leafy shore;

For heart to feel, and eyes to see!

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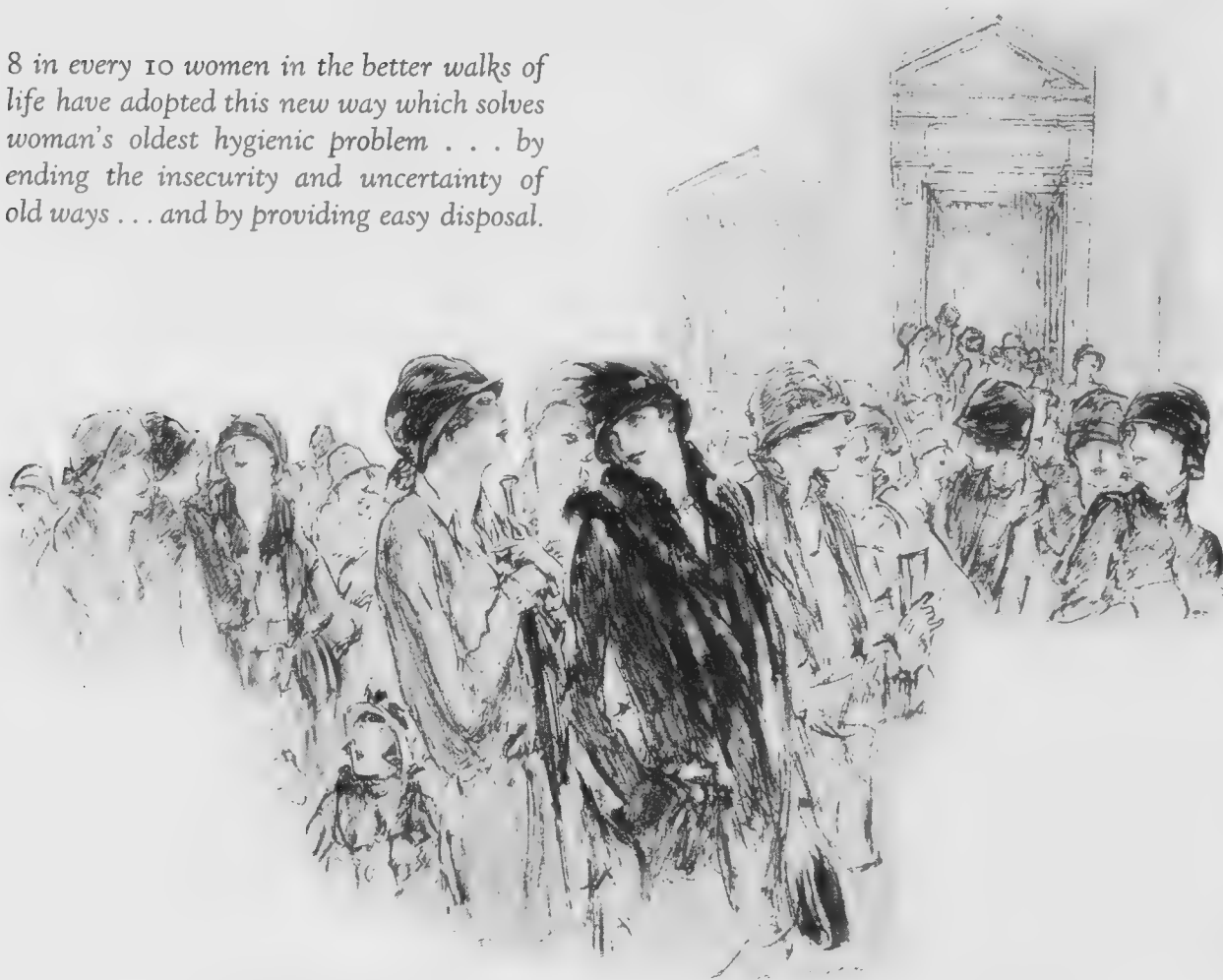
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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

THE rigid exactments of modern social and business life demand a new hygiene for women. Days are too precious, too full, to be lost . . . or interfered with by even natural complications.

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If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, your peace of mind, your health.

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Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can get it anywhere, today

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy. Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today mail the coupon for a full sized sample of Kotex, free. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for your sample today.

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Catalysis—The Miracle Worker in Chemistry

In the Middle Ages, Catalysis Would Have Been Hailed as the Philosopher's Stone—By Uniting Elements That Could Not Otherwise be Brought Together, It Forms New Substances.

IF you talk shop with a group of chemists you are likely almost at once to hear the magic word catalysis. It is not a new thing in itself, but the recent applications of it have revolutionized industrial chemistry. A new era of invention has been opened.

What is catalysis, anyway? Carl Shoup in the "New York World" attempts an answer. The chemists themselves call it "the chemical parson." By that curious phrase they mean that the action known as catalysis unites two things that otherwise could not easily be brought together.

It is not a thing; it is a principle. For instance: Take nitrogen and hydrogen and unite them. Just try to unite them! It is a harder job than uniting a child and castor oil. But if you put a specially prepared piece of iron in the same chamber with the nitrogen and hydrogen, and take it out a little later—behold! Those two gases have united, to form ammonia. The presence of the iron did the work.

And the most peculiar thing about it is this: The iron itself undergoes no change whatsoever. Why, no one knows. Catalysis is not only the chemical miracle—it is also the chemical mystery. The same piece of iron, of the same quality and the same weight is taken out at the end exactly as it was put in at the start. It is for all the world as if the iron had gone in and talked sweetly to the nitrogen and hydrogen and urged them to patch up their differences and get together, and then had walked out again, the same iron as before. The action of the iron is known as catalysis. The iron itself is called a catalyst.

Catalysis, then, is the great persuader of chemistry. The marvels that it has accomplished for man can be partially comprehended when we realize that it plays an essential part in the modern methods of manufacturing such things as shotgun shells, newspapers, cigarette holders, radio parts, fertilizers, vegetable lard, soap, automobile tires, dyes and artificial ice.

But even a list like that fails to show fully the tremendous influence of catalysis and its applications. One of the tricks it played—this was in the manufacture of sulphuric acid—was to upset international trade to the extent of millions of dollars a year, and within ten years slash off three-quarters of one country's income from a certain raw material.

Spain was the country that suffered that blow. Spain produces a mineral called pyrites. Pyrites, about ten years ago, was used in all the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Then some one perfected the method for forming sulphuric acid from pure sulphur by means of catalysis; somebody else conveniently discovered a bed of 99.99-100 per cent. pure sulphur underneath some Louisiana quicksands, and in ten years the import of pyrites from Spain decreased almost 75 per cent.

Sulphuric acid has been given a significant nickname—"the pig iron of chemistry." It's as necessary to the industrial chemist as a whistle is to a traffic policeman; nothing really important can be done without it. Oil refineries, powder plants, steel mills, tanneries, all use immense quantities of it. So some idea of the far-reaching change that catalysis has wrought can be comprehended when we consider that for the last ten years there has been a steady trend away from the old "chamber process" to the new "contact process," which brings the two elements together by means of a catalyst.

Formerly it was necessary to rely exclusively on the great lead chambers where sulphur dioxide and oxygen were mixed, yielding a low strength sulphuric acid. Pyrites was employed in the process. Now the stubborn sulphur dioxide and oxygen are simply introduced to each other in the presence of a gracious catalyst (in this case, finely divided platinum) and the end is accomplished

with much less trouble. Even more important, it is possible to obtain by this method sulphuric acid that is far stronger than any ever made before. And the platinum comes out of it quite unchanged, ready to continue the social round.

Another powerful catalyst is the light white powder, zinc oxide, mixed with a little copper. This chemical parson finds itself right at home when surrounded by hydrogen and that rather notorious guest, carbon monoxide. It is a simple matter to obtain these last two; the whole world has been doing it now for some decades by merely heating coal or coke and then throwing steam on the fire. But Germany has been arousing interest in this country in a product called methanol, for when the catalyst above mentioned does its duty with the hydrogen and carbon monoxide that rise up from the steam bathed coal, those two gases are immediately brought into intimate relation and unite to form methanol, or what we call wood alcohol.

Sulphuric acid and methanol are outstanding achievements of catalysis, but undoubtedly the most striking part it has played in remaking industrial chemistry has been in the manufacture of ammonia.

From ammonia there can be made that substance which is absolutely indispensable in time of war—nitric acid, for explosives. And the only other way in which it can be easily procured in large quantities is from the nitrate beds in Chile. The manufacture of ammonia by means of catalysis played a dramatic part between the years 1914 and 1918. It is not too much to say that the process directly affected the length of life of millions of men. Shortly after the fighting began, Germany sent warships to the coast of Chile to keep the Allies from securing sole access to the nitrate beds. It was a life-and-death matter. But the Germans were driven away.

The war might have ended almost at once had not a German named Haber discovered that nitrogen and hydrogen, naturally extremely averse to each other, could be made to unite readily by simply introducing some specially prepared porous iron as a third party. The nitrogen in the air and hydrogen from water then combined without more ado, and the result was ammonia, which could be oxidized, thus forming nitric acid and giving Germany an inexhaustible source of supply for explosives. Even in oxidizing the ammonia, a catalyst—a fine platinum screen—was employed.

This process has been introduced into the United States, with the result that the country is now manufacturing nearly a hundred tons of ammonia a day with the aid of catalysis. We are no longer absolutely dependent upon the nitrate beds in Chile.

As if it were not enough to upset foreign trade, promote a dozen or more industries, and prolong a war, catalysis has added to its record by turning what was almost a waste product—the lowly cottonseed—into a household necessity, and at the same time giving good cheer to housewives. The process is very complicated, but it rests on the fact that ordinary vegetable oils, such as cottonseed or coconut oil, are known as "unsaturated compounds," and that if these oils can be made to take up hydrogen they become much more stable and useful. But it was impossible to do this until catalysis showed the way. Now, however, cottonseed oil is yearly turned into an amount of fat which would otherwise have to be supplied by 7,000,000 hogs a year. This cottonseed product appears in the familiar form of lard, which, unlike the lard made from hog fat, does not become rancid or take up flavors. Another product resulting from this use of catalysis is soap.

It is impossible to say just when the action of catalysis was discovered, or, rather, detected. But modern chemists have stumbled upon its uses quite by accident in many cases. Some scientist would try to remove impurities that he noticed were present when he was developing a chemical reaction and would then find to his astonishment that when he had succeeded in removing the impurities, the reaction refused to take place. In this way he would discover that this "impurity" was in reality a catalyst.

There is no doubt that catalysis has opened a new era in industrial chemistry—and, therefore, in modern civilization. How long this era will last and what it will produce no one knows. There seems to be no limit to the miracles this principle may work.

ICEBERGS AND SAINTS

"I DON'T see," said Robert Kittredge to his mother, "how old Deacon Bradbury can be so serene when he has so much to put up with at home. I think he must have been born a saint!"

"If you had known Deacon Bradbury as long as I have you would know that he wasn't born a saint," said the mother. "I knew Wilson Bradbury long before he was a deacon. I have known him more than forty years, and I can assure you that he wasn't born a saint. He was one of the most impulsive and quick-tempered young men I ever knew."

"Then how did he come to be so patient and quiet?" asked Robert.

"I think," said the mother, "that he would tell you that it is because long years ago he saw the folly of his quick temper, and began deliberately to curb it and to acquire the habit of restraint. That is a hard thing for young persons to understand; you look at the ripened saints about you and you think of only the finished product. You don't see that it has been the achievement of years of striving against desperate handicaps, and so you talk of 'born saints.' There is no such thing."

"Some persons are born with a better start than others, but everyone has had his own peculiar battle to fight. If he hadn't he would be no better than a plaster saint adorning a niche in the wall somewhere. Sainthood, Robert, is built up by years of work. Do you remember the iceberg we saw last year on our trip abroad? Do you remember that you asked me what made it go in one direction, while the wind and surface waves were going in the other? The reason was, as I told you, that two-thirds of the iceberg was below the surface of the water, and there were currents far down beneath that were carrying the iceberg along with them, regardless of winds and surface currents."

"That is the way with people. Two-thirds of us are hidden down out of sight of the world. That is the region of thoughts, ideals, emotions, secret habits and imagination. When some man high in public esteem suddenly falls into disgrace it means that the two-thirds of him that was out of sight was running counter to what he was professing in public. And when some man like Deacon Bradbury lives a life of serenity in the midst of surface currents that are trying to carry him in the other direction, it means that the two-thirds of him you don't see are reaching down into currents of patience and peace, currents that he has been establishing for years."

"I hope you won't be fooled or discouraged by thinking of born saints. Just keep the hidden two-thirds of your life—your dreams and ideals and imagination—set in the right direction, and the current some day will set straight and carry you strong into some such haven of peace as Deacon Bradbury enjoys."

Christianity does not consist in being good, but in doing good.—Robert Quillen.



A young fisherman

In Los Angeles, Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Battle Creek six famous cooking experts conducted a novel cooking experiment.



Miss Lucy G. Allen, who represented Boston in the experiment.

Mrs. Vaughn, Los Angeles.

And Boston couldn't teach Los Angeles a thing!

IN BOSTON, traditional seat of learning, and Los Angeles, gay and youthful city, two famous cooks participated with four other experts in a nation-wide test of the Perfection Stove. When results were compared, Boston couldn't teach Los Angeles a thing, for Los Angeles, independently, had reached the same conclusions!

Mrs. Kate B. Vaughn, home economics expert, represented Los Angeles, and Miss Lucy G. Allen, head of the Boston School of Cookery, Boston.

Quick, Intense Heat

"When frying veal birds," said Mrs. Vaughn, "I was impressed with the quick heat of the Perfection burners—as soon as I touched a match to the wick."

Miss Allen baked beans for eight hours. In all that time the simmering flame did not vary. Not once did she have to adjust the wick.

"After all," she said, "you can take the good performance of the Perfection Stove pretty much for granted."

Many Extra Features

"But it's the extra features—the oil reservoir which you can refill without soiling your hands; and the long chimneys which insure clean kettle bottoms that recommend the Perfection to particular people," said Mrs. Vaughn. And Miss Allen and the other four experts agreed.

The Perfection Stove proved so satisfactory by six experts is our latest model. See it at any dealer's. The 1926 line is complete from a one-burner stove, to a large, five-burner range, prices from \$9.00 to \$194.00. You, too, will be satisfied with a Perfection, as are 4,500,000 daily users.

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I have a.....Stove.

WARNING. Use only genuine Perfection wicks, marked with red triangle. Others will give trouble.

Who Was Karl Marx?

The Jew Exile Who Founded a System of Political Economy—By Francis Gribble

ALL the world knows that Karl Marx supplied the economic doctrines which Lenin translated into practical politics in Russia. All the world is familiar with his battle-cry: "Workers of the world, unite. You have only your chains to lose." He engaged in violent disputes with other Socialists, hardly less eminent than himself: with Lassalle, because he wanted to temporize and compromise; with Bakunin, because he regarded the world as his apple-cart, and called upon all to join him in upsetting it.

About the man himself little has been written. There must be people who do not even know in what sense, and to what extent, he was himself numbered among those "workers" whom he assured that "the knell of capitalist property will sound" and that "the expropriators will be expropriated."

Descendant of Rabbis

He was a Jew, and the descendant of rabbis, though his father had been converted and baptized. The original name of the family is said to have been Mordecai. He was born at Trèves in 1818, and his early associations were with the Conservative and reactionary parties. Jenny von Westphalen, whom he married, was of noble birth. He won his doctorate at Bonn by a thesis on the philosophy of Epicurus, though he himself was not destined ever to live the life of an Epicurean. For a while he edited a paper at Cologne, but got into trouble with the police by exhorting his readers not to pay their taxes; and the rest of his life was mainly spent in exile—in Paris, in Brussels, and eventually in London, where he resided, first in the neighborhood of Soho Square and then on Haverstock Hill.

His financial position was seldom satisfactory. In the early days of his exile—he came to London in 1849—it was always in unstable equilibrium. At one time he contemplated placing his daughters in domestic service and himself applying for a post as a railway clerk. As a matter of course he pawned his watch, his clothes, and his other portable property; and one of his visits to the pawnshop entailed a very unpleasant experience, of which there is a graphic account in H. M. Hyndman's "Record of an Adventurous Life."

A Pawnshop Experience

Mrs. Marx was remotely connected with the family of the Duke of Argyll, and she owned as her lawful property certain forks and spoons bearing the Campbell crest. Her husband, being in urgent need of temporary accommodation, took these to a pawnshop on a Saturday night. The pawnbroker, suspicious that this unkempt person was not dealing with his own forks and spoons, found a pretext for detaining him and sent for the police. The result was that he was locked up. Saturday night and Sunday passed, and it was not until the morning of Monday that he succeeded in proving that the goods were his own.

He wrote for the press, but the pay was poor. Two dollars a page was his remuneration for contributing to an "American Encyclopædia"; his articles on economic and financial subjects for the "New York Tribune" earned him a pound each. Sympathetic friends, however, came to the rescue. An uncle sent him money from Holland, and Lassalle sent him money from Germany. Engels, a prosperous Manchester cotton spinner, made him a weekly allowance, sent him frequent gifts of port wine, and eventually subsidized him to the extent of £350 a year. It was relative affluence. He gave his daughters a good education, and they married well-to-do men. He himself came to move in wealthy circles, was often to be seen—a picturesque figure—at the theatre, accepted the office of constable of the vestry of Saint Pancras, took the customary oath, and, on gala occasions, donned the regulation uniform.

A 19th Century Aristotle

H. M. Hyndman, introduced by Karl Hirsch, came to know Marx rather well. He found him a "powerful, shaggy, untamed old man." He spoke of him to Hirsch as "the Aristotle of the Nineteenth Century," but qualified the statement by adding that it was "quite impossible to think of Marx as acting the courtier to Alexander." Marx, he further said, was "fighting to a finish all his life."

"Marx's health," he writes, "was now failing. His more than Herculean labors on his great book had sapped his marvellously strong constitution. No wonder. He would be at the British Museum when the doors opened in the morning and would leave only when they closed at night. Then, after his return home, he would again work on, giving himself only a short rest and time for food, until the small hours of the morning. Sixteen hours a day was quite an ordinary day's work for him, and not infrequently he put in an hour or two more. And such work as it was too! It was not surprising that he was now forbidden to do any writing or thinking after his evening meal."

It was consequently in the evenings that Hyndman used to call on him and converse with him. His description of their interviews is worth quoting:

"Our method of talking was peculiar. Marx had a habit when at all interested in the discussion of walking actively up and down the room, as if he were pacing the deck of a schooner for exercise. I had acquired, on my long voyages, the same tendency to pacing to and fro when my mind was much occupied. Consequently master and student could have been seen walking up and down on opposite sides of the table for two or three hours in succession, engaged in discussing the affairs of the past and the present."

Though Marx became the head of a circle almost as soon as he settled in England, he never went out into the highways and hedges to preach his gospel. It was a circle to which, according to Achille Loria, "none could be admitted without passing a severe examination as to knowledge of science in general and of political economy in particular," and that examination was "so rigorous that even Wilhelm Liebknecht was unable at first to satisfy its requirements."

Irritability of Genius

He had the irritability of genius. He was vain as well as arrogant. He regarded Henry George, according to Hyndman, as "a boy with a bright farthing dip fooling around within the radius of a man using an electric searchlight." He became estranged from Hyndman because he believed him to have appropriated some of his ideas without sufficient acknowledgment.

In his later years he became a great invalid, persecuted by a conspiracy of miscellaneous disorders—boils, bronchitis, hepatic trouble, headache and lumbago. He sought relief in vain at health resorts as various as Ramsgate and Monte Carlo. The shock of his daughter's death in January, 1883, practically killed him. He lingered on for a few months, as a broken man, a mere shadow of his former self, and then, on March 14, 1883, died suddenly in his study chair.

Danger of Contagion

When Bobby's mother returned from her shopping, she found her small son in a fine rage, and the pretty young nursemaid in tears.

"What is the matter now?" asked the mother.

"Sure, ma'am, 'he's roarin' because I wouldn't leave him go to play with the Burton children," said Nora. "And it wasn't that I wanted to deny him, but Mrs. Burton called across they was having charades, and I didn't know, ma'am, whether Bobby had ever had them or not!"

Where Race Suicide is Unknown

IT would not be easy to find a place so near the lines of travel, and at the same time so isolated, as the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. Lacey Amy, writing for "Travel," tells about that strange region, which during five months of the year is shut off from all communication with the mainland except by wireless.

The women are the real workmen. And yet they find time to rear families of twelve to fifteen children. A visitor commented on the size of the families to Le Bourdais, the legless head operator of the telegraph system, who is a physical wreck as the result of a boat wreck on the islands forty years ago, when he lay for six terrible days on the ice, and was forced at last to assist in the amputation of his own legs with common knives.

"Pooh!" sneered the old fellow in answer. "The biggest family of 'em all is seventeen." But Le Bourdais was a French-Canadian from the Quebec mainland, where rearing families is an obsession. "Friend of mine over there, one of a family of twenty-two, married a girl from a family of twenty-seven. Got nineteen themselves." His wheezy cough—one of the many relics of that six days on the ice—prevented a hasty defense of his friend. "And he's a young man yet," he sputtered at last.

This profusion of offspring has led to another inconvenience besides the overpopulation of the island. Names run out long before the family "omega" has arrived, and the children must be distinguished by some other means. Joe Burke P. signifies Joe Burke, the son of Peter, to separate him from a few of his cousins. Joe Burke Anizim would be simple enough as a designation for the son of Anizim if a brother had not come along after the supply of names had "petered" out. Then, because he had to be a Joe, he is known as Joe Anizim Burke. It satisfies the natives, but it is confusing to the visitor.

The mother of fifteen continues to be the workman. The husband is a fisherman—that and nothing else. If the weather prevents fishing, that is the will of God; it is not his fault. So he sits down and awaits the kind of weather he desires. And through it all the woman toils and struggles. After the farm work is done, she hustles along the shore collecting clams for tomorrow's bait, earns a little on the side at the cod flakes of the fish merchants, performs the religious duties of the household, and just before sundown staggers with her remaining strength down to the fish houses on the beach to welcome her master with a hot meal when his schooner drops into harbor.

What He Knew About It

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on "Married Life and its Duties." Two old Irish women were heard coming out of church commenting on the address.

"It's a fine sermon his reverence would be after giving us," said one to the other.

"It is indeed," was the quick reply, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."

Opportunities pass on and do not return. But wrongs that we do to others as a modern thinker has observed, are like the boomerang. They speed away, and perhaps we forget them. But they are simply flying in a circle, and in time they come back on us.

It takes a wise man to discover a wise man.—Diogenes.

Fairy Gold

"What is made of fairy dew?
I am, said the Sea,
Play a while with me;
See my waves of fairy foam
Dancing near the mermaid's home.

"What is made of fairy gold?
I am, said the sand,
Take me in your hand;
See me slip, like fairy rain,
Back upon the shore again."

From "A Child's Songs of the Sea," by Grace M. Tuffley.

Surely you can have A white house that will stay white

Do not select a dead, dreary color for your home fearing white paint may quickly get gray—or worse.

40-40-20* has been developed for home owners like you who believe, and rightly so, that there is nothing so beautiful as a white house in a setting of green foliage.

For this new paint is brilliantly white to begin with and will keep its original whiteness over a long period of years. And as it holds its whiteness, so also it holds its grip, protecting the wood, preventing decay, eliminating repair bills and the cost of frequent repainting.

40-40-20* covers well, and brushes out easily, giving a smooth surface that will not catch dust—one that will not crack or peel.

40-40-20 is the Registered Trade Mark of the New Jersey Zinc Company and paint bearing this trade mark is made from its specified pro-

ducts according to its specially developed paint formula.

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IRRESISTIBLE!

NO WONDER! They're McCormick's Sweet Biscuits, and children just love them. They have such a crisp, fresh, delightful taste, yet are not too rich.

Good for the kiddies, too, for they are made from the purest ingredients in the famous snow-white bakery, a great building of spotless white-tile, one of the show places of Canada.

Cleanliness and purity are everywhere evident in McCormick's Bakeries.

Adults, too, like McCormick's Sweet Biscuits, because of their variety and flavors. There's a biscuit for every occasion.

Ask your grocer to send over a pound of McCormick's Biscuits, assorted, with your next order.

For every occasion—

MCCORMICK'S BISCUITS

Every one of that Distinctive Quality
which makes JERSEY CREAM SODAS famous

Work for Busy Fingers

Crepe Paper for Table Decorations—Suggestion for Engagement Announcement

THE climax of every party comes at the table. Here the perfect hostess puts forth her best effort, for she knows that upon her table decorations and the uniqueness of her favors greatly depends the success of her entertainment.

The nature of any affair determines the manner of table trimming. For many parties paper table covers are entirely appropriate, and give a decorative effect that can be obtained in no other

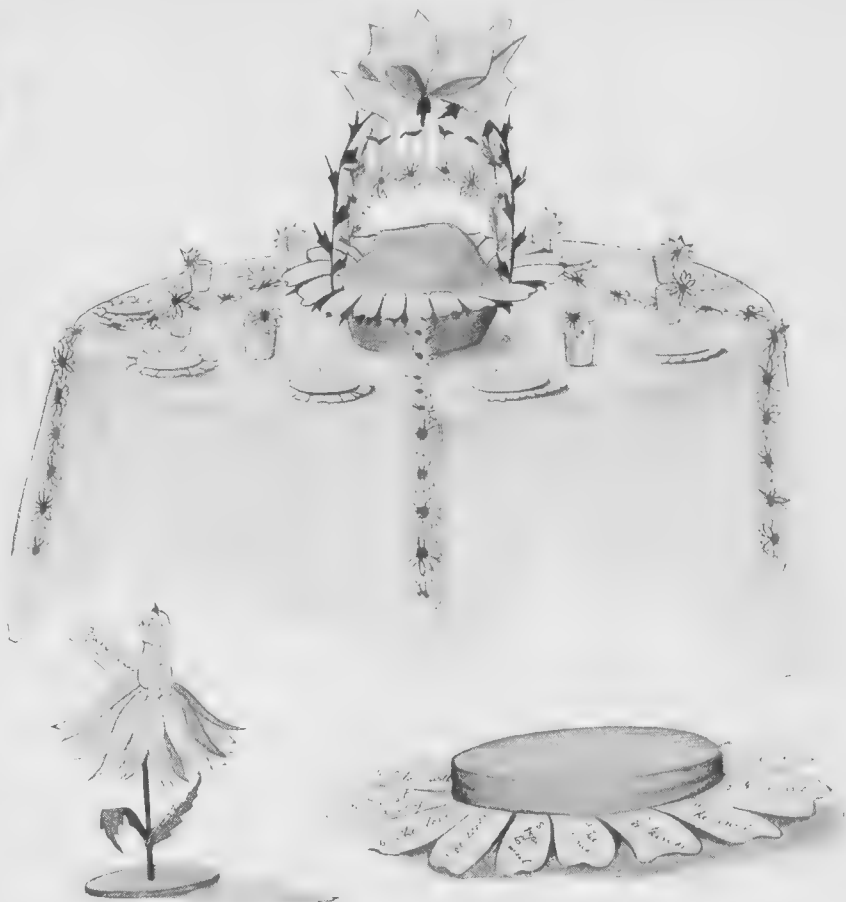
brilliancy and to contribute decoration. If candles are used delicate shades of paper help beautify the table.

A Daisy Luncheon to Announce an Engagement

To carry out the daisy idea perfectly there should be twelve guests.

A daisy basket filled with small favors forms the centerpiece.

At each place a daisy card carries the name of a guest, and daisy metal doilies



A daisy luncheon to announce an engagement

way. Sometimes simply doilies and table runners are used, and here again paper ones are often suitable.

If refreshments are to be served buffet style, the table may be made very lovely with a complete covering of paper in a design suggestive of the occasion.

The silence cloth is spread, then the table top is covered with crepe paper, one width lapping another about an inch. The paper is stretched a bit and pinned to the silence cloth. The paper may be used around the edge in a variety of ways—in borders wide or narrow, ruffles of different widths, or fringe hanging softly. The paper is pinned or sewed to the silence cloth, the edge is finished with a narrow strip of paper pulled snugly around and pasted at the joining.

Overhead lights should be covered with paper shades, both to soften the electric

made of crepe paper are used under the plates.

When the time comes for ice cream and cake, the waitress enters bearing what looks like a huge daisy. Upon closer inspection it proves to be a delicious chocolate cake in the centre of a tray, with daisy petals around it. Each guest takes a piece of cake and a petal. These are passed so as to be taken in order, then read:

"One, I love; two, I love; three, I love, I say;

Four I love with all my heart; five, I cast away;

Six, she loves; seven, he loves; eight, they hope to wed;

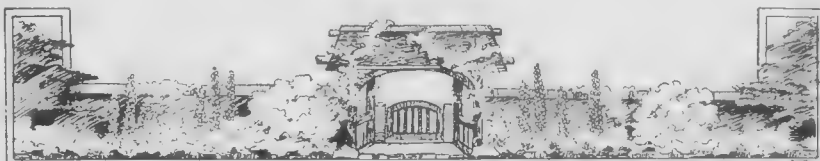
Nine, he comes; ten, he carries; eleven, courts; twelve, he marries."

On the twelfth petal the names are given.

Poland

The upper class of Poland is the cream of the country. The rest of the twenty-seven million inhabitants are very primitive and "home-spun." Their culture, such as it is, has remained in abeyance through centuries of Russian domination. They use the things that such advance of modern conditions as has penetrated to them have forced upon them because they have no alternative; but they do not beautify or improve them. They just take. And so Poland

is a land of great possibilities—because of the brilliancy of outlook, the refinement, the vision of her upper class; a land of heartbreaks—because of the overwhelming low cultural level of the greater part of her population; a land without a backbone—because the middle class that requires the intermediate things of life is lacking. None can predict what lies before her in the future. All wish her well. All fear for her.—The New Statesman.





Modes that Feature the Newest Style Trends

THIS season's fashions are most interesting because of the radical change from severely simple lines, to the more femininely lovely undulation of the flare effects. One finds endless variety in the fluttering flares, draperies, plaits, godets, frills and flounces.

Harmony in dress, coat, shoes, hat and accessories is now an absolute necessity, and most economical too, for one may wear one coat with several dresses in harmonious colors.

Prints and bordered silks are widely shown, all are in brilliant colors, and are used for all styles of dresses.

Taffeta appears in coats and afternoon dresses. It combines well with georgette, chiffon and lingerie materials.

The cape-dress, carefully tailored in rep, kasha, or twill is much in evidence.

Basque effects, with full skirts flaring from the normal waistline are shown in dresses for youthful figures.

Two-piece (jumper) frocks are made up for daytime and evening wear.

The straight lines prevail in this mode, although one may wear a slightly flared skirt with a jumper dress.

A blouse of checked or plaided material will look well with a skirt of plain material and vice versa.

A new plaited skirt shows plain material on the underside of the plait folds, and plaid material on top.

On sports coats and sports dresses one sees yokes and yoke effects are shown. They may be deep or shallow, straight or pointed, and may be used with high collars or open necks.

Eyelet and cut work embroidery is used on evening frocks. The effect is very attractive when the underdrap is of a contrasting shade.

A new godet arrangement suggestive of "umbrella" folds is shown on princess dresses.

Shantung silks are lovely for afternoon dresses. It may be cleverly combined with chiffon.

A knitted blouse may be worn with a crepe skirt for golf and other sports. The skirt may be plaited, and the collar of the blouse may be of the crepe.

Spring two-piece suits are very mannish and youthful, with short jackets and slender skirts. A waist coat is not an unusual accompaniment.

A blue top coat is the smartest coat style.

Capes are much in evidence, in various lengths and styles, some with yokes, some without, some with tie collars, some with "strap" or convertible collars.

The tie collar that confines the neck has been most favorably received. It is still popular in its various changes. A new draped collar now claims attention. It often outlines a "V" and has its own bow or tie finish cut in one with the collar.

Youthful are the double-tiered skirts, in flare or gathered lines. A very lovely model was worn with a blouse that has long tie ends at its lower edge which were looped gracefully at the centre of the front.

Striped material may be used with good effect in a two-piece dress by running the stripes crosswise in the blouse and lengthwise in the skirt, with a wide fold crosswise at the foot of the skirt.

Bordered wash silk forms a simple smart frock, that is sleeveless. The border finishes the hem, and is used for the new draped "necklace" collar.

In a taffeta dress for a young girl, the bodice is molded, and finished with a bertha collar. The blouse is long and scalloped and the skirt is very full and gathered.

Lace on wrist and neck is quite the fashion on simple frocks of taffeta or satin.

Taffeta and printed georgette is quite chic in combination.

A pretty afternoon frock of brightly printed crepe is trimmed with narrow bands of brightly colored ribbon, on the flare skirt, and a tiny vestee.

Eyelet embroidery may be attractively combined with taffeta.

Crepe de chine is a practical and serviceable material for school dresses.

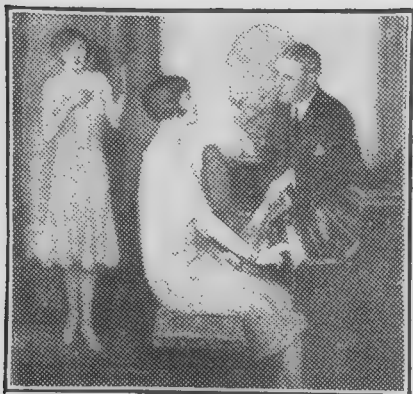
It may be used for one or two-piece styles.

Gaily printed silk made a charming afternoon dress for a young girl. It was cut in one piece "slip-on" style and slightly draped at one side of the surplice closing.

Plain silk in a contrasting shade was used for banding at the free edges.



BLOUSE
5425
SKIRT
4981



"She Looked Like A New Girl"

"I'd never seen her dressed so becomingly. I could hardly believe it was the same Mary Adamson who never used to have anything new or pretty to wear. It certainly was a lucky day for her when she enrolled with the Woman's Institute."

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Murine Wakes Up Sleepy EYES

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FOR YOUR
EYES

Aids for the Spring Dressmaker

5415. Nainsook, crepe and crepe de chine are appropriate materials for this model. It is fitted by underarm seams. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 or 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5052. This model comprises a petticoat, bloomers and waist. The petticoat may be omitted. The back of bloomers and petticoat are finished in "drop" style. Muslin, cambric, or crepe could be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the garment as illustrated for an eight-year size in the large view will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. If petticoat is omitted 1 1/2 yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5415



5505



5505. A comfortable little garment is here shown for school, home or garden wear. It may be made of cretonne, chintz, gingham or chambray. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size if made as shown in the large view will require 3 3/4 yards of figured material and 3/4 yard of plain material 36 inches wide. If made with short sleeves 3 yards of figured material will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5113. This is one of the leading styles of the season—and is certainly an ideal warm weather dress. Linen, bordered with embroidery was used for the dress and blouse. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/2 yard for the blouse. The width of the dress at the foot is 1 3/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5370



5007. This "up-to-date" model is provided with "apron tunic" portions that may be omitted. Gingham, challie, percale, poplin and pongee are excellent materials for garments of this kind. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size, if made with the "tunic" will require 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Without the tunic 1 1/2 yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4698. This model is especially desirable for stout figures. It may be made of saten, flannel, serge crepe, albatross, linen, satin or silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 27-29; medium, 31-33; large, 35-37; extra large, 39-41 inches waist measure. A medium size requires 1 3/4 yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5340. Here is a practical model in "slip-on" style. It will not shift out of place or slip from the shoulders. Gingham, chambray, linen or unbleached muslin may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5007

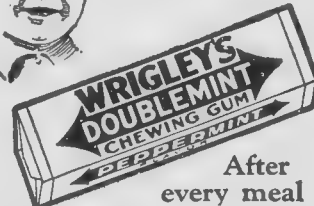


5007 5009

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5385. Wool crepe with plaid woolen or silk for trimming would be suitable for this style. It is also good for linen, tub silk, or cotton broad cloth. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuff facings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5425-4981. This comprises a new blouse, and a "wrap-around" skirt. Taffeta, moire, serge and linen are good for this style. The blouse 5425 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 4981 is cut in 6 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. To make this model for a 38-inch size (bust measure) will require 4½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of contrasting material for facing the plastron, collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1½ yard. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

5438. The new figured silks are very appropriate for this style. It is also desirable for flat crepe, for kasha or voile. The dress may be finished without the collar and revers.

The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2 yards. A 44-inch size if made as illustrated in the large view, will require 4¾ yards of figured material and 1½ yard of plain material 40 inches wide. If made without collar and revers ¾ yard of plain material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4698

5449. Peasant dresses, shirred or smocked, are much in vogue. The style here portrayed is girlish, and most attractive. It lends itself

well to the soft sheer fabrics of the season. The long peasant sleeves may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size, if made as shown in the large view will require 3 yards of 40-inch material, and 1/6 yard of contrasting material ¼ yard wide for facing on the yoke insert. If made of one material entirely and with peasant sleeves, it will require 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5052

5435. Checked gingham and linen are combined in this instance. The model is also attractive in crepe, linen or cretonne. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes—small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2¾ yards of gingham and 1½ yard of linene, 36 inches wide, if made as illustrated in the large view. If made of one material only the frock will require 4¾ yards. The width at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Bravest are the Tenderest

Continued from page 16

tooth was all better. It had stopped aching. "No more monkey beeznezz—I go back to the shop, me, an' sell-a da banan." There was a struggle, there on the landing. Mrs. N. was using both hands on Nick so she kicked the dentist's door open with her foot and pushed the reluctant hubby inside. Then she turned to the dentist and said:

"You feex my man up, eh? He lose t'ree day from work. Please, mister dent' pull away da toot', queeck!"

"No, no, he's better now. Don't pull him away—he's all better!" shouted Nick.

Dr. Pullem smiled knowingly.

"Just get into the chair for a moment," he suggested.

"No, no, me, I can't spare the time Mister Dent'," expostulated Nick, backing away.

But between them they got him into the chair and Dr. Pullem took up his shiny monkey-wrench.

"You hold his legs," he instructed Mrs. N.

"Pull da toot' away queeck, Mister Dent'—no fooling!" cried the determined lady.

Nick was trembling all over like prune jelly in a strong breeze.

"Does—does it hurt?" he inquired faintly.

"It won't hurt any more than I can help," returned the dentist. "Open wider please."

"Oh, mister, it hurts—it hurts!"

"Why, I haven't touched you yet."

"Nick, you keep still an' do like da gent says."

"Open just a little wider please—"

As Mrs. Nick tells it: "Nick, he grab-a da dent' round de neck an' he holler: 'Help, help, he's keeling me!' He keeck wit' bot' feets—he keeck all da leetle bottle off-a da shelf an' he

shout 'murder, fire, poleeece!' Sooch a noise. He yell—he groan—he cry like da bambino. Me, I'm ashamed from him. All da people in da place come running to see vare is da murder being did. 'Stop it, stop it, help!' yell Nick. But da dent' he one fine strong man. He don't listen. He pull."

As the tooth came out there was a roar like a howl of a wounded rhinoceros. Down on the street—the windows were open—a traffic cop started and looked around to see if it was the cover of a manhole that had blown off. From the windows of neighboring buildings heads were thrust forth. A dog began to bark excitedly.

Of course Nick was really more scared than hurt. For, as Mrs. N. explained, "da dent' put da toot' asleep first wit' a leetle needle." The customer with the note-taking habit looked meditative, nodded, and wrote "fear complex" on the back of his envelope.

But Nick Georgiopolus is none the less a hero for one moment of weakness. This you or we or any of his admirers would readily concede. Still, he feels a trifle sensitive about it just the same and that is why he is so anxious to placate "da wom'." On Sundays in the back yard when his compatriots foregather for a few friendly rounds of boxing and wrestling Nick's prestige is still undimmed.

Those permitted to see him say that it is a noble sight to watch him strutting about like a cock-o'-the-walk—stalwart, big-muscled, unconquerable.

"Enoff to eat, enoff to drink, some friends"—who would wish for more than that? Life is good in spite of the necessity for selling "da banan'." Listen to the tribute of his pals:

"He mooch brave-a man, Nick. He spit-a on da hand—dees-a-way—an' he say: 'Come on! Me, I take-a da whole lunch!'"



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out dandruff

The Memory of a May Night

Continued from page 9

For a moment he was speechless with delight; then all awkwardness and constraint fell from him.

"I've never forgotten you," he said. "Never! I've been busy—careless—but all the time—I've never felt for anyone else—not for one moment—what I felt—"

"Oh, please!" she interrupted. "All this, you know—such a long, long time—"

"It's just the same now—for me," he said. "It might have been yesterday. Don't you remember? We walked together in that other garden—"

"Captain Baynes!" she said in a tone of mild wonder. "Really—!"

"I can't help it," he answered doggedly. "I can't lose you again. Only listen to me!"

"Some one is coming. I'm very sorry—"

He saw a group advancing slowly along the driveway, heard their voices.

"You're sorry?" he demanded. "You mean—you'd like to listen?"

"Oh, very much!"

"Then you will come tomorrow to tea on my ship? At four?"

"I'll bring Clara."

He had only time to whisper vehemently, "I don't want Clara!" when the others came up with them and, for him, the evening was ended.

He knew very well that his dazed silence offered some slight amusement to Mrs. Cortell and Mrs. Emmett, but what did he care? Let them smile, even laugh; it didn't matter. She was coming! By a miracle destiny had given him another chance. And not in any way too late; these twenty years were nothing; a chimera; she was young and sweet and lovely as ever, and he— he was exactly what he had been. It had all come again, that incomparable night, lacking nothing of its old ecstasy.

As he went back in the train he repeated to himself her dear name—Lucille—Lucille—over and over, just as he had done before. But he was humble now, overwhelmed with gratitude for this incredible, this unmerited glory.

CAPTAIN BAYNES remarked to Mr. Ames, the young second officer, that he expected ladies to tea that afternoon, and he invited Mr. Ames to join them—to talk to Mrs. Emmett. The captain fancied that his manner was cool and offhand; he did not at all suspect the gossip that arose from his restlessness, his extraordinary fastidiousness on this occasion. He was so anxious that everything should be right, that she should be favorably impressed. It troubled him that the sky was overcast, the sea heavy and gray, and he found it difficult not to reproach Mr. Ames for his necktie. For this was his ship, his domain, where he was uniquely responsible for everything.

"Like a bride giving her first party!" reflected Mr. Ames sardonically.

It was an ordeal more cruel than that, though. He had not only to entertain, to please, but he must somehow impress Lucille with a sense of his worth. And he felt that there could not be found a man more completely undesirable than himself. What had he to offer a woman? Nothing! He recalled the splendors of the Cortell establishment. No doubt Lucille spent all her time in similar places; she might, for all he knew, be fabulously wealthy herself. He imagined he had gained an impression of elegance and luxury about her.

What, in Heaven's name, could induce her to give a thought to a fellow like himself? He had a little money saved; he could retire. Retire! Did a creature like Lucille wish to retire from

the world? She ought to exist in dazzling luxury. No; there wasn't a vestige of hope for him; he had no right to think of her. But just the same, he did think of her. He had nothing to offer her, but just the same he was going to offer what little he had. He was going to ask her to marry him. Nothing should stop him.

As four o'clock drew near he felt an exact repetition of the dread and wretchedness he had experienced that other time; worse now, though, because he had the memory of that other bitter disappointment. Suppose that was repeated, too, like the rest of it? It would be; suddenly he felt sure of it. Another boy would come with another note. What was it she had written? "Dear Mr. Baynes: I am so very sorry, but—" He couldn't recall the excuse; someone was ill—something of that sort.

"I must find that note," he thought. "Just to see—"

It was there, at the bottom of the old tea-chest, that note which should have been carried next to his heart, but had instead travelled all about the world, neglected and forlorn. It was sad to see it, to touch it.

"Dear Mr. Baynes: I am so very sorry—" He smiled faintly; it was just as he remembered it. Her aunt was ill; he must write to her; they would surely meet again. "With sincere regrets—Clara Levering."

"Clara!" he cried so loudly that Mr. Ames, whose door was open, heard him and grinned. "Clara! But—it's impossible! Clara! But that's the other one! That's Mrs. Emmett! It can't be—Clara!"

A gust of wind came through the porthole and fluttered the letter out of his fingers. And, as if blowing through his mind, dispersed the exquisite illusion there.

No; there was no mistake. Mrs. Emmett had been that one. He could remember her now, not plump and arch and lively, but slender and young, with great romantic eyes. She had been the one, no doubt about it! It was she he had made love to with such impetuous ardor, she who had left him the fan. And she had remembered. Recalling her significant smile last night, he was sure of that. She had remembered, and he had forgotten. He had thought it was the memory of an old love that so stirred him and it was not; it was a new love, a thousand times more real, more profound. It was Lucille he loved.

And who was Lucille? Could she have been that young girl, half a child, who had sat so shy and downcast across the table from him on that long-past evening?

"Yes!" he cried. "It must be. She can't be more than thirty-four or -five now. Why didn't I see that? Only a

child then. I don't believe I even spoke to her that night. Oh, Good Lord! And last night I told her—I said—"

He sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Ames!" he shouted. "Mr. Ames!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Ames, appearing in the doorway with a greatly interested expression.

"I'm obliged to go ashore," said the captain. "I can't get back in time. Please make my excuses to the ladies. See that they get their tea. Explain to them."

"What shall I say?" inquired Mr. Ames.

"Say? Anything you want!" he cried. "Use your wits, man! I've got to go. At once."

Mr. Ames looked after him, more interested than ever.

CAPTAIN BAYNES ran up on deck and down the plank. The pier presented a forlorn and strange appearance this afternoon. The cargo for which they were waiting had been delayed in transit and no work was going forward; the shed, vast, dim, shadowy in the corners, reeking of molasses, hemp and tar, was quite empty. His hurrying footsteps echoed loudly; his flight had the quality of a nightmare in which one moves, utterly alone, through an unrecognizable world.

He could not see her, not ever again. It was the sort of thing which could never be explained. She must think him either a liar or a fool. Talking that way to a woman he'd never really spoken to before—telling her he had "always remembered"—giving her that fan which had belonged to another woman.

"She knew," he thought. "That's why she laughed. They were both coming here today—to laugh."

And that seemed to him monstrous, brutal, like a sacrilege. It was not embarrassment that he felt, not awkwardness or shame; it was grief. A radiant and beautiful thing had perished, and they meant to laugh. He could not see them; he would not see them.

But at the entrance of the pier he met them, face to face. They had just got out of a taxi, and Mrs. Sillinger was looking up at the grey sky doubtfully; he saw her as if in a flash, all her heart-breaking fragility and grace. Then Mrs. Emmett came toward him, and she was laughing.

"You see!" she said. "This time I came!"

"Yes," he said. "Yes. I was waiting for you—I thank you."

"I don't believe you are at all glad! You don't look so."

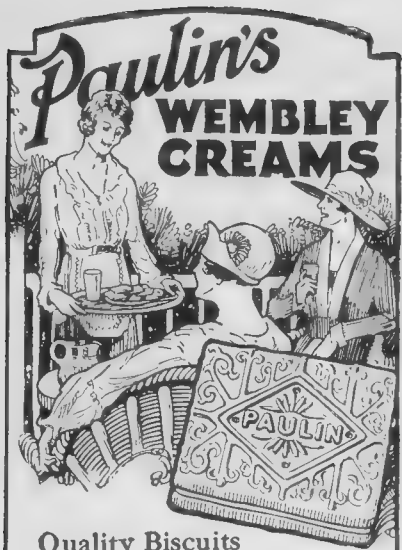
He protested that he was extraordinarily glad, and he endeavored to look so. Like a captive between jailers, he walked back through the shed with his guests; he tried to talk, but he had nothing to say. His voice seemed to him to reverberate strangely; he had an idea that he was disheveled, haggard, as if he had been running for miles.

And everything went wrong. The tea was bitter, the toast was too soft, the little cakes crumbled away at a touch; the steward was outrageously noisy with the plates. Mr. Ames was noisy, too, he thought; he laughed too much. Only Mrs. Sillinger was quiet.

He stole an anxious glance at her. She was sitting there, in his saloon at his table, where the first officer was wont to sit. And she would always be there. He would never be able to forget her. Her face, under a wide-brimmed hat, seemed to him pale and sad;



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his heart ached because of her loveliness, her beautiful quiet. He might have known that she would not laugh; she was only sorry that he had behaved so ill. And he never could explain to her now.

It had grown dark in the little saloon. Officially Mr. Ames snapped on the light and drew the curtains across the ports.

"How cosy!" said Mrs. Emmett. "But I'm afraid that means it's growing late. Can't I look over the ship before we go, Captain Baynes?"

"Certainly!" said he, rising at once. "I'd be—"

"Perhaps Mr. Ames will take me," she said. "I know Lucille doesn't want to come. She never likes to see what really exists. She'd rather sit here and imagine a perfectly impossible ship."

He held open the door while Mrs. Emmett passed out, followed by the cheerful Mr. Ames. Then he turned back to Mrs. Sillinger.

She too had risen. The hanging light above the table left her face in shadow; she was gazing down at the remains of that very masculine tea, her slender fingers touching the handle of a cup.

"Such pretty china!" she said.

"I bought it in Japan," he said. "Long ago."

Silence fell. He made no effort to speak; what had he to say? Then, after a long time:

"Captain Baynes," she said, "I must give it back to you—that fan."

He started violently.

"Yes, of course," he said bitterly. "You thought—"

She held it out to him, and he thrust it into his pocket.

"Of course you thought—"

"I didn't," she interrupted. "I was only sorry."

"Sorry? For what?"

"Sorry that it wasn't true. It would have been—such a beautiful thing!"

She was smiling now, but it was not a smile to hurt him; it was wistful, almost grave.

"To remember—for twenty years," she said. "It would have been so beautiful."

"I'll remember *this* for twenty years," he said half aloud. "All the rest of my life. But it's no use even trying to tell you."

There was another silence.

"Why isn't it any use?" she asked at last.

"You couldn't believe me," he said. "You'd think—I was—flirting."

"Perhaps you are," she said, and again her voice was unsteady with suppressed laughter. "Perhaps you carry that fan all over the world with you and offer it—" She stopped short. "Forgive me!" she said. "I didn't mean that—it was cruel!"

She was holding out her hand to him, and to his undoing he saw tears shining in her dark eyes. He took her hand, and her fingers clasped his.

"I didn't mean that, Captain Baynes. I couldn't think that of you. No one could look at you and think that. I knew it was only a mistake."

"Well, it wasn't," he said grimly.

"It wasn't?"

"No. If you'll let me—if you'll listen—" He gripped her hand hard and then released it abruptly. He turned away from her, shaken to the soul by the touch of her fingers, by the tears in her eyes. "It was not—that other. It is you. What I—I loved always was a dream. And you are that dream. It wasn't a mistake. It's true that I knew you when I saw you last night, for I'd been—waiting for you. And you've come—too late." He wheeled round and looked into her face. "I've made a farce of it!" he cried. "A joke of—*this*. You'll never be able to think of it—of me—without laughing."

"Oh, yes, I shall!" said she.

"No!" he contradicted. "You're only trying to be kind. I—thank God I'm going away!"

"Aren't you ever coming back, Captain Baynes? Not ever?"

"Never—to you," he answered sombrely.

"Not even if I ask you to?"

He came a step nearer to her.

"You see—" he said. "You don't understand. I—I can't be—light—or careless about this. I couldn't—just come back and see you—as if—it didn't much matter. Because, you see, it really is—you. Only you."

Mr. Ames' cheerful laugh sounded in the distance, and, coming nearer, "Give me that fan!" she cried.

He stared at her in amazement.

"Give it to me!" she repeated.

"But—I don't—but why?" he faltered.

"Because I want it! Because it belongs to me—now!" Her words ended in a little sob, and she stamped her foot with impatience. "Quick! Before they come!"

He took it out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"But—why?" he demanded.

"Oh, how stupid you are!" she cried. He caught both her hands in his.

"But you can't mean—"

She snatched away her hands.

"They're coming!"

"I don't care," he said. "I know I'm stupid. I—I can't understand. You'll have to tell me."

"I sha'n't!" said she. "You can think about it while you're away—and when you come back—perhaps you'll understand a little better."

"No!" he cried, incredulous. "You can't mean that you think you'll ever—care? For me? Please tell me! Please don't make me wait!"

"Because you might forget?" she asked.

Shocked and terribly hurt, he looked at her. But her glance did not waver; she was not ashamed of that valiant laughter which came so close after tears.

"I'll keep that fan," she said. "I'll hold it over your head. You did forget once, you know!"

He stood before her in silence for a moment, tall, very erect, very grave; then he looked at her.

"It wasn't exactly forgetting," he said. "Perhaps I didn't quite remember the—the—" his face reddened—"the—person," he said. "But there was—something about that night—so long ago—that I'll never forget. I hope you won't mind my saying that. But, you see, I want to be honest with you."

"Mind?" she cried. "Oh, my dear! I knew you'd be honest! I saw that in you. That's why—"

Mr. Ames opened the door.

Economy

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To which Ole replied:

"I grab the oil can; I grab the waste—and I yump." — Arkansas Utility News.

Careless

Sailor—"They've just dropped their anchor."

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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 14

Davol must lay a trail that would
bring him to the walled garden of
Madame Roget. So, leaving word with
Madame Roget that he had gone to the
library to return some books, he went
carefully about the lower town, paying
debts that he had contracted and thus
clearing the way for his escape that
night.

These duties accomplished, he dined
at home and, avoiding the Place
d'Armes and other thoroughfares, he
made his way to a spot above the pal-
ace gate, where, behind some trees be-
low the Dauphin's Redoute, he perched
upon the cliffs, looking down upon the
palace of the Intendant. Here he knew
he could watch for those who visited
the sick-room of Francois Bigot. He
saw the Sieur Cadet go away and many
others, but not Monsieur de Chabannes,
the chevalier.

IT WAS growing dusk, six o'clock.
Monsieur Davol grew impatient.
There was much to do and such a little
while to do it in. Besides he wished to
return to his lodgings, where by this
time there would be a reply to his
letter to Heloise.

It was at this restless moment that
Monsieur de Chabannes came down the
steps of the Intendancy, crossed the
courtyard, and climbed the steep hill
toward the Hotel Dieu.

Davol slowly followed, reaching the
Rue de Palais a few moments after
Monsieur de Chabannes had turned to
the right around the corner to the west.
Davol was aware of a great curiosity,
satisfied when the man again turned
the corner of the Rue Saint Jean into
the Rue Saint Angele and knocked at
the door of Davol's own lodgings.

There now seemed no doubt at all as
to the meaning of the visit of Monsieur
de Chabannes. Davol from the vantage
of his hiding-place glanced at his watch.
It was not yet dark enough for his
purpose.

It would have been easy to have
brought about the encounter at once.
But this would have meant a brawl in
the street, the inevitable crowd, arrest,
investigation—and adieu to his escape!
He waited, watching. He saw De Cha-
bannes turn from the door, so Davol
went around the corner and hid him-
self in an alley while his pursuer passed
in the direction of the lower town, to
the library, probably, whither Madame
Roget had sent him.

It was now almost dark. Monsieur
de Chabannes would, of course, return,
for Davol had told the clerk at the
library that he would be at his home
most of the day. In an hour or a little
more Monsieur de Chabannes would
find his victim waiting for him, alone in
the garden. So when the man had dis-
appeared, Davol hurried to his lodg-
ings, where Madame Roget announced
the visit of a stranger and gave Davol
a note from Heloise in reply to his own.
It contained only a few words:

JACQUES: I will come. God save you
and help us both.

HELOISE.

He threw it into the fire, and watched
it burn. Then he sat and wrote her a
brief note in reply:

BELOVED: All is well. If I do not
reach the King's Yard promptly, go
aboard the ship alone. I will follow.

JACQUES.

If Heloise obeyed this injunction she
at least would go free. And in sending
the message he had another purpose,
necessary to his plans, of getting Ma-
dame Roget out of the house, so that

there would be no alarm or outcry
when he and De Chabannes met in the
garden.

With the departure of the good wo-
man Davol wrote a bold placard and
nailed it at the front door:

"Visitors may enter by the gate to
the garden."

His plans, it seemed, were now com-
plete, except the sweeping of the last
light snowfall from the broad path be-
tween Madame Roget's flower beds.
This Davol accomplished in a few mo-
ments. Then he threw the broom aside
and waited.

"I WAS waiting for you, De Cha-
bannes," Davol said coolly as the
man entered.

This disconcerted the visitor, who
glanced at the dark figure of the man
he had been seeking.

"Waiting for me? Why?"

"I understood that you had already
paid me a visit."

De Chabannes glanced at Davol's
sword, which he already held naked in
his hand. Then he laughed roughly.

"Davol, your foresight is extraordi-
nary. I came here to tell you that I do
not like the shape of your nose."

"A good nose for smelling carrion,
De Chabannes."

"Oho! We are well met, then."

As the visitor moved from the gate,
Davol turned the key in the lock.

"I hope so. At least we shall be quite
undisturbed."

De Chabannes took off his cloak,
coat, hat, and sword-belt, rolling his
laced sleeves to his elbows, aware as
Davol removed his cloak that he was
already prepared for the encounter.
He was a little surprised at this, but he
laughed confidently, sprang his blade in
the walk, catching the hilt in the air,
a trick he had, the duelists' trick to
bedazzle his opponent. But Davol only
awaited him patiently.

"It is a fine, clear night, Davol.
Would you rather be thrust through
the stomach or the breast?"

"We are wasting time."

"Not mine, Davol. But you who have
such a few minutes to live—"

"You are a jester. Don't be too sure.
You forget, De Chabannes, that I once
saved your life."

"Pah!" said the chevalier as he spat
disagreeably between them.

"I was about to remind you, De Cha-
bannes," Davol growled, "that I said
I might some day claim it of you."

"Who is the jester now?"

"Come, let your sword-point speak
for you."

THEY engaged without the formality
of a salute. Davol was not so tall
as his adversary, but heavier and more
closely knit. De Chabannes was wiry
and strong. There was little difference
in their reach. The Frenchman fought
with the confidence of a man with a
long list of successes to his credit,
smiling and brilliant. The Englishman
merely kept his point in line, evading
the preliminary essays of his adver-
sary, who soon discovered that Davol,
the philosopher, had picked up some-
where a very sound method of defence,
to which, for the present, he chose to
confine himself.

And indeed, after De Chabannes had
made a deeper thrust than before, the
point of Davol flicked a shred from the
shoulder of his shirt. Perhaps it might
be wiser to be careful. What could
Davol do on the attack? De Chabannes
tempted him once or twice by opening
his guard, intending to use a *riposte*
that had been of some service to him.
But Davol did not take the bait.

"Are we to be here all night, Davol?"

"No, I can only give you half an hour, De Chabannes."

With strength and speed Davol's point flashed past his guard, again cutting the shoulder of the chevalier.

Monsieur de Chabannes reached the conclusion that the business was growing serious. So he went at once into the varied and brilliant attack for which he was famous, forcing Davol to give ground almost to the wall at the end of the garden, but not once did he succeed in passing the shifting hilt of Monsieur Davol.

The chevalier was annoyed. The fury of this unsuccessful attack had taken something from his energy. He was breathing hard, and blood from his shoulder was trickling down into his hand.

Another attempt to draw Davol's attack failed as before. He saw that the man had already outwitted him, for Davol still stood cool and steady, while his own breathing had already become difficult. But when he tried to relax, Davol's short thrusts at his arm and shoulder would not permit of a breathing-space.

There was about this adversary a dogged strength and prescience that were beginning to cause concern. He seemed to guess miraculously in which quarter of the circle the point must be met. In *tierce, prime, sixte, quarte*, it was all the same to Davol. But in the next attack of the chevalier, employing a double thrust, he touched Davol's hip, receiving in return a stroke in the shoulder more painful than the last.

Davol smiled.

"*Touche, Monsieur*. The *passata sotto* always bothers me a little. But you forget, De Chabannes, that it leaves the shoulder unguarded."

The man was bantering him.

"A new button for my trousers," Davol continued, "and I'm ready for the reception of Madame de Vaudreuil. What is the matter with your attack? You breathe with difficulty. Is it true that I am not to be thrust through the breast or even through the stomach? Why, your wrist is as feeble as a child's! See!"

And he gave a quick, short stroke from left to right, from hilt to point, almost sending the weapon from the slippery fingers of De Chabannes.

"Moliere has said that the science of arms is the most generous of the arts, to *give always and to receive nothing in return*. Come, can you not be as generous as I? Give! Or must I set you once more a good example?"

At this, throwing discretion aside, De Chabannes attacked viciously. But he knew by the power in the wrist of the smiling Davol that his own strokes had lost their sting. In his consciousness too a thought was winging, that the man was impervious, and something more besides—invulnerable.

Davol still smiled confidently, and the chevalier knew that his own face now wore a look he had frequently seen upon the faces of his unsuccessful adversaries; a look of staring into the eyes of death.

DAVOL'S quick, short thrust, a peculiar twisting blow, for which De Chabannes had found no guard, cut him again, this time in the forearm. He was bleeding badly. His injured arm was tiring. Davol had ceased smiling. In the moonlight his point leaped like molten silver this way and that. It was De Chabannes who was now upon the defensive, against the sword point of this Davol.

It came to him suddenly that he had seen this face in the moonlight before, a face that somewhere in the past had defied and defeated him as Monsieur Davol was defeating him now. What face? Where? He did not know. The

Continued on page 72

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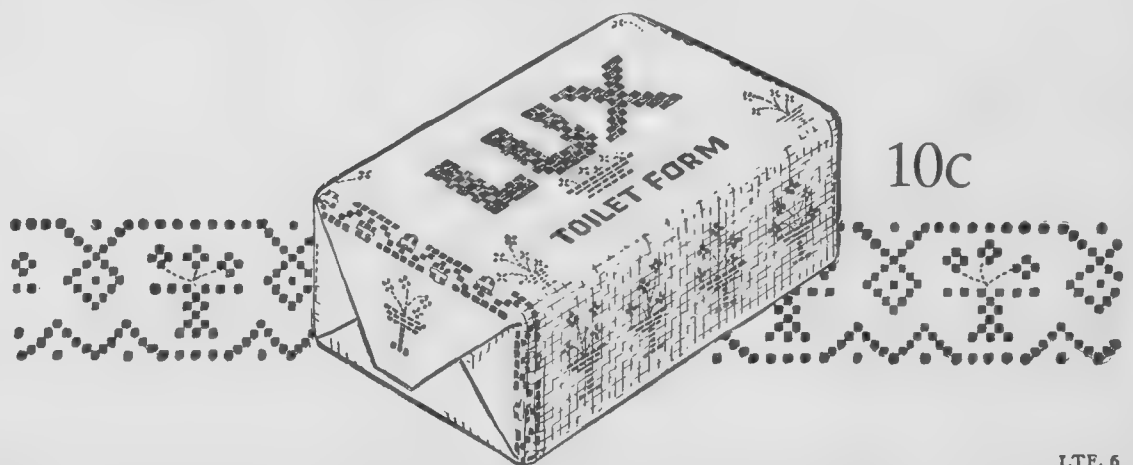


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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 71

faces of all the men he had fought, of those he had killed, in this devil-man. Strange that the idea of his invulnerability should persist! A devil incarnate, invulnerable, personifying all the cruelties of his life. Vengeance.

Then presently Davol spoke again. "I am not Davol, the historian, Monsieur de Chabannes. Perhaps you already guessed it. I am Retribution, the avenger of your greatest cruelty."

The chevalier thrust vainly. The point of Monsieur Davol pricked him again, and again, like an angry wasp.

"Who, who, are you? In God's name!" the Frenchman gasped, while he parried a sudden, bewildering assault.

Davol held his hand for a moment as though to give his adversary a rest that he might the more readily comprehend him.

"I am an Englishman," he said clearly.

"You, English! A spy!"

From some hidden sources the chevalier seemed to find new strength, for, in spite of new wounds, he rushed again, trying to deal a mortal wound. Davol, a spy. Much glory in the killing of this man. But he could do no more than wound him in the leg and shoulder, when he was forced to fall back again before the counter-assault.

The chevalier retreated toward the house, his mind planning quickly. With one last effort he drove Davol back, crying for help at the top of his voice; then, turning quickly, tried to escape by way of the house. But the door was locked. He gave another cry of alarm. Davol sprang upon him, and drove his sword through the white laces of the chevalier's shirt.

The chevalier sank to one knee upon the step. Davol bent over him, whispering.

"The Englishman you tortured at Fort Duquesne was my brother," he began, but even as he spoke a film came over the eyes of Monsieur de Chabannes, who had crumpled down into the snow.

Had the dead man heard him? Davol did not know, but the face turned toward the moon wore a look of terror.

Davol stood a moment listening for any response to the outcry of the chevalier, but there was no time to waste in inquiry or speculation. He took up his cloak, sheathed his sword, and entered the house, leaving Monsieur de Chabannes still gazing at the moon.

He had already prepared for sudden departure. To the note for Madame Roget he quickly added a postscript:

Monsieur de Chabannes lies in the garden, killed in a duel. It was I who killed him. Since you have been away from the house upon an errand for me, you cannot be held responsible for this trouble.

This note he placed conspicuously upon the table beside a small bag of money for Madame Roget.

He had not been aware until this moment of the pain in his thigh where the sword of the chevalier had cut him, but as the blood promised to make him conspicuous, he washed and bandaged it, changing into other clothes, then quickly caught up his portmanteau and cautiously opened the door into the Rue Saint Angele. There was no one in sight, so he went forth quickly, hobbling down the Rue Saint Jean, past the Seminaire, reached the Rue de la Montagne, and descended the steep steps as fast as he could go.

It was already past nine o'clock, but as he approached the cul-de-sac where the street ended he saw the cloaked figure of a woman and ran forward

quickly to meet her. There was no time for parley. The hands that seized his arm were trembling.

"Courage," he whispered. "A moment, and we shall be free."

He took up her valise and led her under the cliffs to their right.

"Jacques," she said anxiously, "why are you lame?"

"An accident. It is nothing."

"I am frightened—that something will prevent—"

"What, Heloise? See, there are the lights of the ship out in the stream. And here is the King's Yard, where the boat will be waiting for us. Courage and quickly."

They hurried on past the buildings of the storehouses toward the small quay, searching for the boat. But before they reached the water's edge there was a sound of horses' hoofs upon the cobbles behind them, rapidly approaching and surrounding them. They were militiamen of the Intendant, as the sergeant quickly explained, with instructions to bring Monsieur Jacques Davol to the Citadel, and Mademoiselle de Lusignac to the Chateau Saint Louis.

MADAME DE VAUDREUIL was a creature both sympathetic and aggressive, two characteristics lacking in His Excellency, her husband, who was weak and vainglorious. She had therefore listened to the confession of Armande, now Heloise Gueret, with interest and pity, and at the end had pledged her aid.

She was a woman of unimpeachable morals and strong prejudices. And the story of the adventure at Beaumanoir had so worked upon the mind of the good lady that she sought out her husband at once, telling the whole story and demanding in the name of charity and common decency that the girl be given asylum under the Governor's protection. Monsieur de Vaudreuil had listened, his prudence at last suggesting a middle ground in a matter which seemed to touch dangerously near the throne of France.

He had therefore assented to the proposal of Madame de Vaudreuil to accept this girl as a guest under his roof and to protect her from the further assiduity of Francois Bigot, at least until some word should come from Madame de Pompadour indicating what further disposition was to be made of her in Quebec.

AS AN emissary of Madame de Pompadour, reporting upon the business affairs of the colony, her friendship seemed more important than as the brilliant, wealthy, and slightly irresponsible creature who had turned Quebec topsy-turvy.

Even to the extreme of taking issue with Francois Bigot, he decided then that he would prefer to gain and keep her favor than to risk the unpleasant uses to which she might still put his name when she returned to her patronne.

It was of these things that His Excellency was thinking as he sat in his private apartment beyond the antechamber at the Chateau Louis when Francois Bigot entered. The Intendant was pale, and the right sleeve of his handsome laced coat was empty, the arm in a black silk cloth that hung from his shoulder.

He spoke quickly with the short accents of a man in the toil of peremptory affairs.

"I have come to you upon the matter of the flight from Quebec of Jacques Davol and Heloise Gueret—"

"Flight!" The Governor turned curiously toward his visitor. "Surely you

are mistaken. Mademoiselle Gueret is at this moment in the apartment of Madame de Vaudreuil—"

"No, Monsieur. She is at this moment at the King's Yard awaiting Monsieur Jacques Davol in the hope of sailing tonight for France in the ship *Navarre*."

"That would indeed be a violation of our hospitality," said De Vaudreuil, rising pompously.

Bigot gave him a careless glance.

"Worse than that, Monsieur the Governor; a threat perhaps against my future and yours," he said crisply.

DE VAUDREUIL frowned and looked away.

"How do you know of this intended escape?" he asked.

"Through Monsieur Penisseault. He was only made aware of it an hour ago by the Sieur Cadet, who was fortunately drunk a few hours earlier than usual." Bigot paced the floor. "The great oaf! Madame de Pean enlisted his aid in arranging the whole affair—"

"Madame de Pean! Why?"

"Jealousy. Of me, Monsieur," said Bigot with a grim laugh. "She wants Heloise Gueret out of New France so that she may resume her place in my esteem. Imagine it! I don't want Mademoiselle Gueret out of the colony until I hear from Madame de Pompadour in reply to my last letter."

"Ah, I see. Mademoiselle Gueret is less dangerous here than there."

"Perhaps not so dangerous anywhere, but I'm taking no chances."

After a moment of hesitation the Governor moved toward the bell-rope.

"I will give the necessary orders at once."

"You need not trouble yourself," Bigot said, dropping into a chair. "I have already acted. My orders were to bring Mademoiselle Gueret here to the chateau, but to take Monsieur Davol to the Citadel."

"The Citadel!"

Bigot smiled calmly.

"Yes, Monsieur, the Citadel. Is there nothing curious to you about the suddenness of his expected flight with this girl?"

It was the Governor's turn to frown.

"But I cannot confine in the Citadel a citizen who comes to me with letters from the court of France," he growled, "just because he connives in the escape of the woman you want for yourself. Moreover, I have given my word that Mademoiselle Gueret shall be under my protection. Do you understand?"

Bigot lowered one eyebrow.

"What does it matter? I don't care, so long as she remains in New France."

"Exactly. And as to Monsieur Davol you shall have to give me adequate reasons before I will consent to his incarceration in the Citadel."

Bigot kicked at a log in the fireplace.

"Very well. I will give you reasons that seem adequate to me. Jacques Davol has been watched for several weeks by men in my employ. He is not what he seems to be."

"You have given him your hospitality, provided him with guides and canoes for his expeditions up the river and into the woods. What was the object of these expeditions, Monsieur de Vaudreuil? The study of botany or geology, or of the *indigenes*? Perhaps. But you don't know, nor do I. Is there no other occupation that suggests itself to your mind?"

"Speak plainly, Monsieur Bigot. This is no moment for double meanings."

BIGOT moved a hand impatiently.

"Let me put it in a different way. You dislike Monsieur de Montcalm and for the excellent reason that he has superseded you in authority in the field and with the army. I dislike Monsieur de Montcalm, well, we'll say because you dislike him and because your au-

thority and mine, for the present at least, go hand in hand."

"Whither are you leading?"

"To this: Monsieur de Montcalm has given Jacques Davol the marks of his friendship and his favor, going even further than you in granting him facilities for his investigations in the field."

Bigot spoke more slowly. "It would hardly be to the advantage of Monsieur de Montcalm if he learned that the privileges given Jacques Davol have contributed more or less directly to some of his own failures in the field. It would, on the contrary, be very greatly to your advantage and to my own if the real purposes of the visit of Jacques Davol were unmasked by you, here in Quebec."

"You mean—?"

Bigot laughed.

"There you go again, Monsieur, torturing me for meanings that I cannot give you."

"A spy! Davol! The thing is impossible!"

"Perhaps. But it is worth while proving one way or the other. I have an idea that opportunity is awaiting us. This attempt at sudden flight will leave some loose ends. I have not accused him, nor shall I. But I would remind you that New France is more secure with a man under such suspicion safe behind lock and bolt. An investigation will clear the matter up. If the man is innocent, release and an apology should be satisfactory to him. If guilty, he should hang as high as Haman."

Monsieur de Vaudreuil was now greatly disturbed. He did not relish the idea of sending Davol to the Citadel, a gentleman who had come to Quebec with fine letters from the court, who had supped at the chateau and played cards with himself and Madame de Vaudreuil—at least not without some evidence of this crime against France more definite than Francois Bigot had offered.

But fortunately for the plans of Monsieur Bigot, the Governor was saved the necessity of a decision by the sudden appearance of the young lieutenant of his guard, who entered excitedly.

"What is it, Monsieur Reynal?" asked De Vaudreuil peevishly.

"Monsieur de Chabannes has been killed in a duel, Excellency. It is Monsieur Jacques Davol who has killed him."

Bigot rose, and both men stared at the young officer.

"De Chabannes!"

"A duel! When?" asked the Governor.

"Within the hour. It took place in the walled garden at the side of the house of Madame Roget, where Monsieur Davol lived. Citizens heard the sound of swords, but did not dare to interfere. Monsieur Davol has disappeared."

"Who brought this news?"

"One of my men who was returning from an errand. He has brought Madame Roget to the chateau. She is now in the guard-room."

TOUCHES of color appeared in the pallid face of Monsieur Bigot, who now stood with his back to the fireplace, grinning.

"A duel?" he asked quietly. "As to what, do you suppose, Monsieur?"

"I know nothing, Monsieur the Intendant, except that the duel took place without seconds or witnesses," Reynal replied.

The governor stared at Reynal.

"Very extraordinary. We shall see. Monsieur Davol is already taken by the men from the Intendancy. I will talk to the woman later. You may go, Monsieur Reynal."

Continued on page 75

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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 73

As the young man bowed and withdrew, Monsieur Bigot gave a light laugh.

"Destiny has decided the matter for you, Monsieur the Governor," he said. "Your own edict against the duel, imprisonment, trial—Your sense of the expediency of this occasion need not now be overstrained."

"De Chabannes dead, in a duel," said the Governor dully.

"The biter bitten at last." Bigot smiled at De Vaudreuil. "At least you are now satisfied that the prisoner should be sent to the Citadel."

"Yes, yes," growled De Vaudreuil. "He must be tried and punished."

"Meanwhile," the Intendant said significantly, "you will give me leave to take what steps I choose in the other matter."

"As you please. That I must leave to your discretion."

"My personal discretion," said the Intendant. "I have a most inextinguishable curiosity as to the labors of this man. I will go myself tomorrow morning to the house of Madame Roget. If he has merely killed De Chabannes your military laws will provide for him. If, on the contrary—"

Bigot paused, listening intently to a sound outside the door.

De Vaudreuil crossed the room and opened it.

TWO of the militiamen of the Intendancy stood at the door, and between them Heloise Gueret. She paused, her head bent forward, her eyes blazing darkly.

It was not until she entered the apartment that she saw the figure of the man at the fireside and knew the sort of reception that awaited her here. Her pallid lips drew together in a thin, trembling line as she turned toward the Governor in an anxious query as to his disposition toward her.

A smile vied with the Governor's frown for precedence.

"It is strange, Mademoiselle Gueret, that you should choose to take such an informal way of leaving Madame de Vaudreuil and myself after all of our kindness to you."

Heloise Gueret glanced quickly from one man to the other.

"My—my reasons seemed sufficient, Monsieur de Vaudreuil," she stammered, after what had happened to me."

"Even after the promise of my protection?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she said bravely.

"The presence of Monsieur Bigot here in this room—"

"You will admit," broke in the Governor, "that your effort to leave the colony so—er—informally with Monsieur Jacques Davol has put a different complexion on the matter?"

AT THE mention of Davol's name she took a pace backward and leaned against a chair. The heat of the room stifled her. She swayed, and as the hand of the Governor steadied her she sank into a chair.

"What—what complexion, Monsieur? What have I done to deserve arrest?"

Monsieur de Vaudreuil laid his hand in gentle reassurance upon her shoulder.

"I have not said that you were under arrest, my dear. Merely my guest again here in the chateau. It is your companion—"

The blow was about to fall, the accusation of the dreadful occupation of Jacques Davol, a secret that she thought she alone possessed. She had done what she could to save him and yet these men knew. She read it in the hateful smile of Francois Bigot, in the softened tones of Monsieur de Vau-

dreuil. But what was this that Monsieur de Vaudreuil was saying?

"Your companion in this sudden unceremonious flight, Monsieur Davol, has been guilty of a breach of one of my ordinances for the better government of the colony. At my orders the laws against duelling have been made severe. Monsieur Davol has disregarded them and must be made to suffer the consequences."

"Duelling!" she gasped uncertainly.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Gueret," said the Governor gravely. "Monsieur de Chabannes has been killed in a duel. It was Jacques Davol that killed him."

She stared blankly up into the Governor's face. A duel. He had killed De Chabannes. That was why they had taken him to the Citadel and not because—

She laughed a little. "A duel? Monsieur de Chabannes is dead? That is distressing, is it not?" And then she laughed again, hysterically, uncontrolled.

IT WAS strange to the narrow vision of Monsieur de Vaudreuil, this girl laughing so wildly and with such needless mirth at the mention of the death of a friend. So he spoke dryly and with some of the dignity of his high office.

"Monsieur Davol will scarcely find it so much of a joke, Mademoiselle Gueret."

She felt the rebuke of his tone rather than his words, recovering her poise with an effort. As she did so, her glance met the gaze of Francois Bigot, steady, penetrating, insistent, searching her mind with his clear intelligence.

"I—I am overwrought, Monsieur de Vaudreuil," she stammered. "I pray that you will forgive me."

"Willingly. But it must be apparent to you that you have placed yourself in a false position. I have no desire to be unkind; you are not a prisoner in my house, but I must insist that you give me an accounting of all your actions." And then with a judicial air, "What did Monsieur Davol say to you of this duel that he had fought?"

"Nothing, Monsieur," she replied. "Had there been, to your knowledge, any enmity between Monsieur de Chabannes and Monsieur Davol?"

She glanced up at him, startled, but when she replied her voice was under perfect control and she met his gaze fairly.

"Not recently," she said. "A long while ago—on board the *Licorne* they had words."

"Were you the cause of them?"

"I was, Monsieur," she said firmly.

"Very well. I shall expect you to testify in the trial of Monsieur Davol to that effect."

The Governor frowned.

"You are weary, Mademoiselle Gueret. For the present I will excuse you. Pray go and make your peace with Madame de Vaudreuil."

"Thanks, Monsieur." She rose and moved toward the door, ignoring the Intendant, whose voice fell like broken ice upon the moment of respite.

"Mademoiselle—if you please."

She paused.

"Just a question, Mademoiselle Gueret," said Bigot suavely. "May I ask when the plans for this escape were made? Monsieur de Chabannes has been dead little less than an hour. Since you were awaiting Monsieur Davol his plans must have been made yesterday. Is this not true?"

She made no reply. She knew that he was seeking to involve her in a tangle.

"If true, then," Bigot went on calmly, "Monsieur Davol could not be fleeing from the wrath of the Governor for

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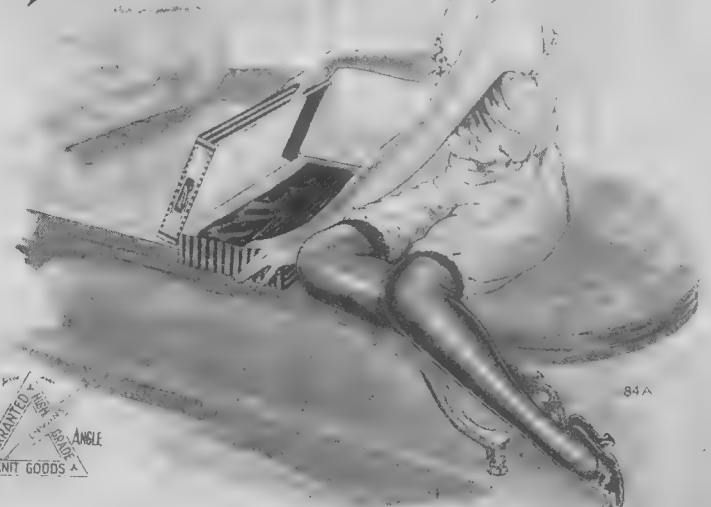
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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 75

the consequences of a duel that had not taken place."

"He fled from nothing," she said bravely. "It was for me he feared."

"After the promised protection of Monsieur de Vaudreuil? He fled, Mademoiselle, as you know, not from the consequences of this duel, but from a fate more sure and terrible."

He was trying to exact from her some phrase, some manifestation of weakness that would give his suspicion new ground for action.

"I am afraid that you again have the advantage of me," she said coolly.

"I have yet to prove that," he replied with a smile. "A woman fights stubbornly in behalf of the creature she loves, no matter how great his fault."

"As to that, I am quite capable of deciding for myself. You bear upon your body, Monsieur Bigot, some token of the nobility of Monsieur Davol. They still sting you beyond reason."

SHE hoped to enrage him, but he only smiled. He seemed still so sure of himself that he filled her with terror; but she knew that she must show no sign of it or seek to leave the room while she had the strength to stand.

"You are desperate, indeed, Mademoiselle Gueret, to resort to personalities. Permit me to say that I admire your courage under most distressing disadvantages. Monsieur Davol by this time is in the Citadel beyond hope of protecting himself. With the permission of Monsieur the Governor I shall visit the house of Madame Roget tomorrow in search of evidence, shall I say, as to the causes of this duel which has resulted so unfortunately for Monsieur de Chabannes?"

Her heart leaped.

"That, of course, is as you please," she said in a suppressed voice.

"Men of literary habits are proverbially careless as to their personal effects and correspondence. In seeking notes for his narration Monsieur Davol has gone far afield—even into the wilds of Pennsylvania."

"What has that to do with me?"

"Nothing, perhaps, Mademoiselle, if you already know of these visits of Monsieur Davol."

"And who does not? Did he not come to New France for this purpose?"

"Ah, his purpose. It is his real purpose that begins to interest us. You are perhaps better informed than we. You have read his book? He has made copious notes? Did he plan to take them with him or were they destroyed?"

"I know nothing of this, except that you seek by insinuation to dishonor a man because he had the temerity to oppose you. Such a man is not easily ruined in a land where there is still some justice. Do your worst, Monsieur Bigot. Monsieur Davol, even in the Citadel where you have sent him, can not be afraid."

The voice of the Governor now interposed.

"Come, Monsieur the Intendant. Enough of this. Mademoiselle Gueret deserves and shall have the protection of my office. Whatever the sins of Monsieur Davol, she is herself innocent of them."

"Quite so — if she is unaware of them," said Monsieur Bigot dryly, slightly accenting his words. "I beg that Mademoiselle Gueret will forgive my intrusiveness. I am a bad loser. Let her accept my impatience, my bitterness even, as tributes of my admiration for her beauty and courage. Good night, Mademoiselle. I grieve that we

are enemies. Perhaps even yet some day you may have need of me. If so, I may be able to give you proofs of my continued devotion."

He went to the door, threw it open before her, and she passed into the ante-chamber, her head bent, not looking at him.

HELOISE lay on her bed in the great chamber of Madame de Vaudreuil, inert, like one dead. Her nerves, exhausted by the strain of the past forty-eight hours, were for the moment quiescent. Only her mind raced on, stimulated to new apprehensions by what it had fed upon. Fear, joy, passion, terror, had each taken their toll of her emotions, and terror still possessed her, a terror of the vengeance of Monsieur Bigot which dominated every hopeful thought that she summoned to her rescue.

After a while, unable to find rest for her mind, she got up, put on a heavy wrap, and gazed down upon the bastions of the fort and the blue and silver of the great river, where the broken ice was slowly moving down to the sea. And with the ice, its foresail hoisted to catch a vagrant breeze, went the ship that should have been taking her with Jacques Davol to France and safety.

Towering high above the battlements of the Chateau and Fortress of Saint Louis was the great hill surmounted by the heavy walls that held captive every hope of her happiness, an enemy of France, but not her enemy. Heaven knew!

THIS battle of her patriotism with her love for this man had been waged in the long silences of the previous night, and lost. At least she knew that her obligation was too great to be paid by betrayal. Whatever was to follow, nothing, even loyalty to France, was too great a price to pay for his safety from the consequences of his daring.

She could not bring her thoughts to consider him in terms of dishonor. He had risked all in his mad, successful venture at the Chateau of Beaumanoir.

If he had not followed her he could still have remained the harmless philosopher, sailing now in the *Navarre* to safety. For it was his daring and skilful use of the sword that had so greatly aroused the suspicions of Francois Bigot.

How much did Francois Bigot know of the real purpose of Jacques Davol's visit? If this terrible mission had been carried out for many months without arousing the suspicion of anyone, not even of herself, how could Monsieur Bigot hope to find the proofs that he needed?

The thought of a search of the lodgings of Jacques Davol had frightened her at first, but all her experience had taught her that everything that Jacques Davol had done in Quebec had been accomplished with the greatest caution. It was incredible that with escape in prospect that he should have left any evidence that could be used against him. Yet there was a chance of some neglect of precautions upon which the skilful Bigot might fall.

She still feared the intelligence of the Intendant. She had turned his passion to bitterness and fury. He could have killed her for the blow she had given his pride, but the hatred in his heart had been born of his passion. What had he meant tonight when he had said that some day she might have need of him? Even in their parting he had dared to use the pleasant flattering phrases to which she had been accustomed. What was to be hoped for, if the worst came, from Francois Bigot?

She gazed up the hill of the Citadel toward the platform at the top of its walls where military punishments were given. Hither, perhaps, some morning at break of day they would lead John Carroll, whom they knew as Jacques Davol. She shuddered as she looked, trembling and racked like one with the ague.

MONTHS passed, months of continued terrors for Heloise Gueret. It was very strange, if Jacques Davol was merely to be punished according to the laws of the Governor, for killing a man in a duel, why he had not been brought forth from the Citadel for trial.

As to the reason for his long imprisonment Monsieur de Vaudreuil would give her no satisfaction. His manner to her was courteous, urbane, but slightly pompous, and he reminded her that his office did not permit of revelations as to the legal affairs of the colony.

The gay friends of Madame de Brinvilliers had deserted her. The poor old lady was very much dejected over the failure of their mission to Quebec, and though aware of her own responsibility for the mishap, gave Heloise nothing but harsh words for her share in the disaster.

She also took pains to accentuate the difference in their social positions, now publicly established since the disappearance from the stage of Armande de Lusignac, and demanded that they be permitted to return on the first ship sailing for France. But at the moment, had her departure been permitted by Monsieur de Vaudreuil, a voyage to France was the last thing that could have entered the mind of Heloise Gueret.

There were other difficulties to threaten the future of Heloise Gueret. For the remittance from Madame de Pompadour, upon which she depended to pay for food and servants, had not reached her upon the promised day, and she soon found herself in an embarrassing position for lack of money. She could only believe that her *patronne* had been neglectful and that the next ship from France would set all things right. In the meanwhile, her pride rebelling against an appeal to Madame de Vaudreuil, she found it necessary to dispose of some of her dresses and jewels in order to bring food into the house, and to send, by means of a bribe to a soldier, a note and a few luxuries to the prisoner.

She received no reply, and from this drew the conclusion that her messenger had failed or betrayed her. She had heard that the closest watch was kept upon the dungeon in which the prisoner was confined, another indication of the seriousness of his offence.

The poison of Monsieur Bigot's influence was at work through all the city, permeating the circles of society in which Armande de Lusignac had made her friends. Even the Sieur de la Marche, whose barony at Trois Rivières she had visited, now turned a cold shoulder upon her; for Monsieur de la Marche and his lady held no commerce with actresses of provincial theatres.

Then one day in summer came the dreadful news that evidence had been found in the lodgings of Jacques Davol connecting him with the military operations of the English colonists, and that in the following week he was to be brought to a military court at the chateau and tried as a spy. The long imprisonment had already prepared her for the worst, so that the definite fact was no great shock to her mind.

She went to the Governor, pleading with him for information as to the evidence against her lover, but he refused to enlighten her. His attitude

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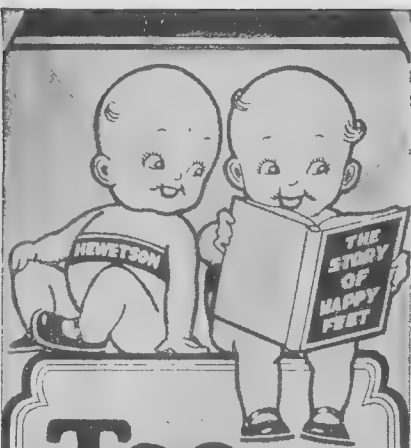
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toward her had changed to one of cold formality, having in it none of the marks of friendship with which he had formerly regarded her. The loss of his friendship could be explained by her relationship to Jacques Davol, but a better reason was given by Madame de Vaudreuil, who informed her with pity and gentleness that a letter had come from Madame de Pompadour to Monsieur Bigot which utterly repudiated Heloise Gueret and her mission.

Madame de Vaudreuil delivered the news of this new calamity with the hesitancy of a charitable woman inflicting a wound against her will. She deplored the heartlessness of the woman at Versailles and offered Heloise of her own money until after the trial, when Monsieur de Vaudreuil planned that she should be transported to France. Madame de Vaudreuil hastened to reassure her that her own protection had not been denied and that the relationship of Heloise with the accused man should make no difference in her friendship.

HELOISE having refused the offers of money, left the chateau in a state of desperation. There seemed no way to turn. What money she had left would soon be used for the bare necessities of life. About her, destiny had built a wall through which there was no escape.

She remained at home in the house in the Place d'Armes with Madame de Brinville, her irritable and contemptuous companion, whose patience was scarcely equal to the strain imposed upon it. Heloise had told her that in a few days they would be forced by lack of money to move into cheaper lodgings, and this only added to her misery.

At last Heloise knew what would come of Davol's trial. For no matter how flimsy the evidence, what chance had he alone and unaided against the machinations of Francois Bigot? To make matters worse, the feeling in Quebec now ran high against the English; for the fall of Louisbourg to the fleet of Admiral Boscawen and the soldiers of Amherst and Wolfe had put fear into the hearts of the people of Quebec. Heloise saw all about her anxious faces as people called down upon the hated enemy the vengeance of Heaven. If Louisbourg could fall, why not Quebec itself?

It seemed clear that Francois Bigot meant to use this hatred of the enemy in his case against Davol. Even an innocent man might have fared badly in a court of men, whether soldiers or priests, whose homes and lives were now in jeopardy, perhaps through the secret messages of this man who was to be brought before them.

There was no one to whom Heloise could appeal for justice and an impartial trial. General de Montcalm, busy with the defense of the city, was in no mood to look with favor upon an accused spy. No help was to be expected from Monsieur de Vaudreuil even through his wife, who knew only too well where the sphere of her influence ended.

The Chevalier de St. Foy had repudiated Heloise Gueret. The Sieur de la Marche was in Trois Rivières. Who else? Each time she thought of new appeals she summoned names, constantly rejecting them. Only one name recurred to her again and again—the one person in all Quebec who could help her if he would—Francois Bigot.

IN the council chamber of the Chateau Saint Louis sat those persons who had been fortunate enough to obtain admission; but outside in the courtyard armed soldiers were required

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to keep back the people who leered at the members of the aristocracy as they entered the gates. These people had come to drink their fill of emotion at the trial and sentence of Jacques Davol, the spy. Heloise Gueret entered the room with Madame de Vaudreuil, who had taken this occasion to give public evidence of her loyalty to the unfortunate girl.

They sat at one side of the long table of the officers who were to examine the evidence in the case — Messieurs de Vaudreuil, the Governor; the Chevalier de Ramezay, Major de Pean, and others, all above the rank of captain, for this was a military crime to be tried under military law and not a civil case for the Chamber of Justice at the Intendancy. But Monsieur Bigot was there, in frequent consultation with the members of the court, and it was readily seen that it was his evidence which was to prove most damaging to the prisoner.

The eyes of Heloise dully swept the faces of those once her familiars or her friends, who now sat smiling and talking, with occasional glances in her direction. The great room was the same one to which Armande de Lusignac had come for the reception in her honor on the night of her greatest triumph. There, under the gleam of a thousand candles, these same people had all crowded to do her homage. Now they came to make of her misfortune a holiday.

At the entrance of the prisoner there was a hush of voices. Jacques Davol was no less pale than Heloise, but he bore himself with composure, searching the faces of the men who were to be his judges.

Heloise, leaning forward eagerly, saw his eyes searching the room for her, and at last their glances met. Hers could give him counsel of nothing but her love and pity. His gave her that, but showed her a way to courage too. They were alone with each other in that room of cruelty and menace for one moment of utter loyalty and understanding.

He turned from her as the Chevalier de Ramezay began reading the charges, ignoring the duel for which Davol had been imprisoned, and accusing him of friendly relations with the enemy, of secret communication, through the Indians, beyond Fort Frontenac, with the English forces. The voice of the chevalier, pausing for effect, described the habits of the prisoner in wandering alone about the country near Quebec in apparent search of material for his book. The real purpose of these expeditions near Quebec and in the woods to the southward, it would be proved, was to provide the English with information that might be useful to them in their proposed attack upon the city.

When the chevalier had finished speaking he ordered the accused to rise and reply if he could. Davol obeyed, merely asking for proofs that might be answered specifically.

Heloise closed her eyes. He was guilty, she knew. What chance had he, even if nothing specific was proved, before a military court with such arbitrary powers. The expression of Jacques Davol, though proud and brave, seemed to show that he realized how much the odds were against him. He sat, his arms folded, gazing at the chevalier, pallid, frowning slightly, but resigned to what seemed the inevitable.

As Monsieur Bigot's name was spoken by the Governor, the Intendant rose and bowed.

"You will please tell the court, Monsieur the Intendant, the result of your investigations at the house of Madame

Roget, where Monsieur Davol had his lodgings."

Monsieur Bigot laid upon the council table a small package.

"My evidence is brief, Messieurs," he said slowly, "but you will find, I think, that it is sufficient for the consideration of this martial council. Monsieur Davol came to Quebec from France bringing letters to His Excellency the Governor. They were given to him, I have just learned in my letters from Versailles, at the request of Monsieur de Voltaire, who no longer enjoys the patronage of the court and has been sent by the King into exile. No doubt is thrown upon the patriotism of Monsieur de Voltaire, but his liberal views may lead to some suspicion of those to whom he has shown his favors. My informant, no less a personage than Madame de Pompadour, regrets that the conduct of Monsieur Davol has been such as to cause suspicion as to his purposes, and advises me that it is the wish of His Majesty that His Excellency the Governor use his own discretion in further patronage of this man. These letters from France are in reply to my own written some weeks before Monsieur Davol was committed to the Citadel. They are here upon the table, and may be read if the court so pleases."

"That will not be necessary, not at all necessary, Monsieur the Intendant," said the Governor suavely.

"I merely recapitulate them," said Bigot, "in order that this council may understand that the prisoner may be treated without fear or favor."

"But justly," interpolated the Governor pompously, taking his snuff, "and in accordance with the evidence. Proceed, Monsieur Bigot."

Davol sat motionless, his dark eyes fixed upon the Intendant. To Heloise it seemed that the whole plan of their proceedings had been carefully rehearsed. It was like a play of puppets, with Monsieur Bigot pulling the strings. His deep voice went on calmly.

"My investigations in the house of Madame Roget were conducted with the zeal of a profound doubt as to the occupations of the man. It had previously come to my notice that the manuscripts of Monsieur Davol contained much less of interest to the naturalist, philosopher, or historian than might be supposed—a small collection of notes on the habits of the Indians, on the fauna and flora of New France, a few more on geology. These were all that had been done upon a book supposed to be nearing completion."

"This in itself was not condemnatory. I searched further. In the ashes of the fireplace where they had been burned I came upon fragments of charred paper on which were words written in English. Messieurs, you shall read them for yourselves. They tell a whole history in themselves, and were obviously destroyed because of their dangerous character. Upon one side of the paper are the words *Virginia Reg.* (meaning 'Regiment') *Duquesne*. And upon the other the words *Thanks, services Washington*."

Heloise sat dully, her gaze fixed on Jacques Davol, who had started forward in his chair as this damning proof was presented.

The smiling Bigot turned and looked at him. "The fire of Madame Roget was not hot enough to burn away the evidence of your sin, Monsieur Davol," he said. And then to the court:

"It is easy, is it not, for this one morsel of evidence to supply the missing phrases? The destroyed letter was from Colonel Washington, the young English officer at Fort Necessity, who

was responsible for the death of Monsieur Jumonville. He mentions the misfortune before Fort Duquesne of General Braddock, by whose failure the English in future hope to profit, and thanks Monsieur Jacques Davol for services in the way of information that he has sent by way of the Indians of the Five Nations to New York and Pennsylvania."

A MURMUR passed over the council table and over the room. And amid the excited whisperings the bit of paper was passed along the council table from hand to hand and carefully examined. The prisoner sat immovable with arms folded. But his pallor was deepened. He knew, and Heloise knew, she looked at him, that all hope had gone from him.

The room whirled before her and she sank back in her chair. Monsieur Bigot resumed his remarks, and then a silence followed more significant than any speech.

Monsieur de Vaudreuil was speaking. "What have you to say, Monsieur Davol?"

The prisoner rose, pale, calm, but quite self-possessed.

"Of what should I speak, since I am already condemned?"

"You have the right to testify in your own defense."

There was a long moment of silence, at the end of which the voice of the accused man spoke quietly.

"I have nothing further to say, Monsieur."

The Governor spoke again.

"You are an Englishman, are you not?"

Silence.

"Will you not tell us who you are?"

"No. That is unimportant now," said Davol.

Another stir, followed by a conference between the Governor and the Chevalier de Ramezay. But Heloise knew that the end had come, that John Carroll preferred to go to his death unknown.

In a moment she heard the Governor pronouncing sentence—"that at day-break on the morning of September the third the prisoner shall be taken from his cell at the Citadel and hanged by the neck until dead."

To be Continued

Plans for Men and Mice

Continued from page 61

"How do you know so much?" she interrupted.

"I had an old reliable detective—oh Nora," he said eagerly, "I had to know if this Jack was worthy, and this is the result. You see I distrusted a man who'd give you a cheap ring. Will you tell me Nora, who it was you meant in your letter, someone you liked in Melfort?"

"Sure if it was a novel, there'd be many a misunderstanding, a shot heard at midnight beside a lonely lake, a hair-raising rescue and bushels more of bunk, but seeing as it is only Nora Lee, sure it's me own Mother I dearly like in Melfort," she replied.

"And what about the ring?" he smilingly queried. "Don't think me impertinent, but—"

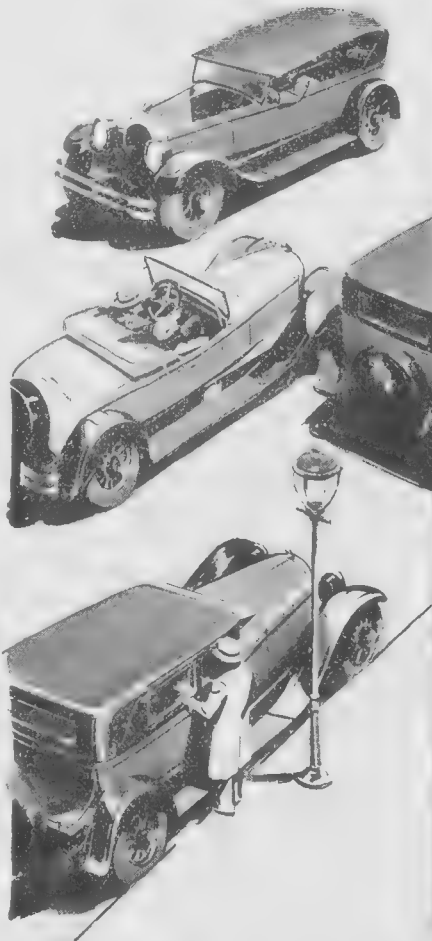
"But," she broke in, "but I bought it at a store that is painted red in front. It set me back fifteen cents, but conveyed certain impressions I intended it should."

"Nora, you glorious girl, could you care for me?" he urged, his fine face aglow with hope.

"We'll," she droned. "I've been picturing myself pining away in Melfort, lonely and—"

As they sealed a new compact in an old and time-honored way, she murmured, "But Norman, I don't know that your grandfather has forgiven me, and I may get you into his black books."

A faint chuckle caused them to turn. A very happy-faced old man stood in the door. "Nora and Norman go well together," he said, and as he strode away chuckling they heard him mutter, "The plans of men and mice—"



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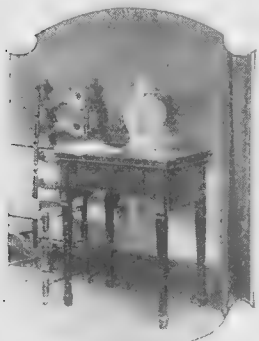
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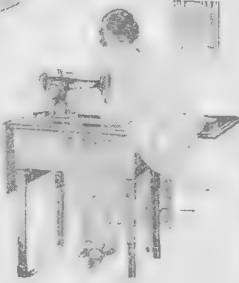
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Have you electricity in your home?.....

At last, driven by hunger, he left the bench and returned to his hotel for lunch a little disturbed by a thought that had come to him while he was watching them. Why not join them? Why go back to a lonely homestead that no one would ever share with him now? Give up the land that he had grown to love and his animals. The ache in his heart at leaving them could not be half as great as the ache of loneliness he must endure if he went back.

All through his luncheon he thought of it and wished he could talk it over with someone. If only Mrs. Doren... but he knew what she would say. She hated the city. Then he remembered Lars—Lars Johnston, his cabin mate on the boat coming over, a rough sort, but doing well in the city he had heard. He could tell him what the chances were. He only asked a bare living and a change to help him forget Sigra and his unfulfilled hopes. He would see Lars, and so he set out after lunch to search his home out among the high-gelty-piggelty crowd of poor little shacks over in the north of the city where the immigrants congregate, and from which so many poor beginnings grow into great enterprises.

He found the house after a long tramp. A poorer place even than its neighborhood had led him to expect.

A woman answered his knock and when a steam of soapuds had dispersed he saw a thin bedraggled creature with two small children clinging to her skirts. Yes, Lars lived here. He was not in. He was away. Briefly that, and the door was shut upon him, leaving him no choice but to go. Not a very cordial greeting. Perhaps she was in trouble, or Lars... While he was hesitating whether to knock again and offer her help he heard the sound of a succession of blows and the scream of a child.

Across a vacant lot littered with tins cans and garbage he saw a little boy cowering with his arms over his head to protect it from the blows of a great fat dark woman who held him. She was talking angrily as she struck him, in a language Gabriel couldn't understand. The child was evidently too hurt to cry again.

Gabriel couldn't stand it. Even if it was her child and he had no right to interfere, he couldn't bear to see her go on. He crossed the littered land, but she didn't hear him until he caught her wrist and asked her if she hadn't done enough. She let the boy go at that and he stumbled back into the house, but her anger was not spent. Gabriel thought she was going to turn on him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She glared at him, still flushed from her exertions, clenching and unclenching her hands.

"Dat boy," she managed to say, "lazy an' bad. For a year I feed him an' de girl for noddings. Get no money."

"Tell me about them," invited Gabriel as he followed her into the house.

There he saw the children, two sal-low, thin little creatures with black hair. The boy, perhaps eight years old, was sitting on a box by a rickety stove and the girl, scarcely half his age, standing by him. She was sobbing pitifully over her brother's misfortune.

"Ach, de bad boy," cried the woman, and would have seized him again, but Gabriel stopped her.

He noticed that the girl was bare-footed and her legs were scarred with great blue welts. It made him chill to think what she must have suffered.

The woman was going on in a torrent of talk: "Childs of my hosban's seester. She's dead two year. He's dead on lumber camp last vinter. All dead but

Good Gabriel

Continued from page 6

dese brats. Ach... And she made another lunge at the boy.

There are people who might have found a sensible way out of the difficulty, but Gabriel was Gabriel, and his only thought was to get the poor, maltreated waifs away from the woman.

"Here's money," he said, handing her several notes, "to help pay for the food they have eaten, and I'll take care of them from now on."

What the hotel people thought when Gabriel ushered the two children in and engaged a room for them is not on record, but after they had had a meal, kind-hearted maids gave them a bath and provided nightwear for them and told Gabriel they were sweet little things.

He would have liked to take them home at once, but there are formalities about acquiring a family, and he had an unpleasant time with the foreign woman, who seemed to miss having someone to vent her bad temper on. At the end of the week, however, he was able to leave the city with his charges.

They were quiet little folks, but Gabriel's kindness had won smiles and once a few shy words from them. Their advent had driven all thoughts of regret and loneliness from him.

The town gasped when he presented them. Nothing he could have done would have taken them more by surprise.

The men recovered first and were kind enough to say that the children were in good hands, but the women were, as Mrs. Cole said, "clean flabbergasted" and held sessions in couples and half-dozens wherever they met. It shocked them even more than if he had gone on a drunken spree or even married someone else "on the bounce" off Sigra. But to adopt two children... Specially him bein' a bachelor... though that wasn't sayin' he wouldn't be good to them... Them not bein' English-speakin' too... and one of them a girl... etc., etc.

It required Mrs. Doren's tongue, rather sharp at times, to put a stop to these etceteras. Gabriel was nobody's fool.

They spent a hilarious winter with their foster father who, instead of repairing harness and machinery and cleaning his wheat for spring, spent his time proudly exhibiting them to the neighbors and organizing sleighing parties and taffy pulls for them.

In spite of the fun, which Gabriel appreciated even more than the two solemn babies did, the household was heavily on the consciences of some of the ladies. Mrs. Doren was not one of them, even though Gabriel hadn't accepted her offer to keep the orphans till he had got a housekeeper, for, after one visit to the joyous and not-too-clean home, she returned satisfied that he and the children were well fed and happy, and that was all that mattered. In the spring when work started on the land, if Gabriel worried about his young charges, he never told of it. They went with him everywhere, riding precariously on seeder and plough.

One day on their return from a field to get their lunch they found a buck-board with a team of rangy Indian ponies tied to a post in the yard and upon the doorstep a great bulk of brown calico which, on assuming an upright position, proved to be the Indian Minne Tentrees, known all over

the country from the Pipestone to the Assiniboine in berry-time.

Gabriel went forward to greet his old friend while the children stood, fingers in mouths, shyly waiting.

"I hear you have childs," said Minne, "so I come. I am the good nurse. I work four year for doctor baby at Fort Pelly: rock the baby, 'Hush, hush.'" And she swayed her great body to show the soothing nature of her ministrations.

"You're a god-send, Minne," Gabriel told her, "if you'll stay, but I want somebody to take charge..."

"I stay," she promised.

"But what about your ponies?" Minne Tentrees had some claim to wealth in her herd of ponies.

"I sell," said Minne, and reached into a hidden and capacious pocket from which she drew forth a roll of paper money of a size that Gabriel had never seen before. This she offered to him.

"You keep," she said, "and I stay here." And she pushed the money back into his hands when he tried to return it to her.

Late in the evening when Gabriel went to take a last look at his children before retiring he found Minne kneeling beside their bed stroking the coverlet and whispering huskily: "Nishu papoose-e, nishu papoose-e."

So the great taciturn old squaw who could jaw a horse-trader down to the last cent by her unnerving silence, who had been known to knife an Irish half-breed for disputing some fancied right, the ugly bronzed old creature took the two little ones to her heart.

People used to smile at the motley household, though they knew it to be a happy one. The great lonely Norwegian, the two tiny orphans and the Indian princess, child of the last of the old Assiniboine chiefs, living together in a sod shack on the plain.

IT IS now twenty years since Gabriel Sad adopted the boy, Laurien, and the grave little Perie. Many things have happened since then.

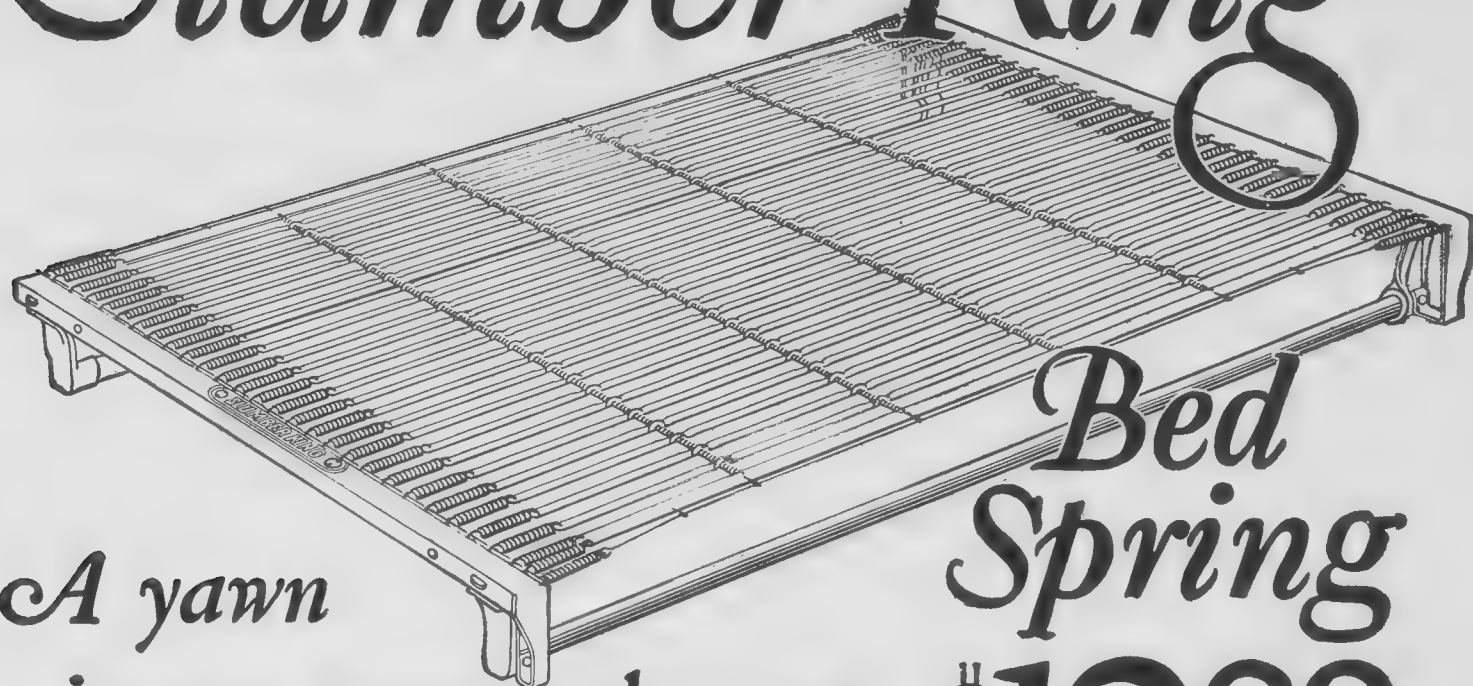
Gabriel has grown wealthy and has built a great brick house on the hill above where the sod shack used to stand. It has been his pride these many years, but never was he so pleased with its size and beauty as when Laurien brought home his bride to live there. The golden-haired Sigra, child of that other Sigra who is now a plump matron with a swarm of boys and girls to keep her busy.

Old Minne Tentrees is still with him, as indispensable to the people in the great house as she was to her nurslings in the shack. She is stouter than ever and rarely moves from her chair by the window in the kitchen. But why should she try to move her great weight? Within reach of her hand is the cradle of her namesake, little Minne, six weeks old and already the most important person in the house, so her young mother declares. Minne must give her whole time to this latest nursing. There is no need for her to do else. Little Perie, long since grown capable, can manage the house, the dairy and the chickens.

She is so gay, so tall, so clever. People say of her in the town: "Have you read Perie Sad's last poem? She knows the prairies, that girl, and the hearts of the prairie folk." They are very proud of her. The young men wear a path to her door, but Perie will have none of any of them just yet. "I must stay with my father," she says. And he is not sorry.

Here he comes with her from the garden, a little thinner in the hair, a little redder in the hands, a little more stooped and heavy-footed, but always the same Good Gabriel.

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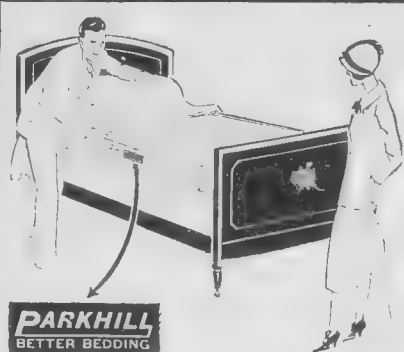
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Continued from page 15



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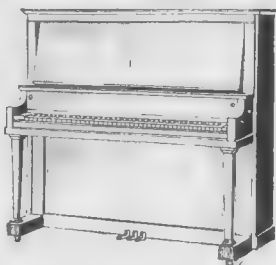
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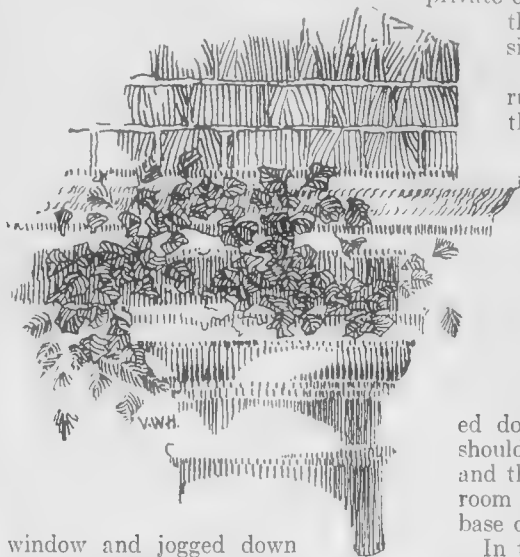
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If brick walls are used the columns or piers and balustrade on the verandah could be brick, the piers would be eighteen inches square, and the steps to be brick laid on edge in cement mortar.

In building this house many little bits of local effects can be obtained which, while not becoming a predominating note in the design, make the house intensely interesting when close to it. In the bay window the stonework could be run to the sill of the



window and jogged down to the foundation line, and the angles of the bay might have the brick lap over, giving a toothed effect.

The fireplaces are faced with a dull Dutch tile with a wood architrave and mantel shelf using a grey floor tile for the hearth. Iron dampers should be built in the chimney with handles extending through the brickwork, just above the mantelshelf.

One of the most important points in domestic architecture is the entrance. The eye should be carried pleasantly to the hall door, and the moment the front door is opened the homeliness of the dwelling house should be felt by every visitor, and this first friendly impression should become stronger as we pass through the hall into the living room, and notice by what means a feeling for unity has been preserved in the furnishing and decorating. The best way to preserve unity is to have faith in the three old attributes of good design, refinement with strength and honest sterling workmanship. This plan requires a vestibule as strangers who might mistake the home door for the professional entrance could be interviewed in the vestibule without interrupting the home life within.

The interior woodwork should be the best. What wood will you use? It is clear that in a house of this size expensive detailed woodwork would be entirely out of place, but good woodwork need not be expensive if the details of its finish be simple. Oak finish we all know and appreciate. In this house the panelling and trim could be of pine or soft wood painted. Nowadays we have rather got away from painted woodwork and it is sometimes rather refreshing to see a piece of colonial designed woodwork white enamelled, after all the showy effects of varnishing. When using wood for panelling make certain that the back is properly protected from the damp by either paint or oil. It is not often done, but would save endless trouble through warping if it is insisted upon. For floors either edge grained oak or maple are best. Edge grain fir could be used and makes an enduring floor, but, be wary! Watch that a piece of wood

with a flat grain does not go down in your floor, for it would be a cause of unending annoyance and actual injury from its excessive splintering. Maple is a popular hardwood floor with its golden tones contrasting with the floor coverings. Soft wood floors are best painted and in the hands of a clever decorator give all sorts of opportunities to key up from.

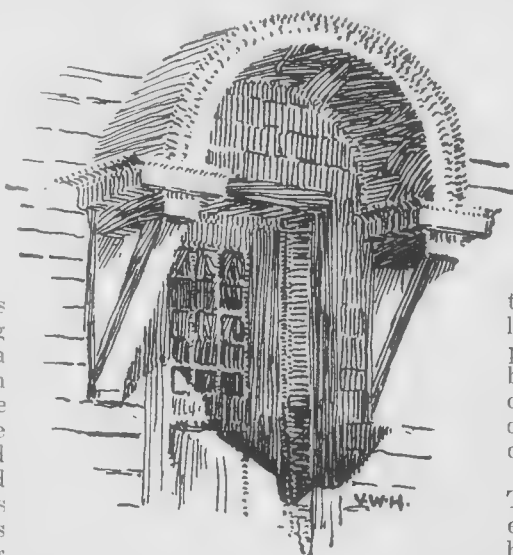
The public or outer office would look well with high panelling. Outer offices get dingy very quickly and this would keep the walls clean. The inner or private office should be finished to suit the requirements of the profession which will occupy it.

The kitchen has a dresser running across the window and the usual bins and closets of the different utensils. For the walls there are many patented plasters which finish with a surface like tile and can be washed.

The living room has a painted wainscoting at the height of and continuing the sills, carrying this treatment into the hall and vestibule and up the stairs. With the painted doors and woodwork the walls should be in sand finish for tinting and the ceiling smooth. The dining room to have a chair rail and simple base on floor.

In the West, fixtures on the outside wall ultimately lead to disaster. Brass piping is the most expensive for water, but is practically indestructible.

The heating is quite a problem and has become a specialized profession.



The simplest way to obtain a uniform heat without the aid of fans is to install steam or hot water. It is more expensive than hot air. It is a good maxim to have a furnace a size larger put in than recommended by the expert. Theoretically he is right and economical, but theories fall down on a cold night when you have to force the furnace to keep up the heat. If hot water or steam is your choice be sure to obtain all information as to how it is run. Hot air is simplest but is harder to distribute without mechanical aids; have plenty of return cold air ducts and never allow one hot air duct to serve two rooms, in a split pipe, as it is called. Cover all pipes with asbestos and carefully scrutinize every part of the heating installation, for it only requires common sense to know what constitutes a menace from fire.

Upstairs the whole problem of bedroom planning may be summed up in four words: "Be simple, be modest." Do not try to achieve more than your means will allow.

The architect can esteem himself fortunate to have the co-operation of a clever designer of interiors in Miss Caldwell. One of the chief causes of bad decorations in most houses may be found in the fact that there is little union today between the various forms of art that go to the making of comfortable homes. Architects labor too much alone, or do too much of the special kinds of art work through the agency of inferior craftsmen supplied by building contractors. It would be well indeed if the names of all good architects were associated with those well known master designers of the interiors of the homes.

Outside, if we decide to build the house in wood, the use of wide clapboards is advised. If it is impossible to get this material, use wide patent siding. The windows are well considered, and with the small panes give charm to this composition. Many people have the idea that to pepper the windows with arcade-like regularity means good lighting. Perhaps it does, but a home is not a public school. Another thing about windows is their relation to the furniture. Chairs, lounges, sideboards, beds and the like should be provided for. If they are not considered they have an awkward habit of getting under foot and destroying what otherwise might have been a well-calculated layout.

Paint the window sash white, the frames a dull red-dish-brown, and the body of the house with its columns and trim, ivory, a white just tinged with dull ochre. The roof should be stained, not painted, a dull red.

The sketches show the simplicity and effectiveness of the details. The massive built-up columns, the hooded entrance for the public is business-like enough to show that it is a public entrance; a hedge might be run from the verandah cutting off the service or business portion of the lawn from the home portion of the grounds.

Every yard should be a picture. The area should be defined from every other area and it should have such a character that the passer catches its entire effect and purpose without stopping to analyze its parts.



The harmony of arrangement between the house and its surroundings should be carefully studied. The design, including lawn, paths, garden, hedges is regarded as a whole.

The total effect should be that of a union of the building with the grounds.

Country With a Margin

Continued from page 22

coastline on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; prolific with edible fish; also 200,000 square miles of interior fresh waters, or more than half of the water of the globe? Of the three great salt water fishing areas in the world—North Atlantic, North Pacific and North Sea—Canada controls one-half of the two first.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the quarter century span shows a steady up-curve in this department, nearly doubling in that time, or from \$25,000,000 to \$45,000,000.

FINANCES form a further test, for money still talks! How much do the national stockings hold? The savings of the Canadian people, in chartered banks, loan and trust companies, etc., now exceed two billions, and if to this asset is added the Census Bureau estimated national wealth of Canada, of 22 billions, then the claim that the Canadian is the richest man in the world per capita is a valid one, and this could not have been said in 1900! The fact that bank assets have increased over five times is another suggestive illustration of growth in this connection. It should, however, be added, in all honesty, that our national debt has spiralled to over two and a quarter billions, but a war unfortunately intervened between 1900 and 1925, and wars come high, in human and monetary cost. That Canada ranks sixth among the nations in total wealth is a not discreditable showing, or that the Canadian dollar is one of the healthiest currencies in the world, or that this same dollar was the first in the allied countries to recover its par value after the war.

What remains to be written in this quarter century term? The governmental revenue of 1900, of \$50,000,000, seems small compared with the \$350,000,000 of today. The doubling of the railway mileage may not be regarded as altogether a subject for congratulation, but it does speak of boundaries pushed back, of new Eldorados penetrated, of new centres of populations, new industries, new farms and new homes.

TRADE? That's another test. That our total foreign commerce increased five times, or from \$386,000,000 to \$1,878,000,000, is surely significant, resulting in recent years of healthy trade balances. Our per capita trade was \$64 in 1900 and \$200 in 1925. Canada traded with few countries in 1900; now she sells to or buys from a hundred! Her trade with the United Kingdom has increased threefold, and with the United States sevenfold. One wonders what the coming decades will show in the great realm of commerce.

"Niagara" has taken on a new meaning since 1900. The water power de-

velopment then was a negligible quantity; now it is reaching the five million mark in terms of horse power, and this wonder of the century is only in its beginnings, with twenty million horse power estimated to be available within reach of populated centres. The story of present-day development of Niagaras, large and little, in every province, and the vaster schemes discussed for the coming days, such as the St. Lawrence power development, indicate that the record of the next 25 years will out-distance the figures of the past.

It would be interesting to trace the growth of the leading Canadian cities, but a few examples will suffice. Montreal has left behind its quarter million census of 1900 for its three-quarters of a million now. Toronto has trebled its population; Winnipeg has grown to 200,000 and Vancouver to 125,000, and the same tale could be told of nearly every centre of population.

Canada's progress may be further summed up in the following comparisons: Although she has one-twelfth of population of the United States, Canada does nearly one-fourth as much trade with the world, and occupies second place among the world's greatest per capita exporters. In 20 years, population has increased 65 per cent., trade 400 per cent., crop production 400 per cent., and capital of her manufacturing industries 70 per cent. Canada's credit was never better than it is today.

LEAVING mere figures behind, there is still a similar tale of progress to be told in other realms. In the educational sphere, what does an army of sixty thousand teachers mean, or an enrolment of over two million pupils?—that Canada stands high among the nations in literacy. Canada claims, moreover, to be a Christian country, and this is proved by the fact that over 97 per cent. of the population belong to some Christian denomination or sect, and speaking of population, a total almost doubling in 25 years is not a discouraging symptom!

Canada can show marked progress in arts and letters, in architectural achievements, in the successful carrying out of great industrial and construction enterprises, such as a hydro-electric system, a Quebec bridge, a Gouin dam, or a Lac du Bonnet water storage dam.

Canada is also more and more winning a place on the map as an integral part of the British Empire and as a unit in the world family. She was among the signatories of the Peace of Versailles; she has a seat at the League of Nations' Councils and Assemblies, and she is now negotiating treaties of her own where her own interests are chiefly concerned.

A country with a margin? Surely and truly, and a wide margin at that. Watch it grow!

Dancing Masters of Ratbone

Continued from page 28

his hand, saying, "My name's McPherson, Don. McPherson."

"Well, McPherson, mine's Pelham. I had another name, too, but somethin' tells me from the looks I sees on some o' the faces around here, that name's gonna be changed, so I don't see no need o' mentionin' it." And Leather-neck found himself smiling, too.

McPherson shook hands with each of the four men and then put them to route completely by calling to his sister, who had been collecting the much scattered baggage, "Here, Grace, I want you to meet these men."

The girl offered her hand to each, "Do you know," she said, "this seems just like a movie. I have read a lot about the West but this is the first time I have been among real Western men."

THE "Real Men" eyed her questioningly but saw nothing but sincerity in her eyes. Then, girl like, she broke the tension and brought them all back to earth with the statement, "Don, that

twenty mile ride has given me a real appetite. Let's find something to eat."

They were soon directed to suitable lodgings and the four men turned to enter the saloon, changed their minds and went to the barn. Each mounted his pony and in silence they rode out of town. Three miles out they unsaddled and prepared to camp for the night.

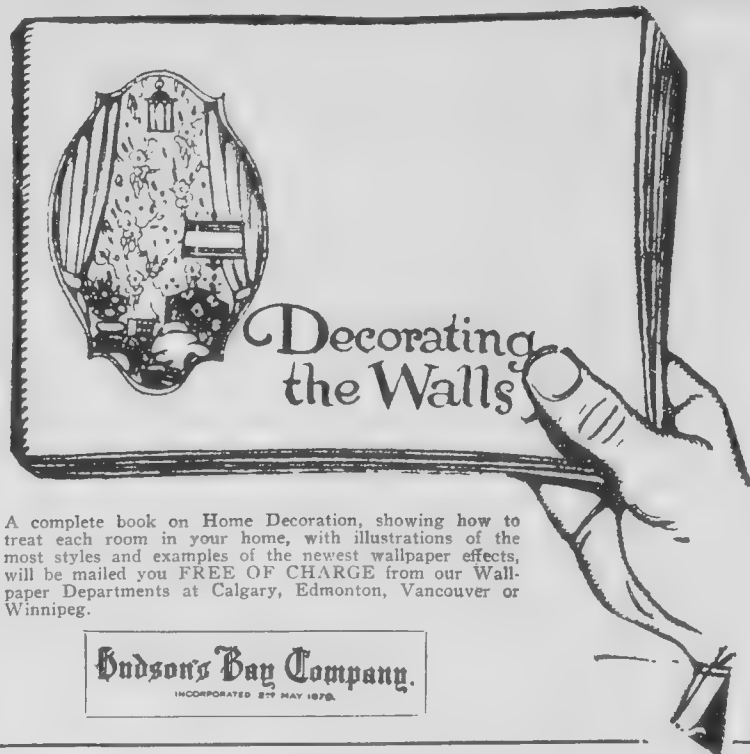
As they sat around the fire, Leather-neck broke the silence. "Sailor, you was the organizer of this here Six-gun Quartette. Suppose you leads us in another verse of that old dance piece 'Where Do We Go From Here?'"

Sailor cursed softly, mumbling something about, "four real Western men" knocked out by a kid and him packin' nothin' but a suit-case."

"I suppose," cut in Tango, "all you dancin'-masters is gona start in an' help build that church, ain't you?"

There was another long silence until Leather-neck muttered, "Mebbe. I ain't hankerin' after no religion, but dang me, if I kin forget that girl shook my hand."

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without using high-class advertising mediums. *The Western Home Monthly* will suit your requirements.

Evelyn Gowan Murphy

Continued from page 41

Grade A quality. (For—Heaven be praised—she's a bit of a puritan!)

This travelling library service is a blessing, not only in the homes of the Province, but is of "inestimable benefit" (as it says in the Prayer Book), to rural women's clubs—such as the United Farm Women of Alberta, and the Women's Institutes. (There are about three hundred branches of each in Alberta.) These clubs, or individual members of the clubs, send to Miss Murphy constantly, for literary material from which to prepare papers and addresses upon every subject under the sun, from hydrostatics to Chinchilla rabbits!

These club women are much given to open discussions at their meetings, and to club-study upon various and varied subjects, and they always send to Miss Murphy for books calculated to cover the ground. What is more, they get 'em!

It is obvious that, were it not for the existence of this library, and the fact that the women so eagerly avail themselves of its privileges, the educational value of the U.F.W.A. and the Women's Institutes would be infinitely less—for it would take a small fortune to purchase all the books studied, even supposing that the club members would know, without Miss Murphy's advice, in what books to find the knowledge which they seek. Only an experienced librarian, a specialist in published facts and truths, can know.

This service is quite free to the public—even to those seekers after knowledge who write from other provinces, asking for counsel and books. (And there are many of them.)

There is, also, in this library, a large number of plays suitable for amateur productions, and Miss Murphy is adding to this collection all the time, as first-rate dramas of the day are "released" for amateur production. Dramatic clubs flourish all over the Province, and remarkably clever performances are frequently given to most appreciative audiences. Were it not for these productions, many country people would never know, except, possibly, between the covers of books, such authors as are developing, year by year, and day by day, that most human of all arts, the drama.

It is a question as to how great has been the influence of Miss Murphy's research work along these lines, in the achievements of these dramatic clubs throughout the Province. We may only guess at the answer, the while pondering upon the almost prohibitive price of published plays, and the necessity for reading many before finding one "suitable for amateur production."

"Suitable for amateur production," said Miss Murphy, "is a phrase which may mislead you, so perhaps I should explain that it does not imply the hilarious farce which depends upon horse-play for its comedy effects, nor yet the crude 'sob-stuff' drama, where people always laugh in all the wrong places. We don't go in for that kind of thing at all. A play suitable to our needs is simply one in which the scenery and lighting effects are simple.

"Our people produce plays by the most noted authors of the English-speaking theatre. What is more they pay the required royalty without a murmur. They believe that the laborious playwright is worthy of his hire." They realize that a play is property, just as poultry is property. They realize that it is just as disreputable a proceeding to borrow a play for production, as to borrow a neighbor's hens, and make off with the eggs!

"I ascertain the royalty to be paid, and it is sent to the author, or the author's agent, through the library. The admission fees to the performances cover this legitimate expense.

"Then there are the debates," said Evelyn Murphy, with a sigh. "The debates are the bane of my life! Of course, many of them are upon such subjects as one may find discussed within the covers of books written by specialists. But, once in awhile, and,

GXG

OVERALLS

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generally, upon a very busy day, I receive an urgent appeal for material for a debate upon—now, let me see—well, this was a recent one: 'Resolved that a good-natured slouch makes a better husband than an industrious grouch'—and please, Miss Murphy, will you send it along by return mail?"

"Of course, books on debates don't deal with subjects so weighty as this, so I must perforce, sit me down and consider all the points in favor of the good-natured slouch as a helpmeet. Then, when I've convinced myself that only such a man could make me or any woman happy, I have to turn a mental flip-flop and find convincing arguments for the debaters in favor of the industrious grouch. Being a gay young spinster myself, it is not a simple job!"

Evelyn Murphy originated and maintains a clipping bureau which is, I believe, unique in governmental libraries. Recently, a committee of New Zealanders went on a grand tour of the governmental libraries of the world, searching for the best possible system to put into operation in their own country. Miss Murphy's clipping bureau was, in their wide experience, a new thing. They seized upon the idea with joy, as the brightest idea yet discovered by them.

This bureau covers a tremendously wide range of topics, and embraces the advancing knowledge, the new achievements in science, art, and industry, as published in the press from day to day, all over the world. I can conceive of no system more obviously calculated to keep any library—or scissor-wielding librarian—up to the minute!

"It's a great and varied experience, I assure you," declared Miss Murphy, with relish, "and the beauty of it is that I never get a chance to be dull, or in a rut, as there is always something fresh and unexpected, and delightfully perplexing, popping up, and it has to be grabbed and made to explain itself in a really intelligible way. And the fun of it is that, in solving riddles for the satisfaction of other people, I feel that, before I die, I shall have become quite a 'knowledgeable' party myself!"

"I wish that you could see my desk each morning at the Parliament Buildings—piled high with letters! It's as thrilling as opening Christmas parcels! And the element of surprise is a great thing to put 'pep' into the daily round. I really don't believe that I could enjoy a job in which I was not everlastingly expecting the unexpected to happen, in which there was not the thrill of new paths to explore, and new worlds to conquer."

THE downright magnitude of Evelyn Murphy's work may convince us that the Evelyn Murphy whose clever articles, stories, and charming poems we have read in Canadian and American publications, just naturally must be another person of the same name. I said as much to Miss Murphy, and she replied airily and most-grammatically: "Oh no! That's I! I've had a fairish amount of stuff published. I try to keep up my writing. Then, too, you know, I'm Special Correspondent for the Province of Alberta to the Christian Science Monitor, published in Boston. Oh yes—I write a bit. I'm a member of the Canadian Women's Press Club—was President of the Edmonton branch once upon a time."

"And what," said I blandly, "do you do with your spare time?"

The irony passed her by. She replied: "Oh, I read a great deal, and cook—I'm a mighty good cook, too—and I adore my garden. I love to putter about in the mud and see things grow—and watch the little green shoots pushing through the ground in May, and then in June and July see the height and beauty to which they've grown. You know, in this country, there's such a rapid growth, once it starts, that it seems only about 'forty winks time' from when you see the delphiniums showing green at the old roots of last year, until they're about seven feet tall; wonderful slender pillars of glorious blue! They're so lovely—wow!—they take your breath away!" Then she added with a satisfaction, not-at-all properly humble: "Twice I won the first prize for the finest perennial flower garden in all Edmonton!"

"Have you anything left to wish for?" I asked this happy person.

She didn't pause a moment before replying: "Rather! To travel! It will come some day, I know, and, in the meantime, I travel in dreams, and in books. I have a won-der-ful time!" And she quoted softly:

"Whene'er there comes a wind-swept night, 'tis then I'm away to roam,
Across the wide and magic seas, to the
ports of Spain and Rome."

"Let's have some more," I begged her. So she went on:

"The beat of the rain on the window
pane tattoo an eerie rhyme.
But what heed I—for I'm again at
Kew, in 'lilac time.'

"Or down where blue plum-blossoms
blow, in streets of old Japan,
With Noyes, along the paths I go—
he's such a charming man!"

"I journey, too, to Zanadu, adown by
the sunless sea,
And further along to the Lotus Land,
where deep, cool mosses be.

"I visit the lake beside which blow the
host of daffodils.
And the trip to Shallot, near Camelot,
is one whose beauty thrills.

"Sometimes I cruise to the Cannibal
Isles, with the Bishop of Run-Ti-
Foo,
Then down the way to Mandalay, or I
'sail on a sea of dew.'

"And along with those 'quaint little
fishermen three,'
I haul in the herring fish, too.

"Oh, many's the league o'er land and
sea I travel, when I'm alone.
When I take my books from off the
shelf, and croon each magic poem—

"While the rain drops beat upon the
pane,
And the winds sweep round my home!"

"Whoever wrote that," I told her, "expressed something that most of us have experienced."

"Do you like it?" asked Evelyn Murphy.

"A whole lot!" I replied.

"I wrote it," she chuckled.

When I rose to go, Miss Murphy said, hospitably: "Oh, don't go yet awhile. Mother will be home soon."

"Mother?" I thought vaguely. Then it burst upon me—a fact which I had completely forgotten—that this girl's mother was Judge Murphy—was Janey Canuck—even that I had come to interview the daughter, chiefly because she was the child of that rare woman of literature, and of big human achievement.

I realized with a sense of shock—pleasurable shock—that I had become so interested in the work of Evelyn Murphy that I had forgotten that her mother was anybody-in-particular.

And, honoring as I do, the mother, as a woman in public life, and as a private individual, I can pay no greater compliment to the daughter than I did, in forgetting just whose strawberry patch it was that she so wisely chose to be discovered in, that day in the Rectory garden, when she was "very young!"

Optimism and pessimism in this life are not in any measure caused by the facts in the case, but by the disposition of the mind that looks at them. Both optimism and pessimism are attitudes and that is all. What the reality is we may not know, but we can control our attitude toward it. Those who are habitually cheerful and hopeful, who habitually see good things and dwell upon them, are optimists and are the salt of the earth.

No influence in life is more completely disastrous than that of a home in which there is not harmony.—Miss Maude Royden.

If there is to be a House of Life, and not merely a castle of cards, children must be invited to people and possess it.—Miss Cynthia Stockley.



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Strange Trees

Away beyond the Jarboe house
I saw a different kind of tree.
Its trunk was old and large and bent,
And I could feel it look at me.

The road was going on and on
Beyond to reach some other place
I saw a tree that looked at me,
And yet it did not have a face.

It looked at me with all its limbs;
It looked at me with all its bark,
The yellow wrinkles on its sides
Were bent and dark.

And then I ran to get away,
But when I stopped and turned to see,
The tree was bending to the side
And leaning out to look at me.
Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

SOMETHING FROM THE EDITOR

DEAR Boys and Girls:—You will notice that we have given you a pretty verse about a tree that "looked." Did you ever have that feeling about a tree? Have you ever made friends with a tree anyway? It's such a nice friendship. When I was a little lad I had a great friend that was an apple tree. It was old and gnarled and had hardly any apples on it, but oh, it was lovely to climb! When we children who came from the prairies went to Ontario to stay at grandfather's, the first visit we made was to the old tree. It had been a young tree that bore many apples after my grandfather planted it when he was a young man and it had grown old with him. One night there was a great storm, and during the storm my grandmother died, and half the old apple tree broke off and rolled down the hill! My grandfather has gone now, too, but a bit of the old tree still stands, but only a fragment now left in a bit of the garden that was once so large. We all loved that tree and it almost seemed as if it loved us. If you boys and girls remember what trees mean to us all, and plant them now or help to plant them you will have real tree friendships that will last all your lives too. In this great country of ours the forests are constantly being destroyed through the wicked carelessness of people who leave fires burning after picnics, throw lighted matches and cigarette stubs around, and generally behave in a way that shows everyone that they are not good citizens or good Canadians. You can fight this, and you can do more, you can plant trees to replace those that have already been burned. Remember trees mean beauty; trees mean shade and water; trees mean lumber and silk and cotton; trees mean houses and fences and barns. PLANT TREES AND CARE FOR THEM.

May Birds

DURING the month of May, our little feathered visitors who have been in the south all winter are settling down in their summer homes in our northern woods and swamps. Here are three you should look for this month, and listen for, too.

Early some morning there will go off under your window that most delightful of all alarm-clocks, the tiny, friendly house wren, just returned from a long visit south. Like some little mountain spring that, having been imprisoned by winter ice, now bubbles up in the spring sunshine and goes rippling along over pebbles, tumbling over itself in merry cascades in a miniature torrent of ecstasy—Neltje—Blanchan.

How one is thrilled when the eye detects the gorgeously dressed Baltimore Oriole, as from the top of some tree he pours forth his "Peter Song!" Arriving sometimes before the leaves are well out, he seems to light up as with a flash of fire his somewhat bare surroundings. His mate in her plainer dress might well be classed among the best of the world's architects and now no doubt is weaving her basket nest hung from a high branch of some tall tree. The traditions concerning the naming of this bird is that the first Lord Baltimore, when visiting Maryland was much impressed by the myriads of birds in the woods—the oriole particularly delighting him. From then, orange and black became the heraldic colors of the first Lord's Proprietors of Maryland.

The Cat Bird is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, of the feathered tribe. He is a veritable dandy at times when he finishes his primping, but the next instant he is a

tramp, his satin-gray coat ruffled, his head and tail drooping, a most dejected fellow. In his song and calls he is just as contradictory, what with his weird cat calls and prolonged melodious song one does not know what to think of him. But as with human beings, we should strive to see the best in these creatures of nature. The mocking bird, the glorious songster of the south land is a near relative of our catbird. The former's range may be more extensive but for sheer melody and sweetness of tone the catbird is unsurpassed. The catbird's nest is a scrap basket, loosely woven of coarse twigs, bits of newspaper, scraps and rags. This rough exterior is softly lined to receive four to six pretty, dark green-blue eggs.

The King Bird, that garrulous, pugnacious chap, both pleases and annoys. His cheeriness and brightness are very entertaining, but like some other things about our life, his scolding grows tiresome. He often appears teetering on the telephone wire, his saucy air seeming to say, "Me's here!"

SOMETHING TO PLAY IN THE SPRING

HOLD Fast and Let Go—Four children hold the corners of a pocket handkerchief. A fifth cries "Hold Fast" or "Let Go." In each case the opposite must be done. Whoever does the wrong thing must change places with the fifth.

Contrary Children—The players stand in a circle, with "it" in the middle. The one in the centre gives commands such as "Turn to the right" "Put your right hand to the left side of your head." The players must do the opposite to the command. When one does as he is told, he must be "it."

Three Blind Mice—One child kneels in the centre of a ring, formed by the others. The children in the ring dance and sing "Three Blind Mice," or any other well-known rhyme. The child in the centre thinks of a certain word in the song and when the word occurs he jumps up and chases the others, who run away in all directions. Those caught then come into the ring and all kneel down together. They choose a word (being careful not to let the others hear), and the game is repeated. It is not generally advisable

to play this game to a finish—that is until all the outside ring are caught. When the children inside the ring are about as many as the children outside, one more turn can be played and those left uncaught declared the winners.

SOMETHING TO DO IN THE SUMMER

THIS is the month when we begin to think about our summer competition, and this year we have thought out one or rather two, that will keep you all busy. For the boys and girls who live on the farm, I want a diary, beginning on June 1st and continuing until August 25th and in that diary I want a note of all the work that is done on the farm during that time.

For instance, it might begin, June 2nd—"The crop is showing long green ears and the harrow is being used for weeds" or "the little chicks are big enough to feed themselves now and I carry out to them every morning pieces of bread," or whatever you do carry. Later perhaps, an item like, "I gathered two quarts of strawberries this morning." For the town boys and girls, I want the same kind of diary about your garden, or rather your father's garden, "what is being done each week there? What is growing? What pests are there? What weeds are there? What good are the birds the frogs, the earth worms to a garden, and so on. For the best and neatest and prettiest diary in each class there will be a prize of a choice of a rose bush for indoor growing or some other house plant that you would like, or a Brownie camera, and for the second prize there will be a choice of a boyscout knife for a boy, or a box of letter paper for a girl. There will be gold buttons, too!

SOMETHING TO DO NOW

FOR this month our competition will be one to see how sharp your eyes are, and how well you can hear. Write a letter to the editor (and be sure you get it in before June 1st), telling what birds you have seen in your neighborhood, and what their note sounds like to you. There will be a prize of bird book for the best list, and gold buttons will be given to the writers of the next best lists.



The Fairy Signpost

By hill or dale, field-path or lane
I've heard my Daddy say,
To help us find our way about
The Signposts point the way.

But I've never yet discovered,
(Tho. I've hunted far and near)
The Sign that points "To Fairyland."
I s'pose it's miles from here.

I thought p'raps Nurse would help me,
But she says "Gracious me!"
"I don't hold with them Fairy Tales,
Come; we'll be late for tea."

Now, some folks must have been there
Else how could they write books
Of Fairy Tales? With pictures, too,
That show just how it looks.

And if Nurse would only let me,
I'd go right up that hill,
Then 'cross the cowslip meadow,
And on . . . And on . . . until—

I'd see a Signpost by the path
Close to a little stile,
And on it would be words like these;
"To Fairyland—One Mile."

Then, when I got to Fairyland,
How lovely it would be!
I'd get some Fairy wings for you,
And a Wishing Cap for me.

And some Fairy Gold for Mummy,
In a teeny Fairy Purse;
Well, . . . P'raps I'll start tomorrow,
(But mind you don't tell Nurse!)

A WARRIOR'S TALE

By Katherine Woodley

THE shadows were deepening in the great ancestral hall of Olaf the Fearless. Warriors were gathering near the friendly blaze of a huge fire that lit up the hall with an uncanny light. Some of the men were stretched full length on the floor, while others reclined in chairs and on lounges, with their women hovering near to see to their wants. Suddenly from the large armchair where Olaf was seated came a yawn, followed by a loud clapping as the mighty chieftain smote his two palms together. "Heigho, but the wind howls loudly, and I am fearfully bored. Come, a story! Who will amuse me thus?"

As if in answer to the great chieftain's words, a knock at the door resounded through the hall. Fearing that the visitor would be an enemy, the warriors reached for their swords, while a boy answered the knock. On the threshold stood revealed an old man, who, though clad in humble garments, bore the traces of former wealth in his noble face and bearing; and his sword proved that he had at one time fought battles. He requested shelter, and eager hands led him into the firelight, where he was provided with food and drink. When he had eaten and the dishes had been carried away, Olaf asked the warrior if he would oblige him and his followers with a tale. "Surely," spake Olaf courteously, "a warrior who has seen battles in bygone years could amuse us with an adventure, for," he continued, "every warrior goes through some adventure in his days."

"Aye," said the stranger, "and I have heard of your great love for adventure, oh, great Olaf, and I will therefore amuse you by such a tale, if it so pleaseth you."

"'Twas just such a night," he began, "that an adventure that started me on a strange, aye, a wondrous quest befell me. It was after a short battle in which my late Lord Cedric, the Wolf, was defeated, that I, being badly wounded, lost my bearings, and stumbled on till I saw a light in the distance, and on arriving at the cottage, I peered into the rain-spattered window, from whence came loud, choking sobs as of one in agony. 'Twas a woman in distress, aye, a comely maiden with long golden tresses covering her face completely from view. As she was alone, I was loth to intrude, but the pain in my side took the better of me, and I reluctantly knocked. After a few minutes a timid, shaky voice bade me enter, and I entered. Distress was in every feature of the damsel's face as she confronted me, and I immediately asked the meaning of the tears. In broken tones she informed me that her husband, a young chief in Cedric's command, had not yet returned from the battle and she feared that he was mortally wounded or else captured. I assured her that he was not dead, and was about to say that he was likely a prisoner when I fell into a dead faint. I do not know what occurred afterwards for many days, but when I regained control of my senses I found several eves had passed. Hulda, for that was the maiden's name, had nursed me back to life, and she told me that her lord had not returned e'en yet. So as soon as I was well enough, God be thanked, I took charge of a horse, and providing myself with weapons, I bade farewell to Dame Hulda and set out in quest of her lord. The enemy had moved on, and after careful questioning of some wayfarers, I ascertained that the camp of the enemy was several miles away. It was a long journey, my steed grew tired, and my wound was still sore.

"At last I came in sight of the tents, and leaving my horse in a thicket, I crept near the camp and took a view of the tents. Suddenly as I gazed before me I saw the figure of a man bound to a tree and guarded by a sentry. 'Twas the man I sought. Creeping as near as I dared, I waited till nightfall, and then waiting my chance, overthrew and bound the warrior in charge. Silently 'twas done and silently I loosened the prisoner's bonds, and leading him away from the camp I gave him my horse and weapons and set him towards his home. I never saw him again, but a few moons later a messenger presented me with a parcel in which was a ring." The speaker held it up for view, a large ruby in a massive setting, and with a note bearing the words, "A grateful token of a brave and comradely deed." On the ring was inscribed the initial "O." The speaker paused. "That is all, my lord."

With a bound Olaf leapt from his chair. "By the holy saints," he shouted, "who was the prisoner?"

"He was called then," replied the storyteller, "as he is called now, Olaf, the Fearless."

Exclamations burst from those present, and with a glad cry of recognition, Olaf flung his arms round the stranger's neck and embraced him in comradely fashion.

"Gustaf! Oh, Gustaf, my old comrade! No truer friend had man. I thought you were dead many summers past."

From the women thronged around burst a dame, beautiful, even though aged, who kissed Gustaf affectionately. 'Twas Dame Hulda. Thus was Gustaf welcomed into the house of Olaf, the Fearless, whom he had rescued from an untimely end many years past.

THE CONJUROR'S RABBIT

MY MOTHER has told me of fields and hedges; but I have never seen them. She has told me also of guns, and dogs, and ferrets, and all the perils of warren life, but of these I know nothing. It is very unlikely that I ever shall, for I am in love with my art, and I will not give up until I must. My mother says I must before very long, because I am growing so fast; but I mean to keep small. I will eat very little. I hardly eat anything now. I couldn't bear to give up the wonderful life I lead.

"I could not bear to think that some one else instead of me was helping my master. Once I was ill, and my brother went with him to the party in my place. I was in misery all the evening. I seemed to hear the children laughing, and see them all open-mouthed with amazement and delight when my brother was pulled kicking out of the empty hat. It was terrible. I lay here sobbing and biting my claws.

"It was all right, however, when my master came back, for I heard him say to his wife that Tommy (that is my brother's name) was a fool, and too heavy also. Then he brought me a new crisp lettuce-leaf to see if I could eat again, and I ate it all and have never been ill since.

"You have no idea how many children I see; but hearing them laugh is the best part of it. I hear them laugh all the time, but I see them for only a minute or two. Until my trick comes on I lie quite comfortably, although quivering with excitement, in my basket. I can't see, but I can hear everything. I know exactly what is happening, because I know the order of the tricks.

"Now my master is catching money in the air. Now he is finding an egg in a little girl's hair. Now he is passing cards through his body, and so on. Then comes the great moment when I hear him say, 'For my next trick I shall need the loan of a hat. Can any one oblige me with a tall hat? As this is a rather messy trick I don't care to use my own.' The people always laugh at that; but they little think what those words mean to a small, black excited rabbit lying in a basket.

"Then the trick begins. First my master takes out of the hat a great bunch of flags, then heaps of flowers, then Japanese lanterns, and then a wig. I must not tell you how this is done, but I know. I must not tell you either how or when I am put into the hat, because that might lead you to think less of my master's magic. After the wig has been taken out and the children are all laughing, there is a moment—

"Then my heart seems to stand quite still. When I come to myself I hear my master say, 'Excuse me, sir, but you carry very odd things in your hat. I thought the wig was the last of them, but here is one more.'

"I cannot see the children, but I know exactly how they are looking when he says this. They are all leaning forward, with their mouths open and their eyes very bright. Then my master takes hold of my ears and pulls me up with a swift movement which hurts a little; but I don't mind. He waves me in the air. How I kick! How they scream with delight! 'Oh the little darling!' they cry. 'The pet!'

"How could I give up a life like this?



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What the World is Saying

So Do We

We hope the gold rush does not consist of more rush than gold.—Indian Head News.

The Gold That Grows

Still, the most gold in the West is likely to come out of the golden wheat.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

More Eloquently Than Words

Neither Edison nor Ford can make a speech. No need to. Their work speaks for them.—Kitchener Record.

Physiological Item

Middle age is that period in life when you frequently have to recall what it was that you ate the day before.—Vernon News.

Record Breakers

Matrimony, says a recent writer, is a profession. Well, we've certainly got some seasoned professionals in this country.—Detroit News.

Financial Item

It is easy to get rich quick if you can find enough people willing to take a chance on getting poor quick.—Halifax Herald.

Fashion Item

A fashion note states that one-piece flapper dresses are going out. What do they do now, then?—London Advertiser.

No, Romance is not Dead

A New York girl is reported by a friend as so much in love with her fiance that for his sake she has given up smoking, drinking and swearing.—Tacoma Ledger.

A Question

According to trade reports, sardines have been a little easier. Are they making the cans larger?—Galt Reporter.

Harder Won, Truer Wealth

Adversity has made many a great man, who, had he remained prosperous, would only have been rich.—Toronto Star.

The Thrifty Girls of Today

What is the sense in calling our grandmothers economical when the girls of today can make seventeen dresses and eleven scarfs out of one of their grandmother's dresses?—Brandon Sun.

Votes—and Tobacco—for Girls!

The girls of Smith college, a U.S. ladies' preparatory academy of some note, have voted for tobacco. Regulations have been posted authorizing smoking in the reception rooms.—Montreal Gazette.

Prairie Motor Caravaning

Plans are being made for a motor caravan trip this summer from Vancouver to Winnipeg over Canadian highways. In a short time "sea-to-sea" trips will be popular vacation outings.—Vancouver Sun.

An Explanation

They made thirteen thousand new laws in the United States last year. They had to. You see, the twelve thousand two hundred and forty-six laws they made in 1924 were all broken.—City of Mexico Herald.

Beauty Adorned

Of course it may be hard to generate any marked interest in paintings of old masters when we can see so many examples of modern paintings on Portage Avenue any noon hour.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Puzzles for Posterity

The reason they don't have family groups photographed so often now-a-days is that the descendants will have no way of distinguishing the school girls from their great-aunts by the way they dress.—Nanaimo Herald.

This Dam a Great Blessing

Judged by the prosperity and peace which it should promote through opening to cultivation 3,000,000 acres in the Soudan, "Makepeace" would seem more appropriate than Makwar as a name for the great dam recently opened on the Blue Nile.—Toronto Globe.

And a Chef is Costlier

The difference between a cook and a chef is that the latter can fix things up so you can't tell what they are.—Vancouver Province.

Ye Editor is Sarcastic

A man in Russia is reported to have had five wives. That country can't be as hard up as people were saying.—Nelson News.

Disposing of Opponents

The Soviets have sent 89,000 persons into Siberian exile. That is one way of getting population for Siberia.—Victoria Colonist.

The Pedestrian Gets Blended

One difference between the chameleon and the pedestrian is that the chameleon blends with the scenery voluntarily.—Minneapolis Journal.

No Right of Way to be Fenced

An airplane service between Winnipeg and Edmonton is planned. The air is said to be all ready for the enterprise.—Saskatoon Star.

Level Crossings Racing Note

Locomotives that won nearly all their races with automobiles last year are said to be in good shape for the coming season.—Duluth Herald.

A New York Note on Chicago

Chicago is the place where they discover more crimes and fewer criminals than anywhere else in the world.—New York World.

But Really, we do not Believe This

The Brandon Sun says a woman in that town brought a washing machine back to the store, complaining that she couldn't get into the thing.—Border Cities Star.

Aren't There Enough Jazz Songs?

Can't some body write a song about Red Lake—the old trail, the open spaces, the girl I left in St. Boniface, and that sort of thing.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Wilhelm and Mussolini

The ex-Kaiser is said to be growing more and more confident of getting back to Berlin, and perhaps the day will come when Wilhelm will be able to rent his place at Doorn to a dark-browed refugee by the name of Mussolini.—Boston Transcript.

Their Clothes are more Healthful

"The women of today are taller, stronger, and in every way more athletic than their grandmothers," states a well-known lecturer. But why do they persist in wearing clothes made to fit the diminutive grandmothers?—Quebec Telegraph.

So it Would Appear

A Pyramid tomb, 2,000 years older than Tut's tomb has been discovered in Egypt, and it appears to be full of high-class furniture, etc. No matter how far back these tomb discoveries go, it is always a high civilization that is found.—Kingston Whig.

A Wonderful Woman

A wealthy Montreal lady declares she has not bought a stitch of clothing in six years. She made old things over to suit new styles. Now listen to the chorus of married men reading this paragraph to their wives and grown-up daughters.—Ottawa Journal.

Facts vs. Figures

While Mayor Dever, of Chicago, and his staff were busy preparing an official statement to prove that Chicago was not being run by criminals and gunmen, the criminals and gunmen carried out a series of violent robberies and stole cash and goods worth \$130,000. The thugs of Chicago intend to show Mayor Dever that deeds are louder than statistics.—Montreal Herald.

Is Gullibility Increasing?

Who remembers the good old days when a sucker was born every minute instead of triplets, as now?—Toronto Telegram.



Will others he meets outrival you in natural charm?

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose: to foster good complexions.

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Natural beauty . . . the daily care that fosters it is this:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the

skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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